

BIG
SHOT

No. 23

APRIL, 1942

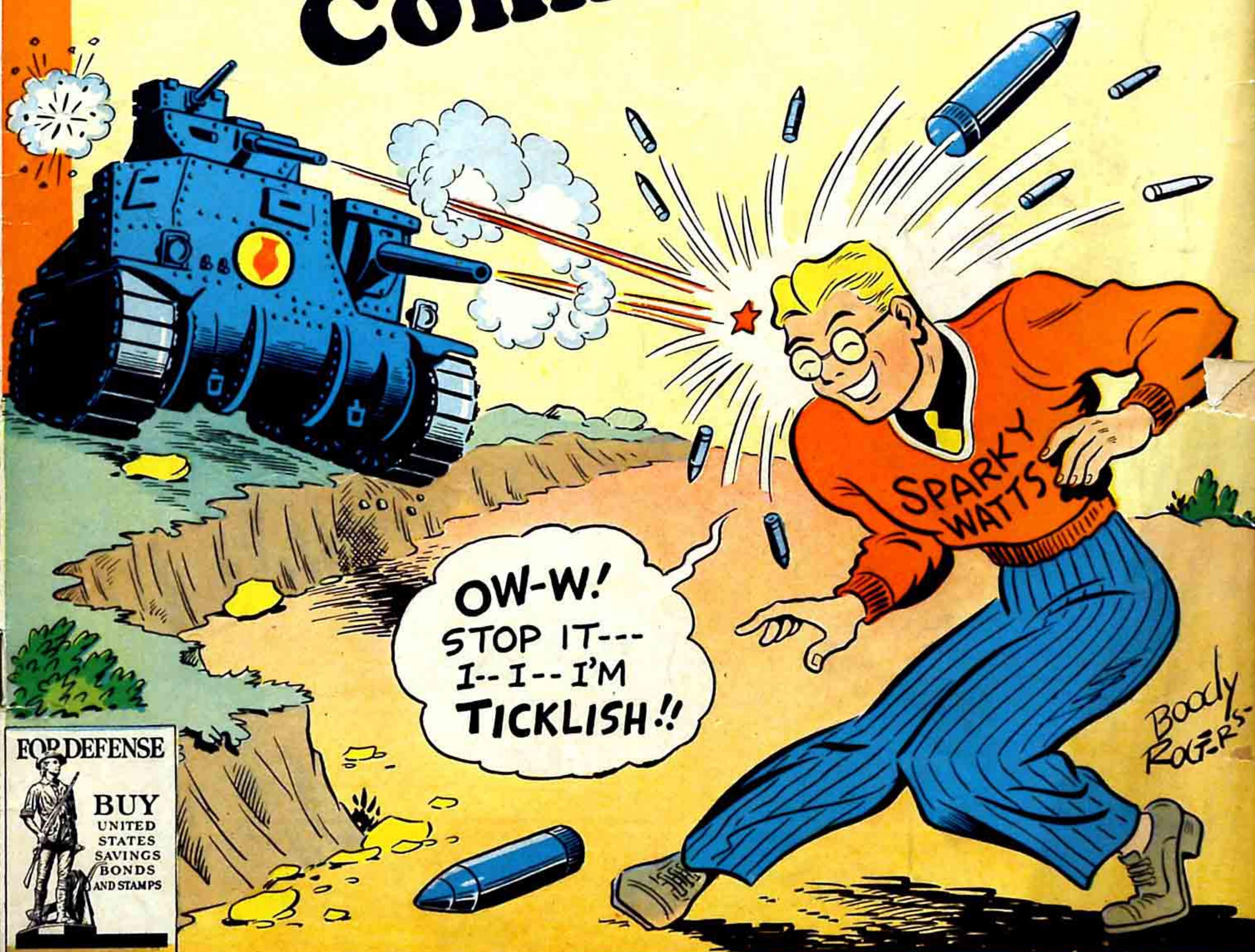
BIG SHOT

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THE SKYMAN
JOE PALOOKA
THE FACE
DIXIE DUGAN
CAPTAIN DEVILDOG
CHARLIE CHAN
SPY-CHIEF
AND MANY OTHER FAVORITES!

Comics



FOR DEFENSE



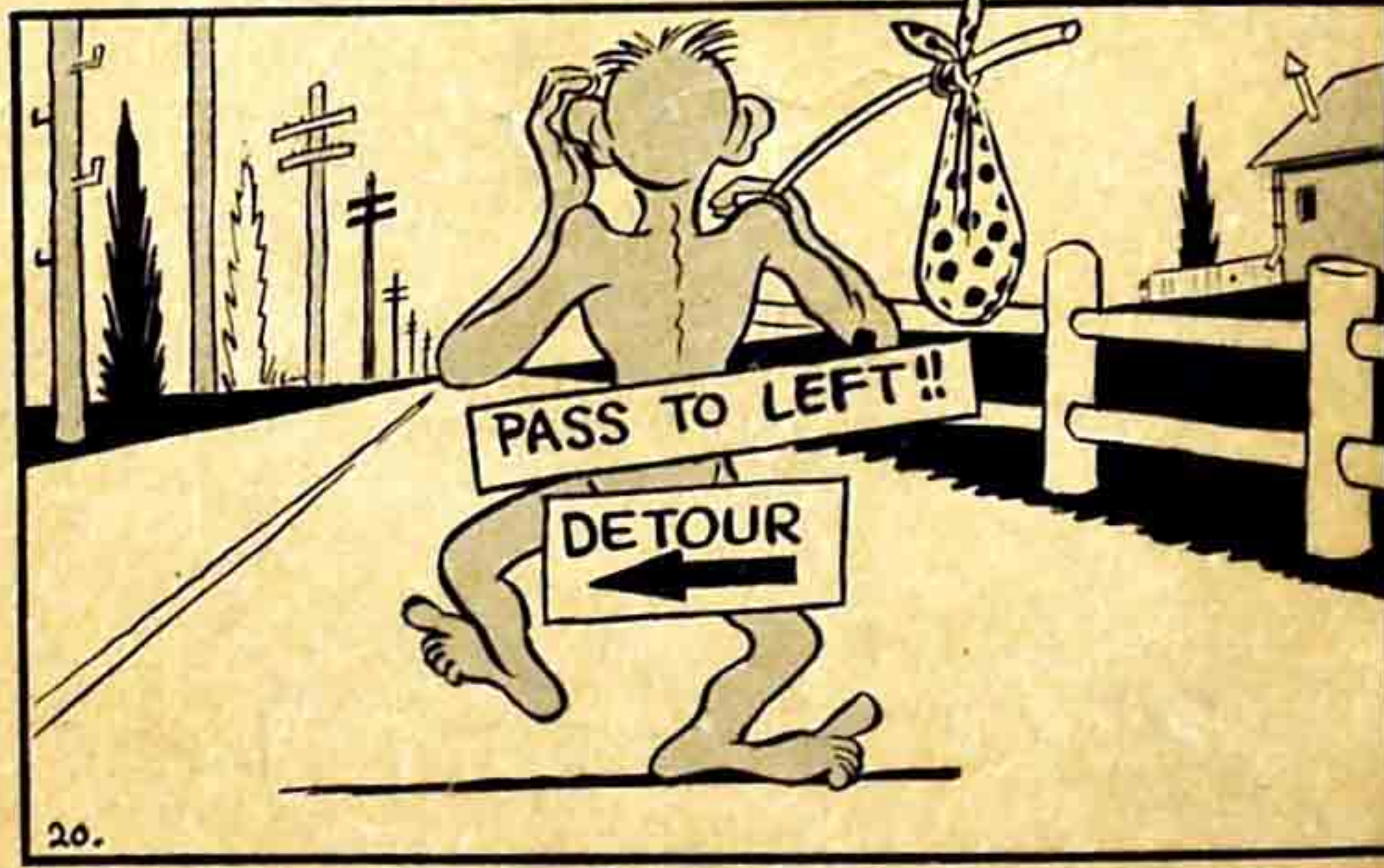
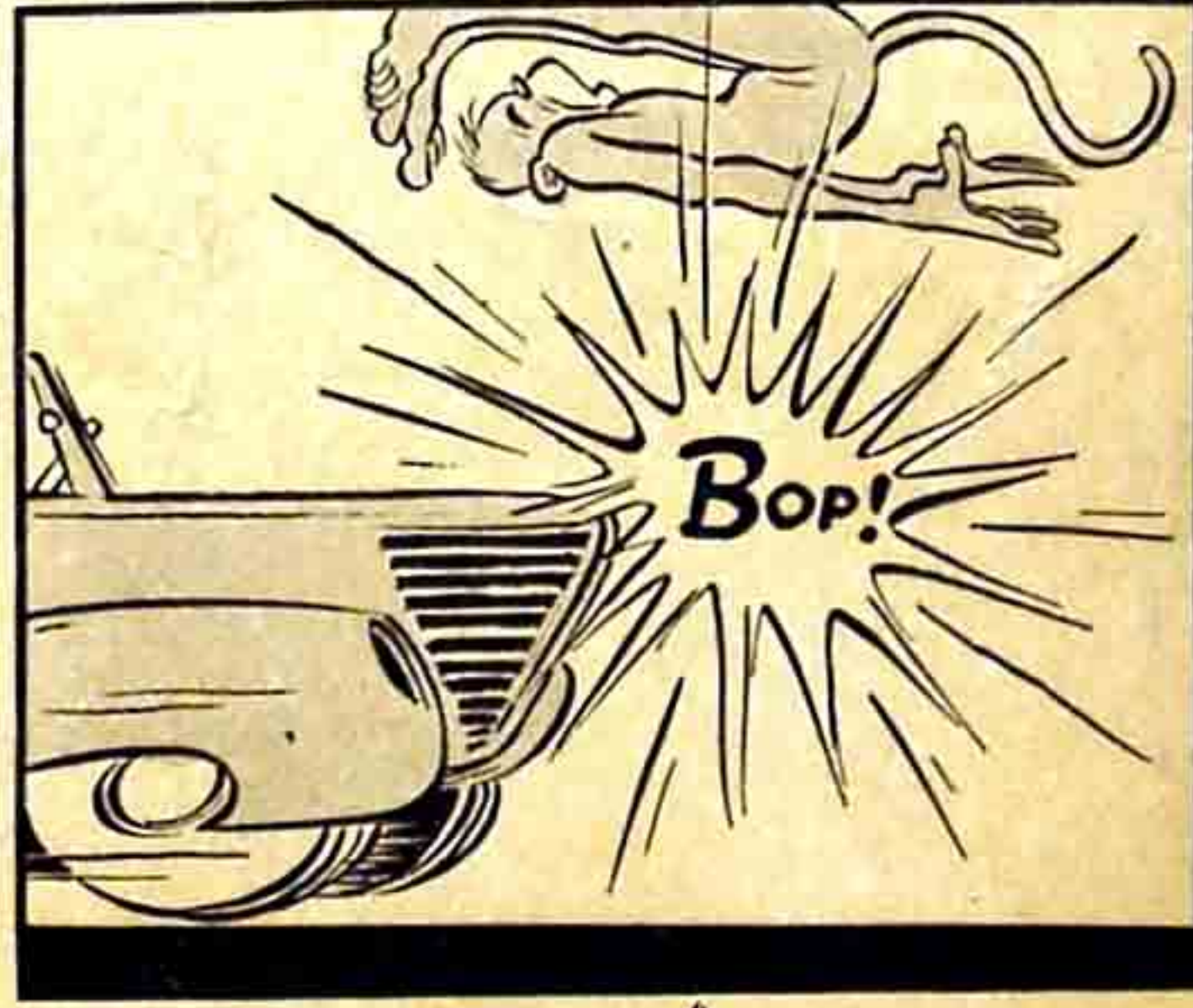
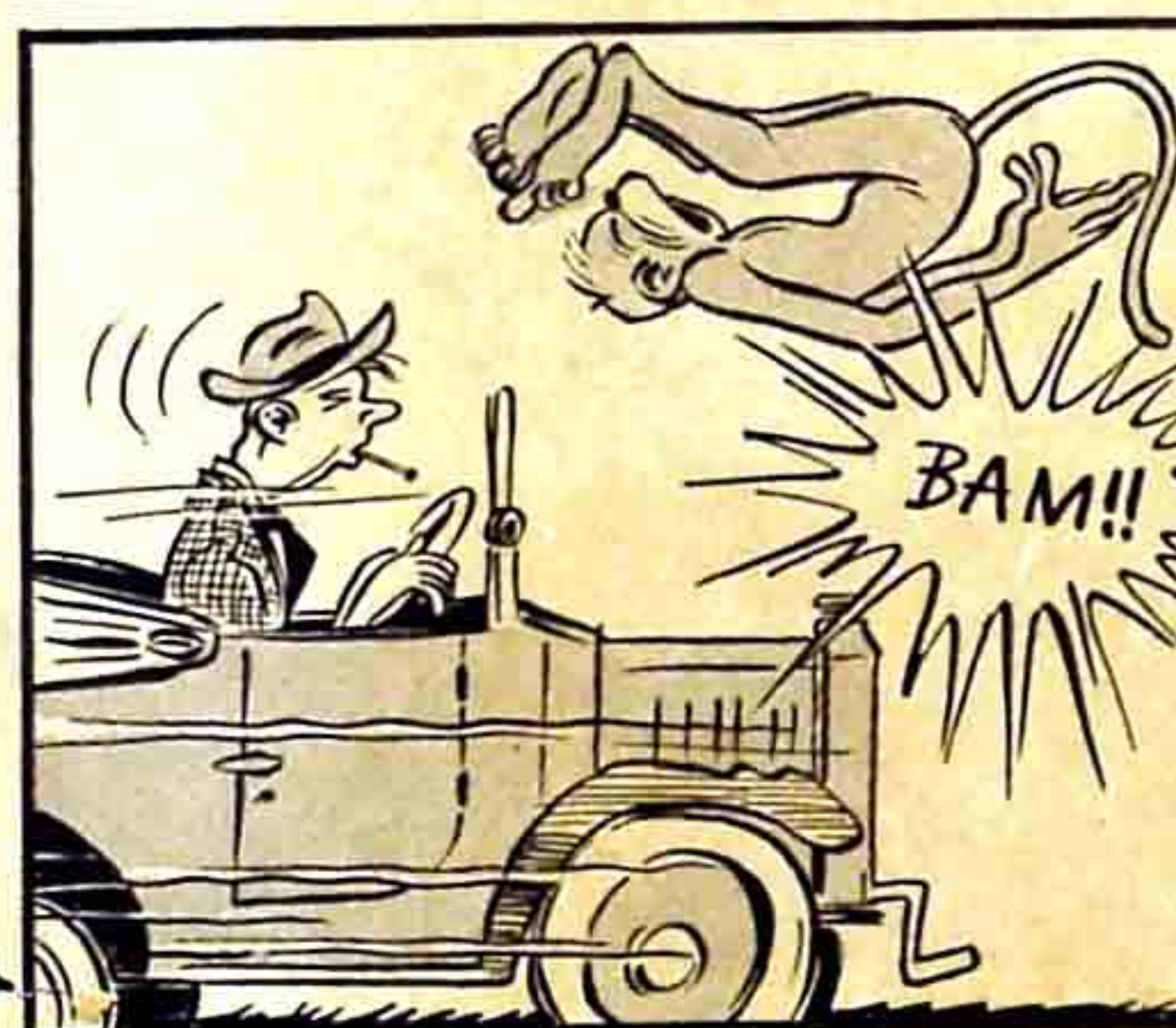
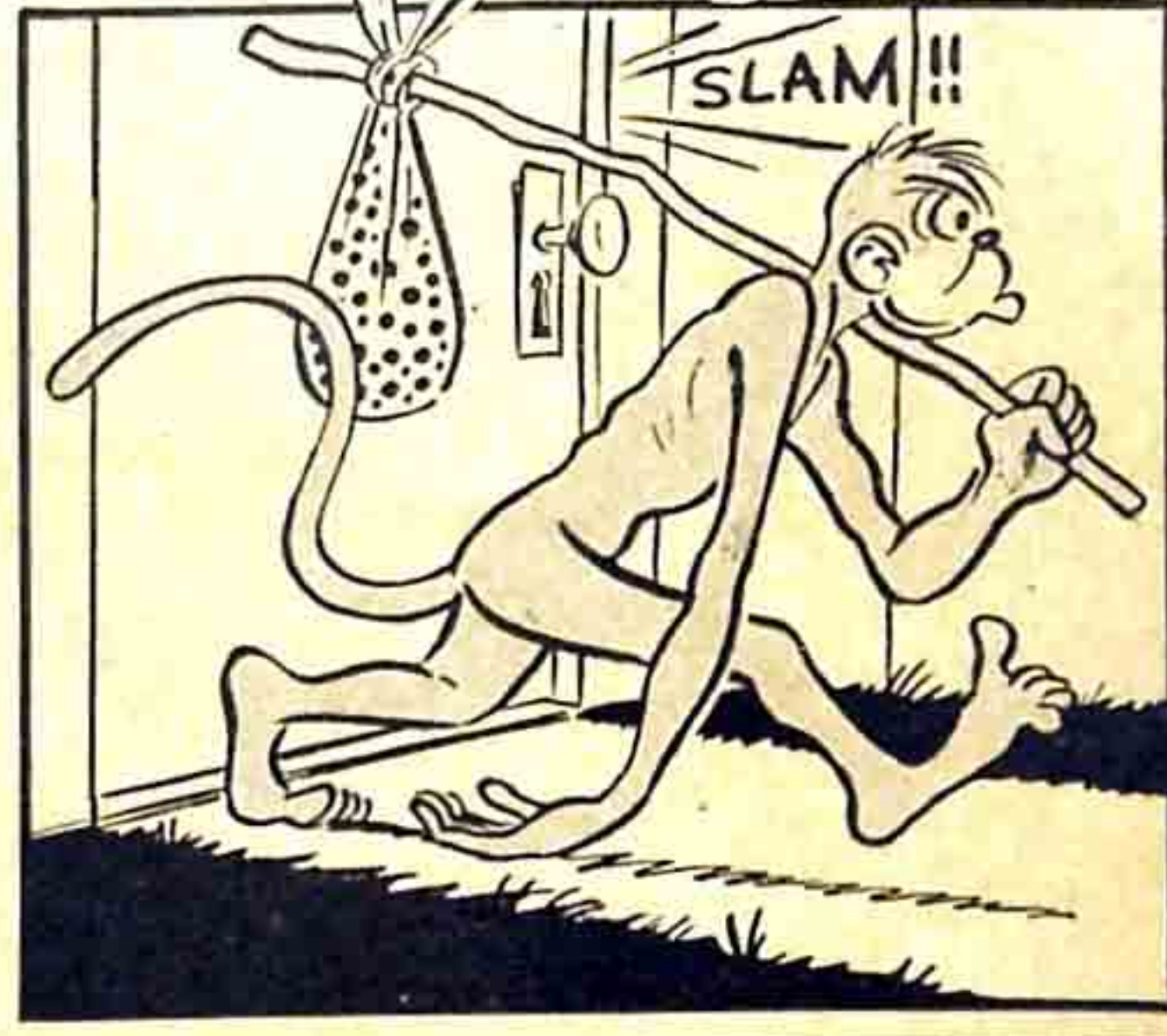
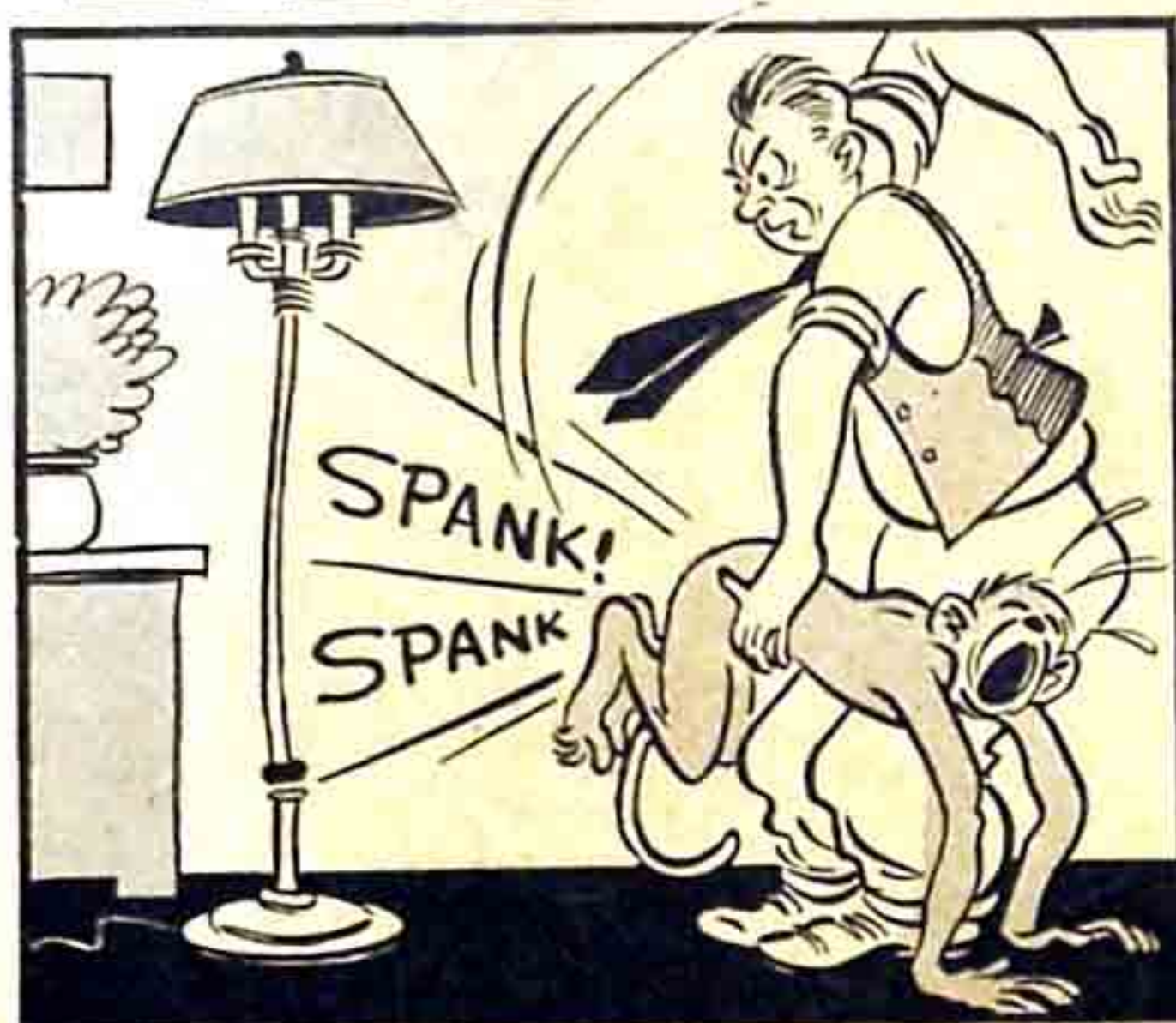
SPARKY WATTS, Absolutely the World's Strongest Man!



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MORTIMER

THE MONK



20.

VINCENT SULLIVAN, *Editor*

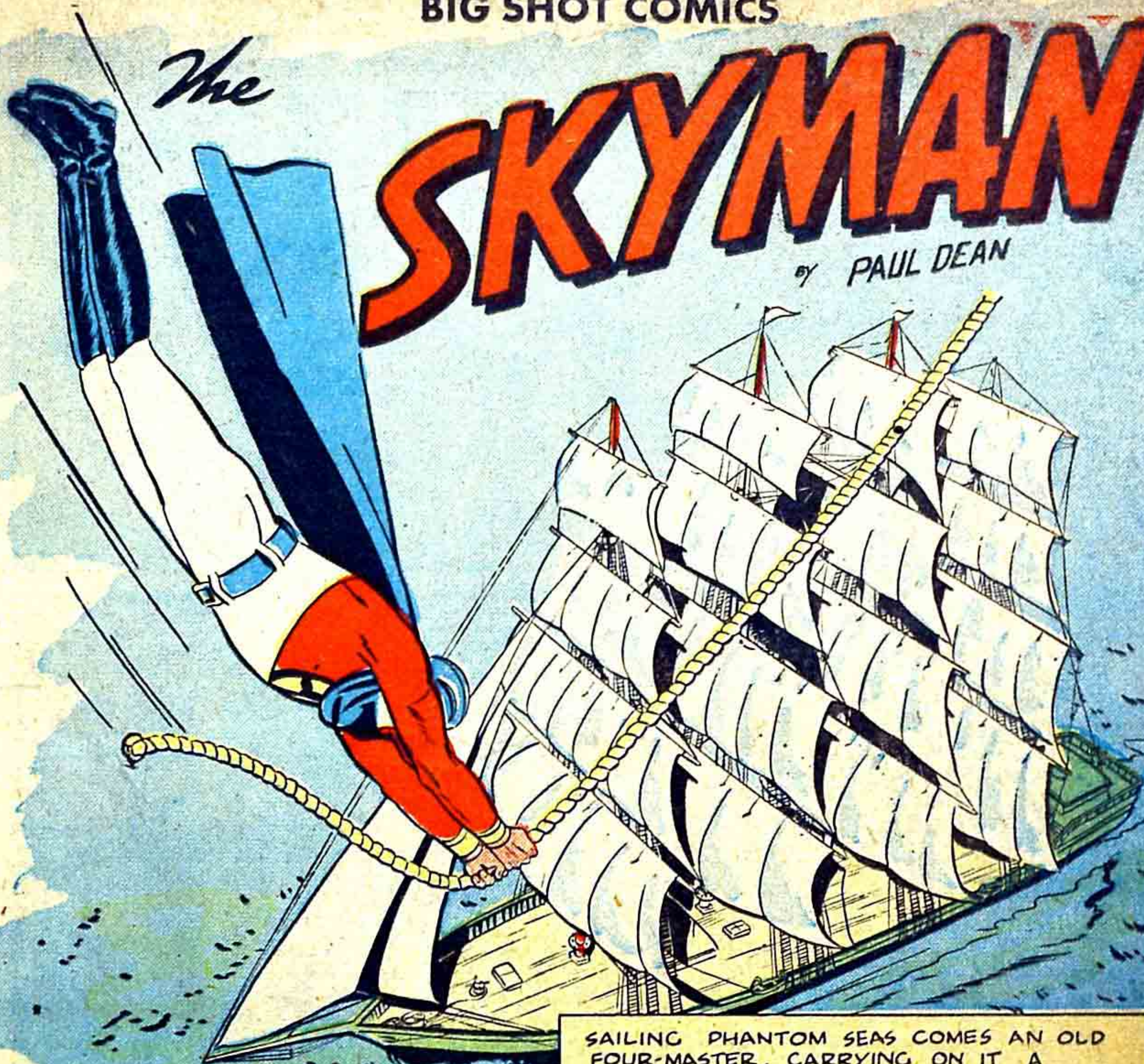
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BIG SHOT COMICS

The

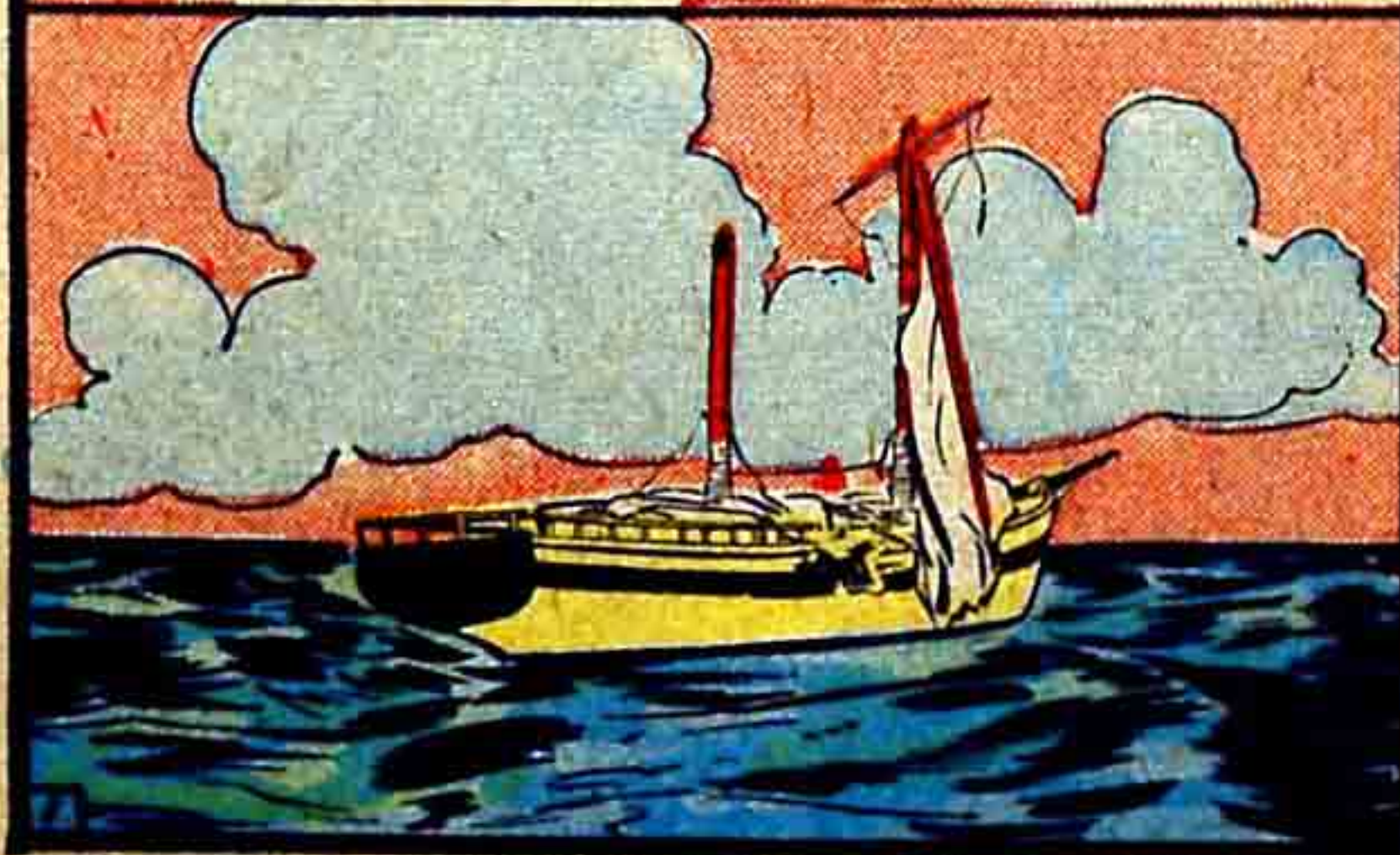
SKYMAN

by PAUL DEAN



SAILING PHANTOM SEAS COMES AN OLD FOUR-MASTER, CARRYING ON IT A BATTERY OF MODERN WEAPONS AS IT LAUNCHES A PIRATICAL ATTACK ON MERCHANT MARINE SHIPS AND YACHTS ALIKE... UNTIL THE **SKYMAN**, DARING SCIENTIFIC AND ATHLETIC GENIUS, SAILS ACROSS ITS BOW!

DRIFTING AIMLESSLY ON A TOSSING OCEAN IS A DESERTED HULK...

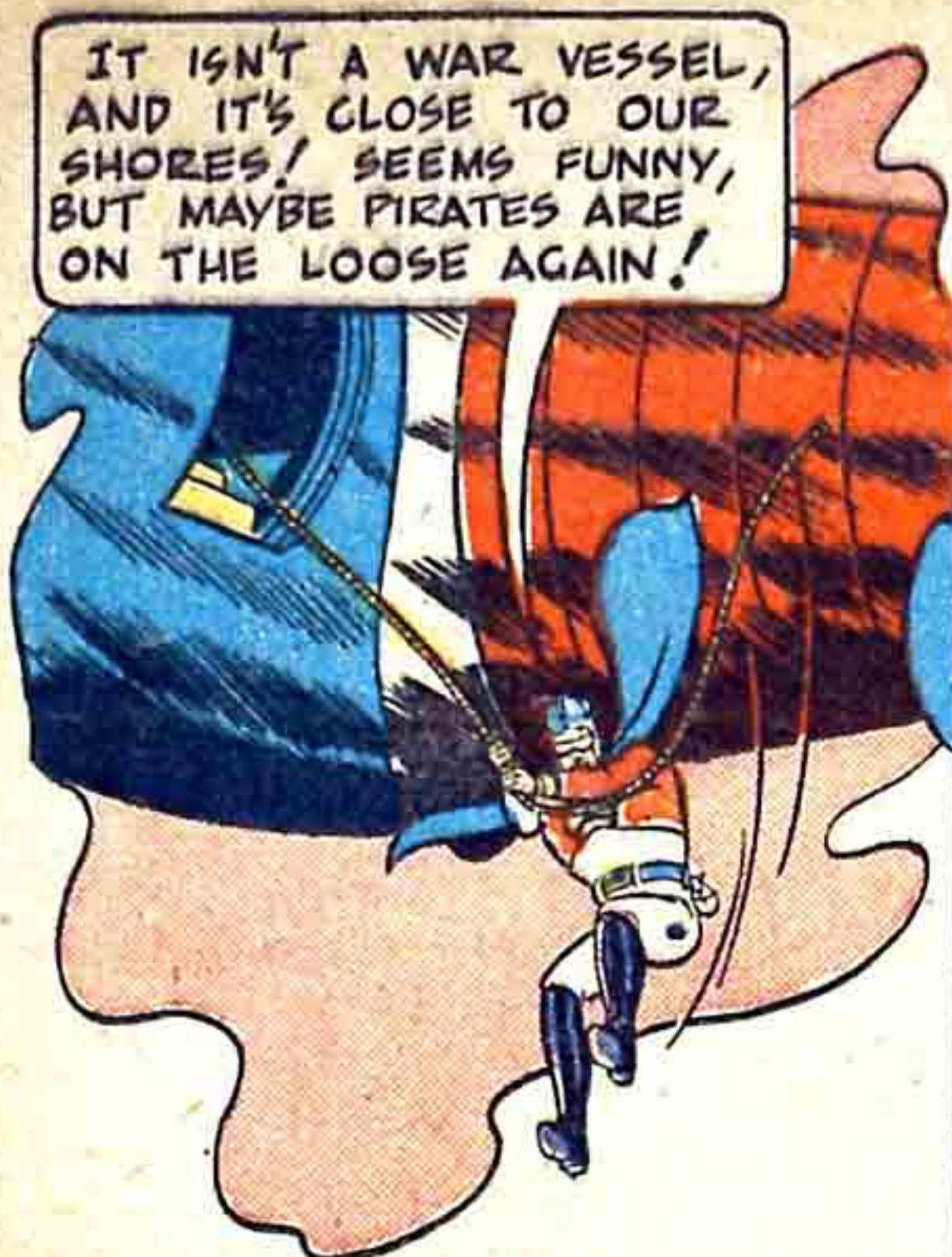


IN THE AIR THE SKYMAN IN HIS "WING" SIGHTS THE WRECK...

A WRECK! LOOKS AS THOUGH IT'S BEEN SHOT AT! I'VE GOT TO INVESTIGATE THIS!



BIG SHOT COMICS



IT ISN'T A WAR VESSEL, AND IT'S CLOSE TO OUR SHORES! SEEMS FUNNY, BUT MAYBE PIRATES ARE ON THE LOOSE AGAIN!



HELLO! ANYBODY HERE?

WHO—WHO'S THAT?



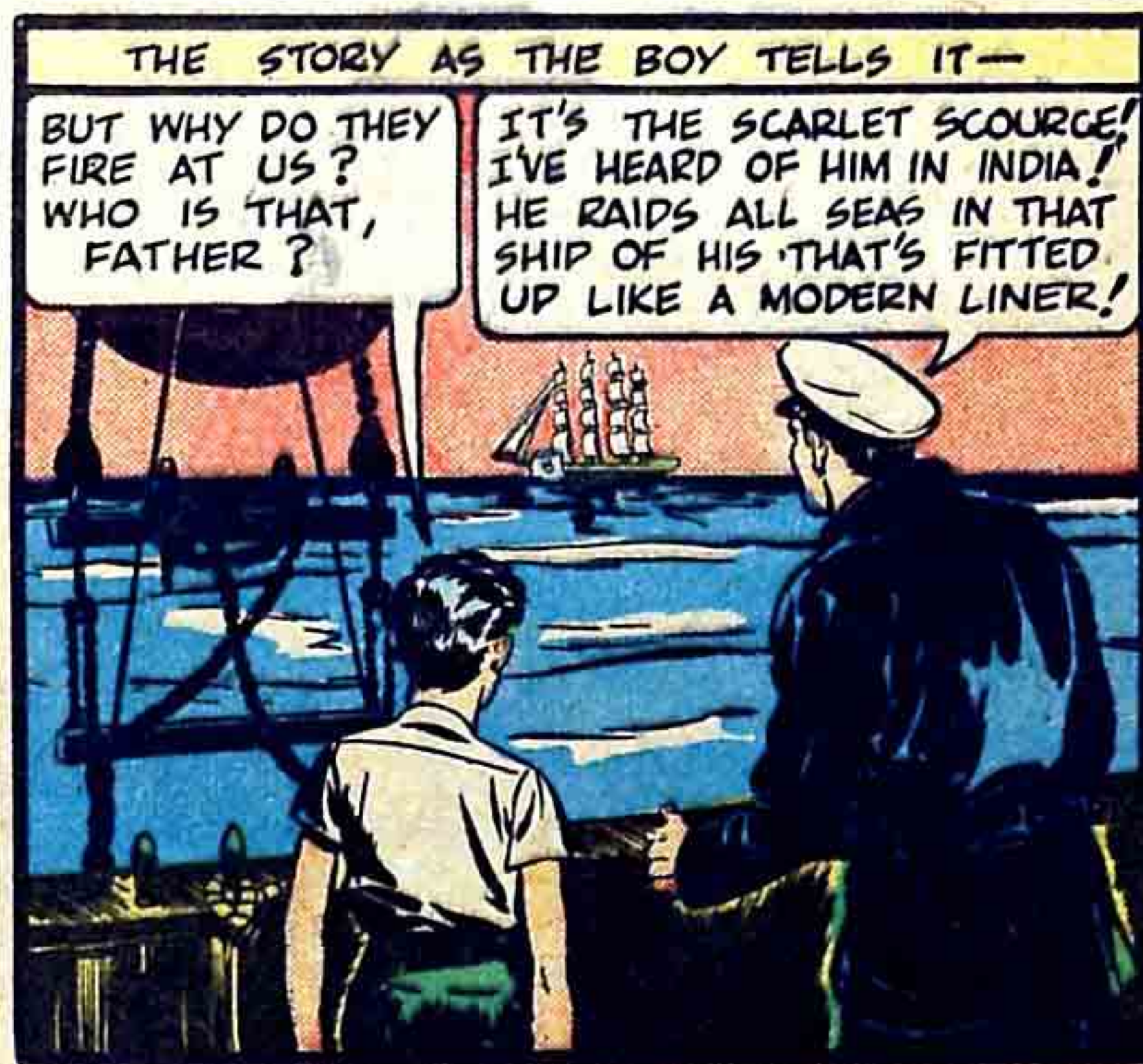
WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE? AND WHAT'S HAPPENED TO YOUR SHIP?

A SHIP FIRED ON US! THEY TOOK OFF MY FATHER, BUT I HID!



WHY DID THEY WANT YOUR FATHER? WHAT KIND OF A SHIP WAS IT?

A FOUR-MASTER! IT HOVE TO AND FIRED A SHOT ACROSS OUR BOW—



THE STORY AS THE BOY TELLS IT—

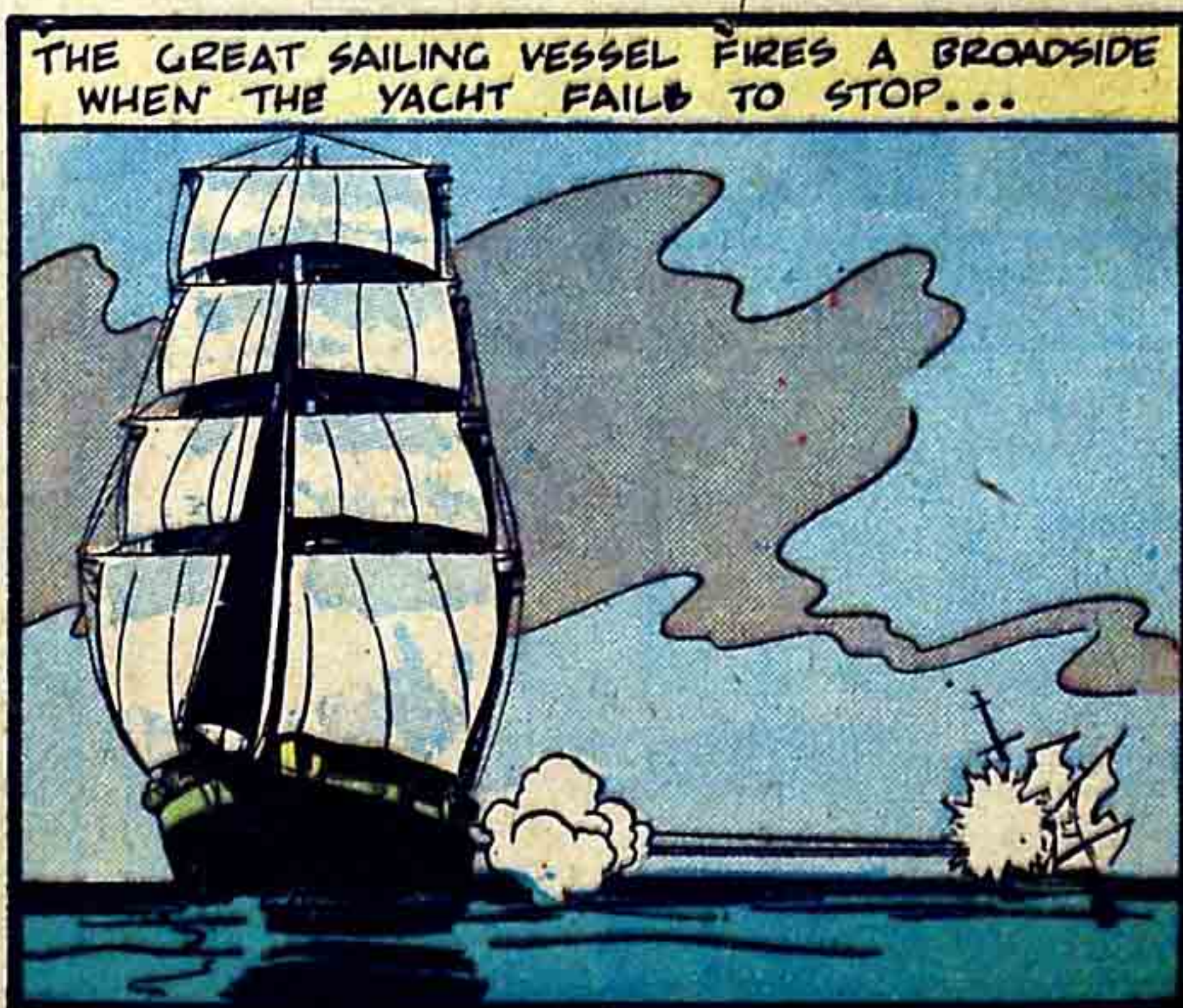
BUT WHY DO THEY FIRE AT US? WHO IS THAT, FATHER?

IT'S THE SCARLET SCOURGE! I'VE HEARD OF HIM IN INDIA! HE RAIDS ALL SEAS IN THAT SHIP OF HIS THAT'S FITTED UP LIKE A MODERN LINER!



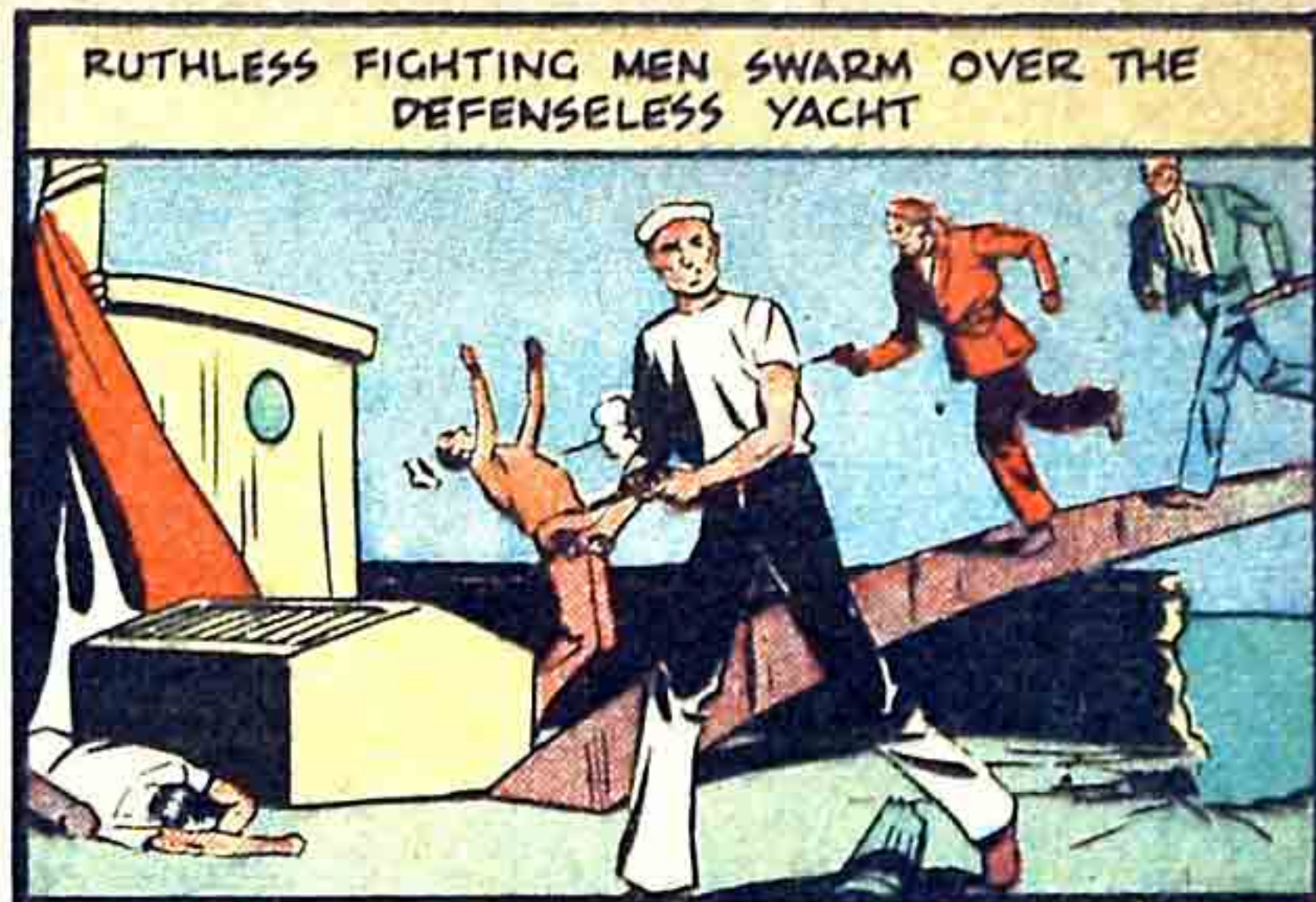
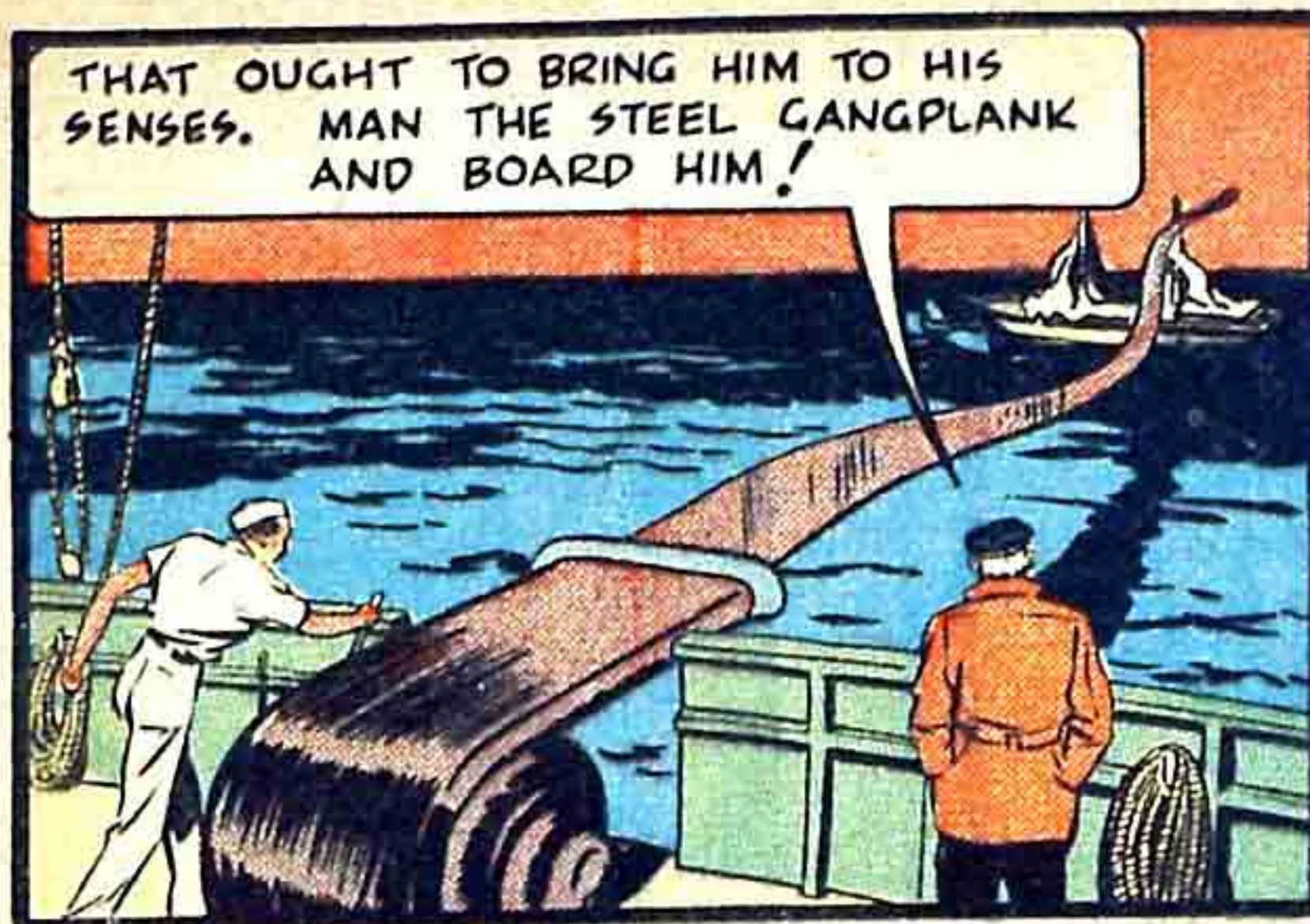
HE'S HEARD I'VE GOT THE FABULOUS PEARLS OF CEYLON! HE'S AFTER THEM, BUT HE CAN'T LICK SAMUEL AVERY! I'LL SHOW HIM!

LISTEN! WHAT'S THAT NOISE?

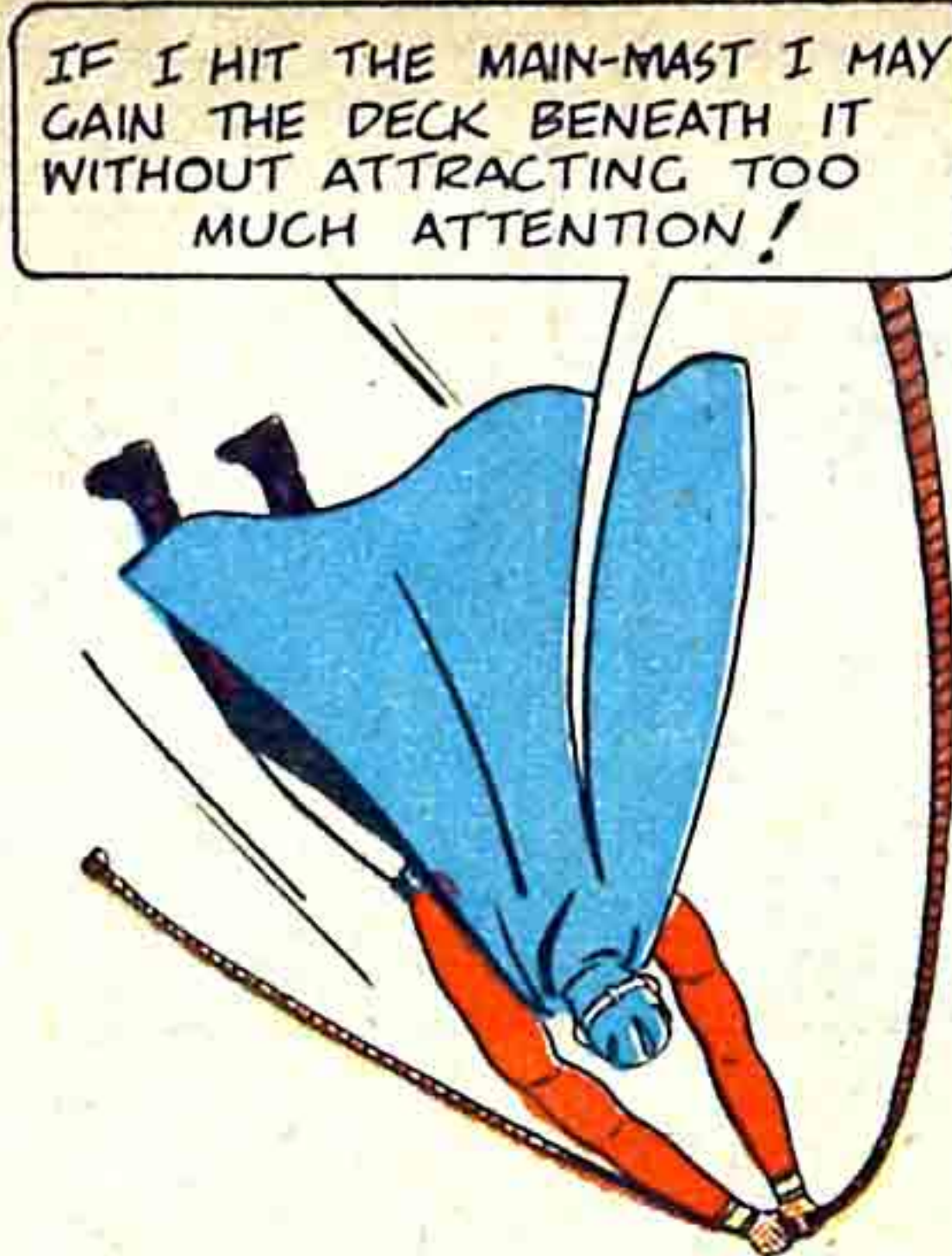


THE GREAT SAILING VESSEL FIRES A BROADSIDE WHEN THE YACHT FAILS TO STOP...

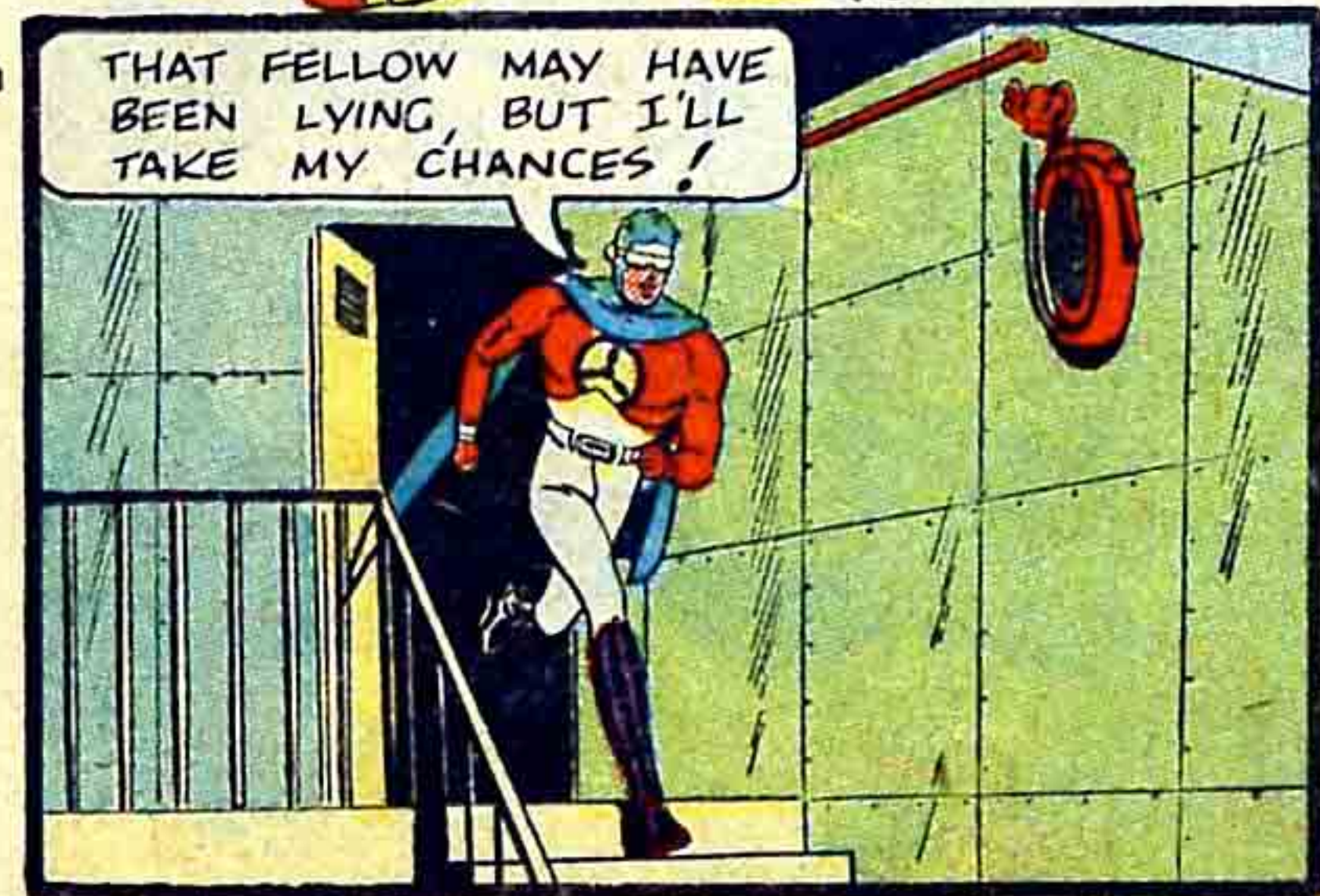
BIG SHOT COMICS



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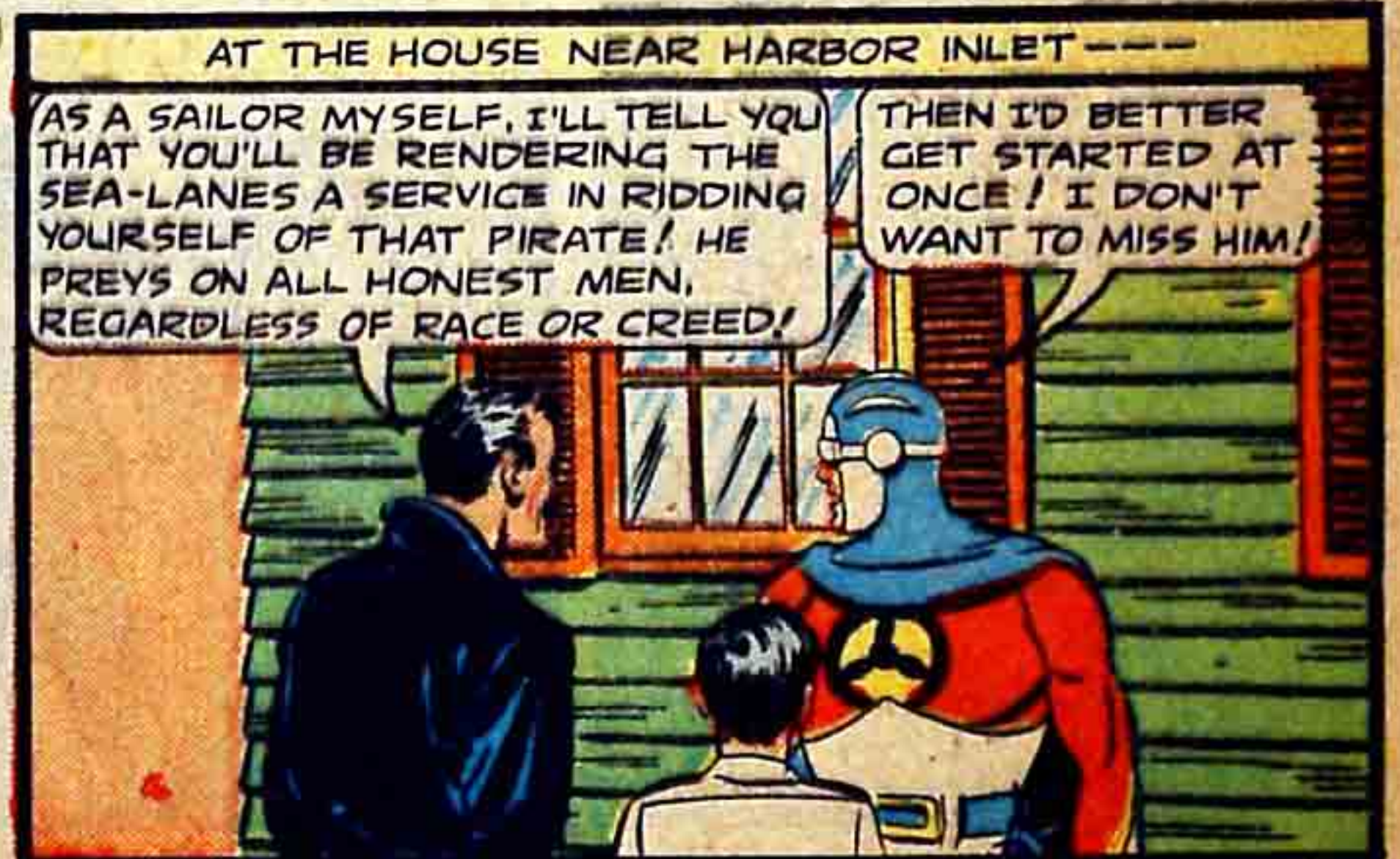
BIG SHOT COMICS



BIG SHOT COMICS



I'M THE GREATEST PIRATE OF ALL TIME, AND NO MAN IS GOING TO SAY HE EVER BEAT ME! THE PEARLS ARE WORTH A FORTUNE, BUT IT'S THE IDEA OF WINNING THAT'S GOT ME NOW!



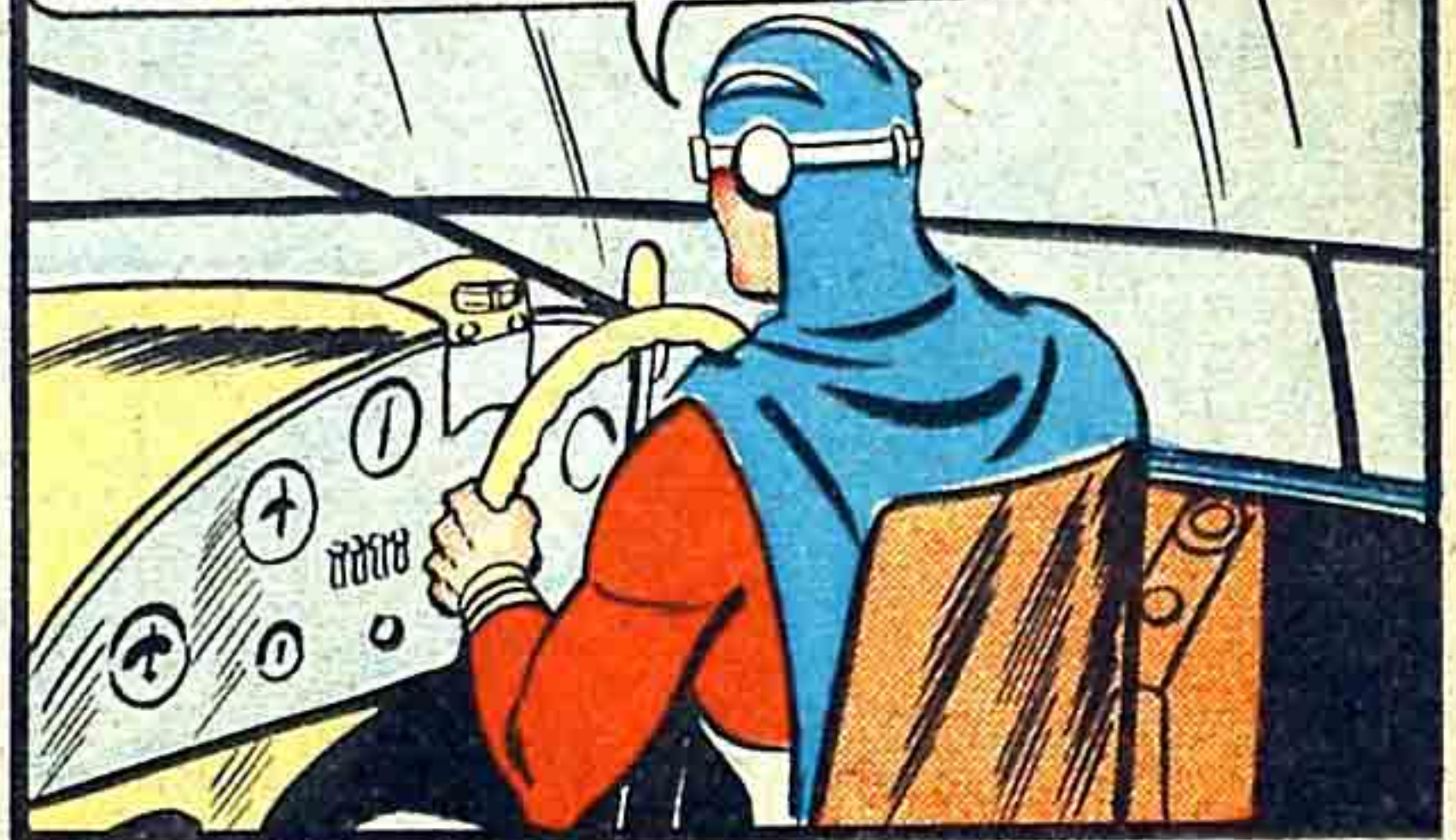
BIG SHOT COMICS

BUT A DENSE FOG ROLLS IN OFF THE OCEAN AND THE SKYMAN FLIES BLIND FOR HOURS---

MY FOG LIGHTS CAN ONLY COVER A LITTLE SECTION OF THE OCEAN! I'M AFRAID THE SCOURGE IS GETTING AWAY!



HOWEVER, I'LL SCOUT AROUND! I MAY COME ACROSS HIM BY LUCK!



THE SCARLET SCOURGE HAS THE ADVANTAGE OF THE SKYMAN- HE CAN HEAR THE MOTORS OF THE WING, WHILE THE SILENT PASSAGE OF THE GREAT SHIP THROUGH THE WATERS OF THE OCEAN, IS SILENT---

DOUSE ALL LIGHTS! I HEAR THAT AIRPLANE AGAIN!



HE'S HEADING OUT TO SEA! **GOOD!** THAT LEAVES ME A CLEAR FIELD!



THERE'S THE COAST! HEAVE ANCHOR! WE'LL LAND AND GET AVERY AGAIN



QUIET ALL! WE'LL TAKE THEM BY **SURPRISE!**

AYE, AYE, SIR!

QUIET IS THE WORD!



AH, SUCH A CHARMING LITTLE SCENE! SO YOU HAVE A SON? YOU'LL TELL ME WHERE THOSE PEARLS ARE, OR YOU WON'T HAVE YOUR SON VERY LONG!

YOU-HERE?

FATHER!



NOW-WHERE ARE THE PEARLS?

DON'T HURT HIM! I-I'LL TELL!



BIG SHOT COMICS



NO SENSE IN LOOKING FOR ANYTHING IN THIS SOUP! I'LL GO BACK TO THE AVERY HOUSE UNTIL IT CLEARS—

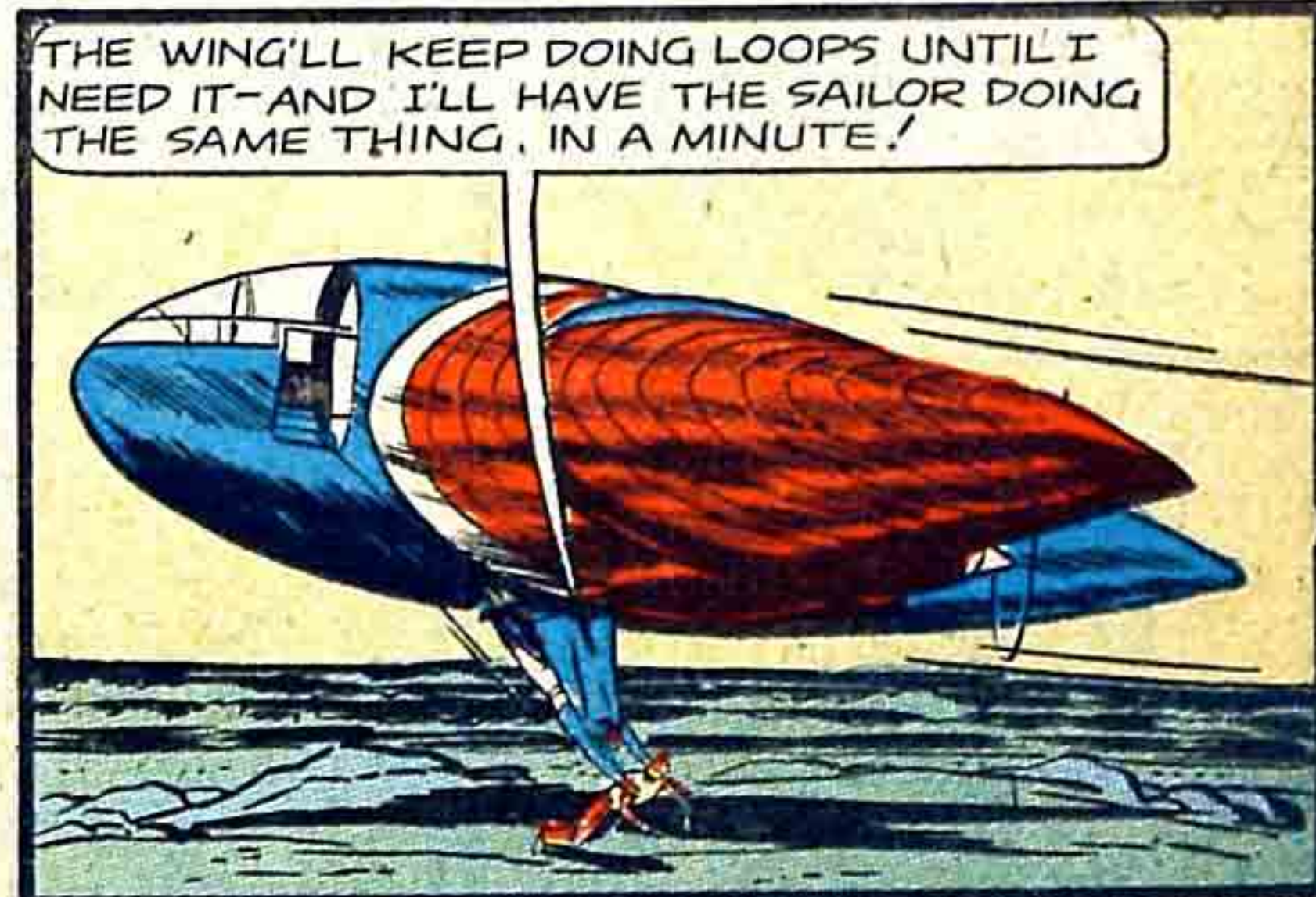
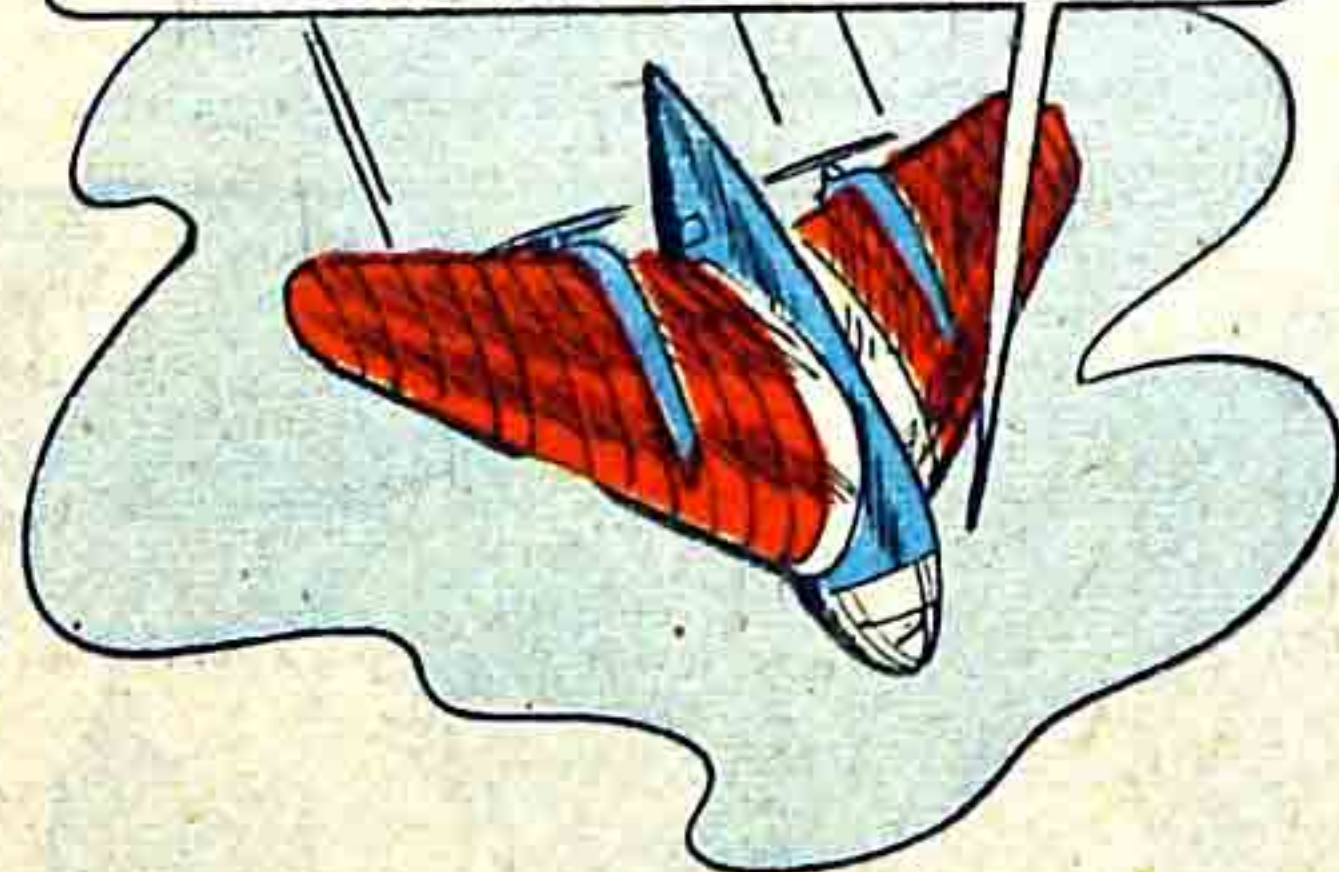


A SAILOR! THAT MEANS THE SCOURGE IS PAYING AVERY A VISIT!

A PLANE! THAT GUY THAT CAME ABOARD THE SHIP! I'D BETTER TELL THE SCOURGE!

KNOWING SPEED IS ESSENTIAL, THE SKYMAN DIVES HIS PLANE ———

I'VE GOT TO HEAD HIM OFF BEFORE HE GETS INTO THE HOUSE!



THE WING'LL KEEP DOING LOOPS UNTIL I NEED IT—AND I'LL HAVE THE SAILOR DOING THE SAME THING, IN A MINUTE!



SLEEP, MY HEARTY!



NOW THE SCOURGE DOESN'T KNOW I'M WITHIN MILES OF HIM! I HOPE HE'LL ENJOY THE **SURPRISE** I'VE ARRANGED!



YOU AGAIN!

SINCE WE'VE MET BEFORE, YOU KNOW WHAT TO **EXPECT**!

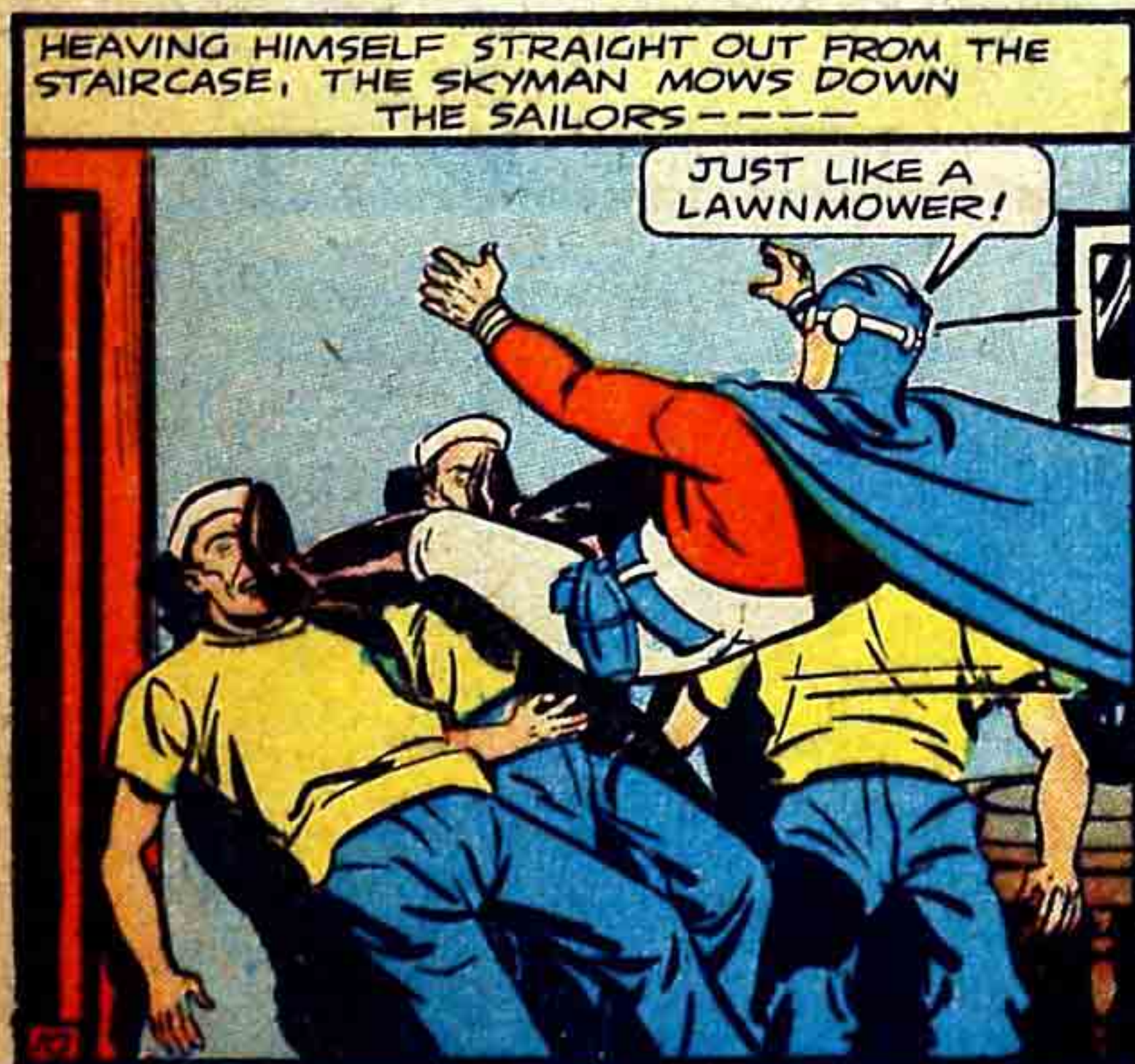
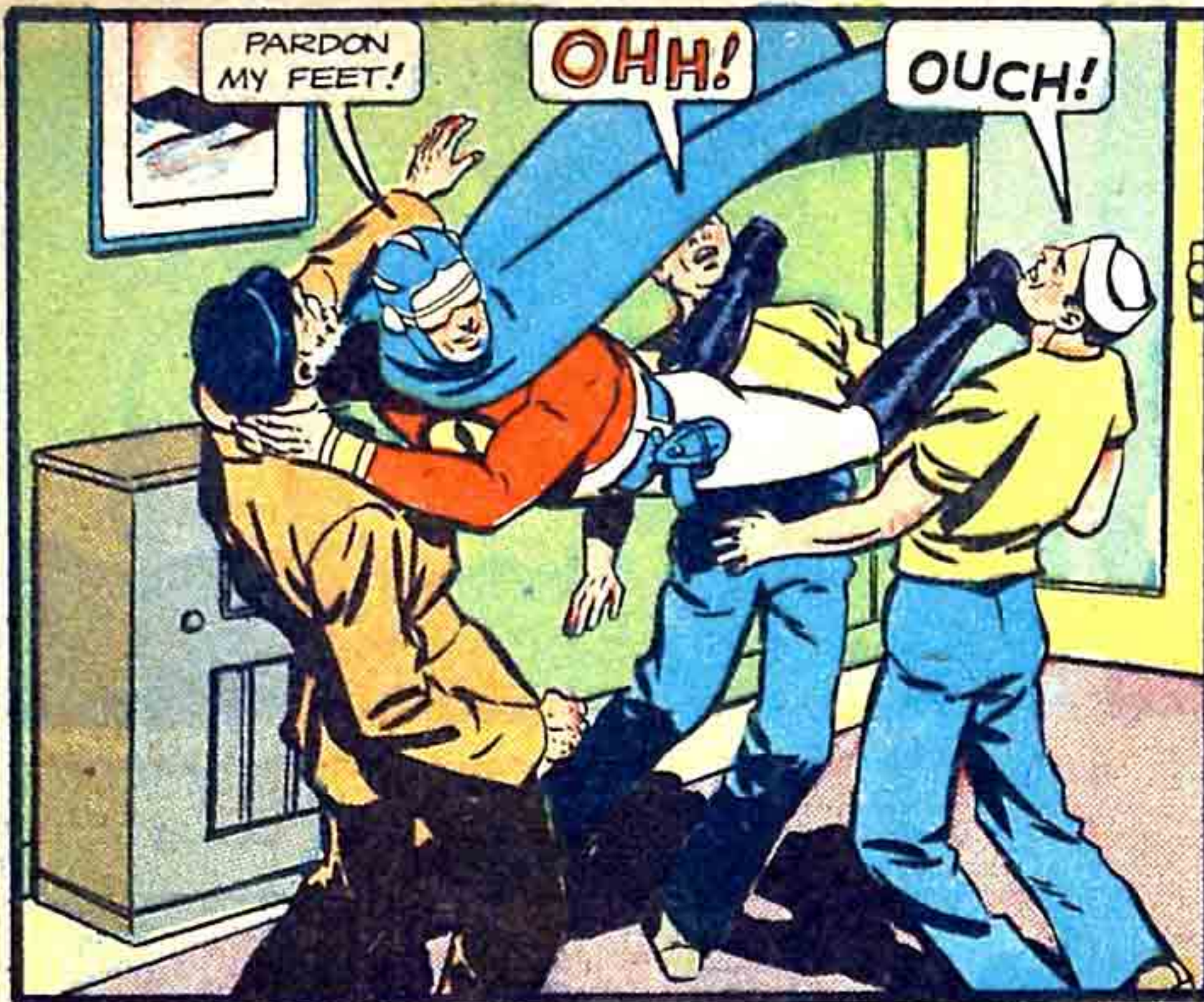


THE SKYMAN FLINGS HIMSELF RECKLESSLY ACROSS THE ROOM———

GET HIM! DON'T LET HIM NEAR ME!

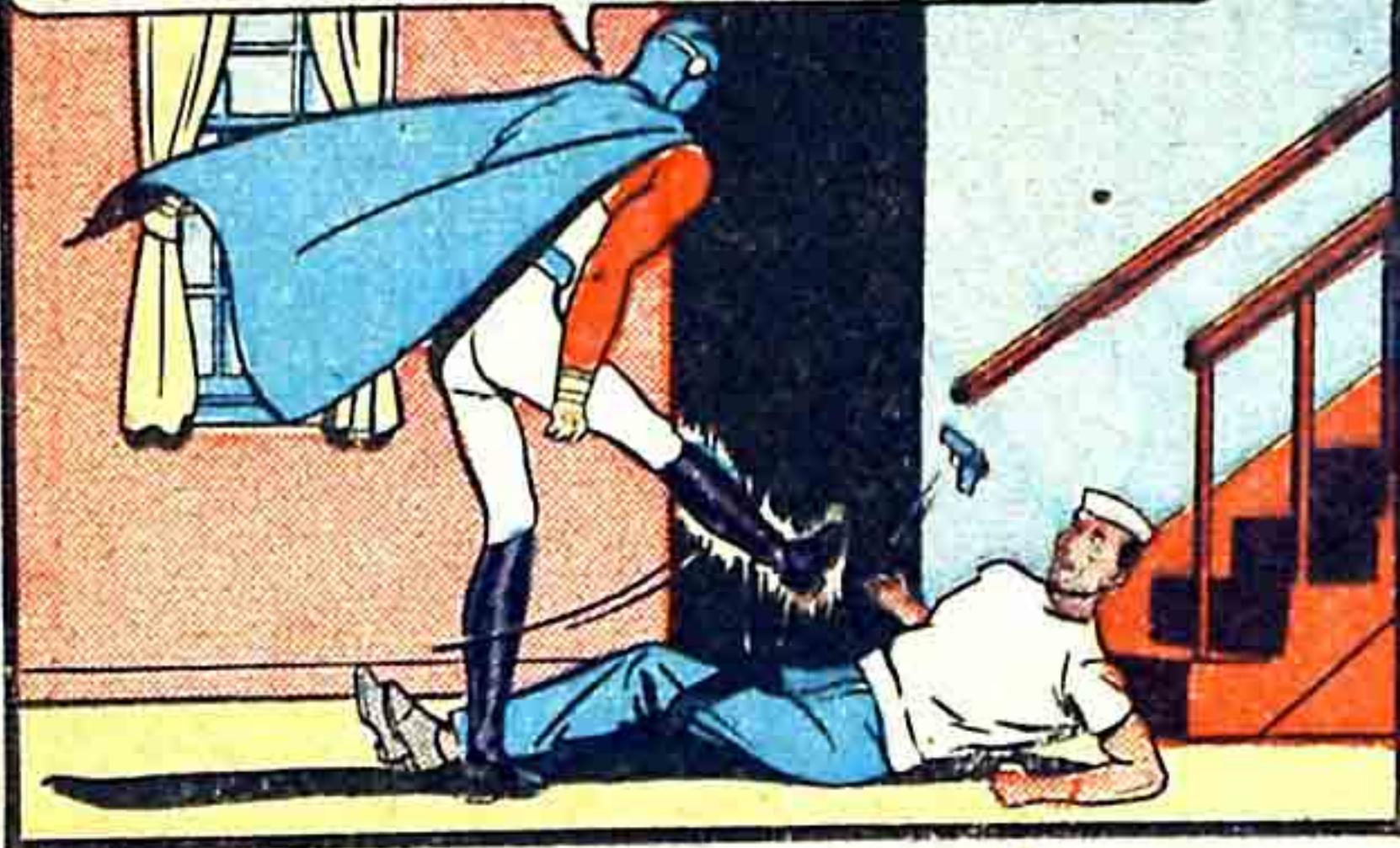
WE'LL STOP HIM!

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I HATE LOUD NOISES—AND GUNS ALWAYS MAKE A NOISE WHEN YOU SHOOT THEM!



SEE WHAT I MEAN? A NICE SOFT NOISE LIKE A FIST HITTING A JAW—THAT'S MUSIC TO MY EARS!



HERE'S SOME KEEN MUSIC, THEN —

I'D LIKE TO GET YOUR POINT— BUT I DON'T THINK I WILL!



THE SKYMAN HITS HARD, FAST AND OFTEN — WHEN YOU RECOVER FROM THIS, YOU'LL BE BEHIND BARS IN SOME COMFORTABLE **JAIL!**



WELL, I'M GLAD THEY DIDN'T GET THE **PEARLS!**

BUT THEY DID! AT LEAST WE'VE **LOST** THEM! THEY WERE IN SAM'S SHOES, IN THE HEELS!

AND I DON'T KNOW WHERE THEY ARE!



I KNOW WHERE THEY ARE! YOU'LL HAVE THEM IN A MINUTE!

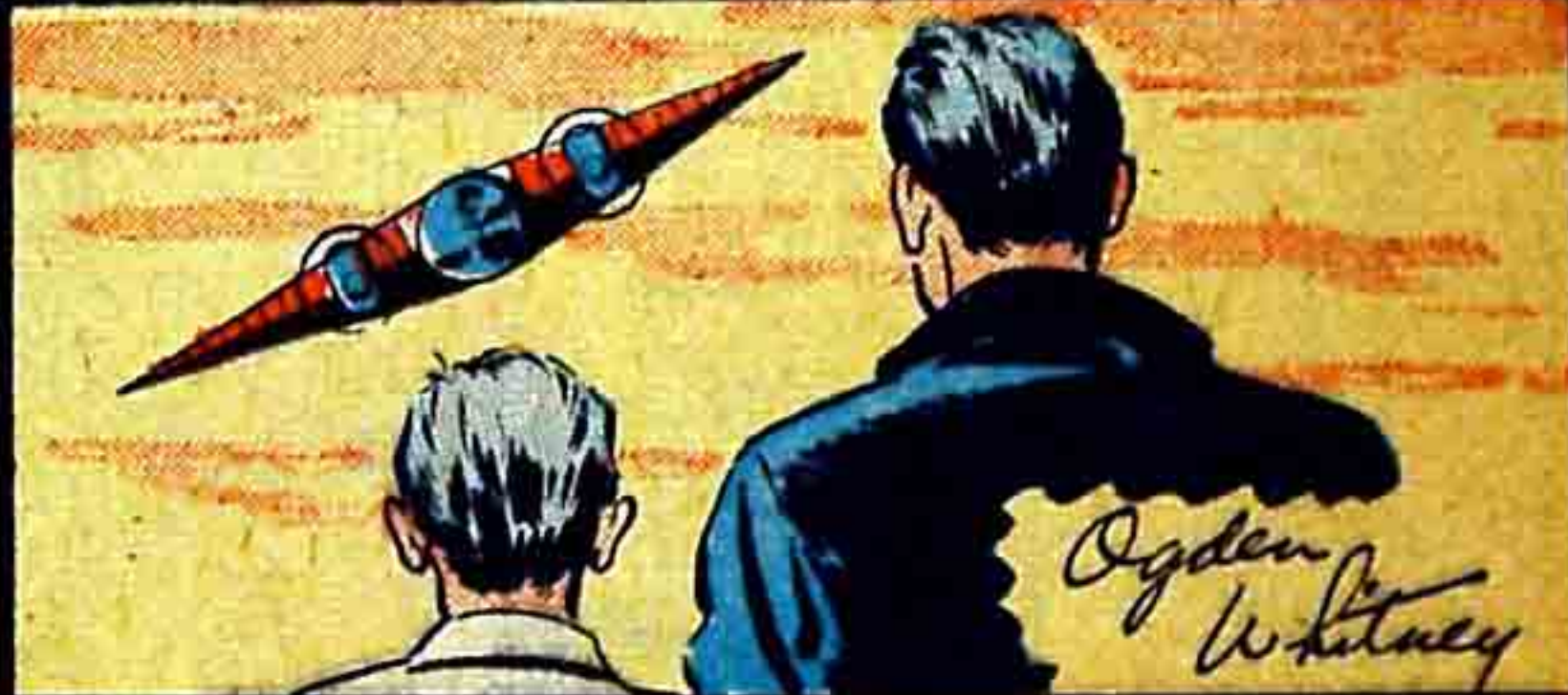
SURE, I REMEMBER — I TOOK OFF MY SHOES IN THE WING AND I FORGOT THEM!

I'M GLAD SKYMAN REMEMBERED



HERE THEY ARE! I'LL TRADE YOU THESE FOR THE SCOURGE AND HIS THUGS!

IT'S A **DEAL!** COME IN AND TAKE 'EM ALL!



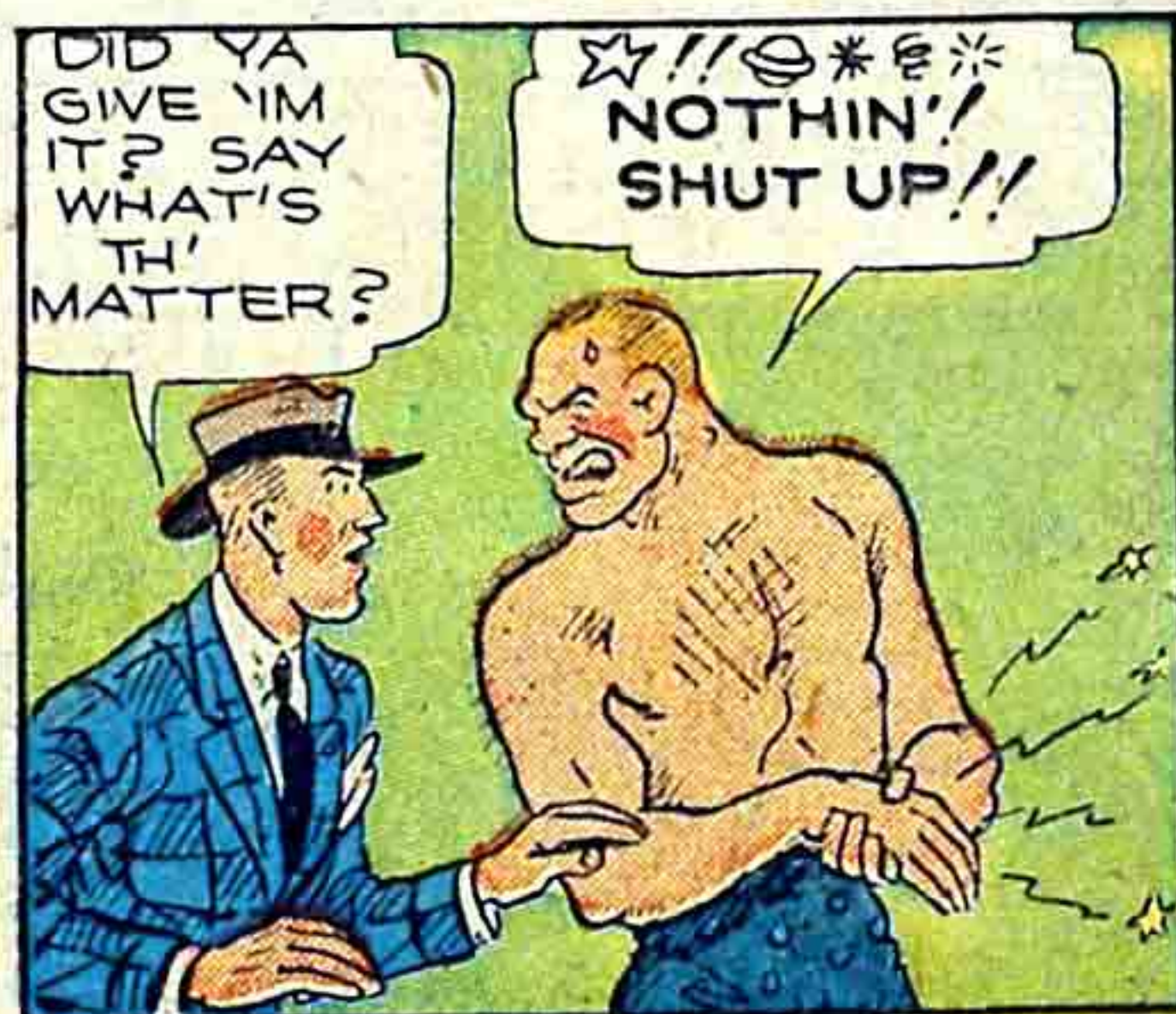
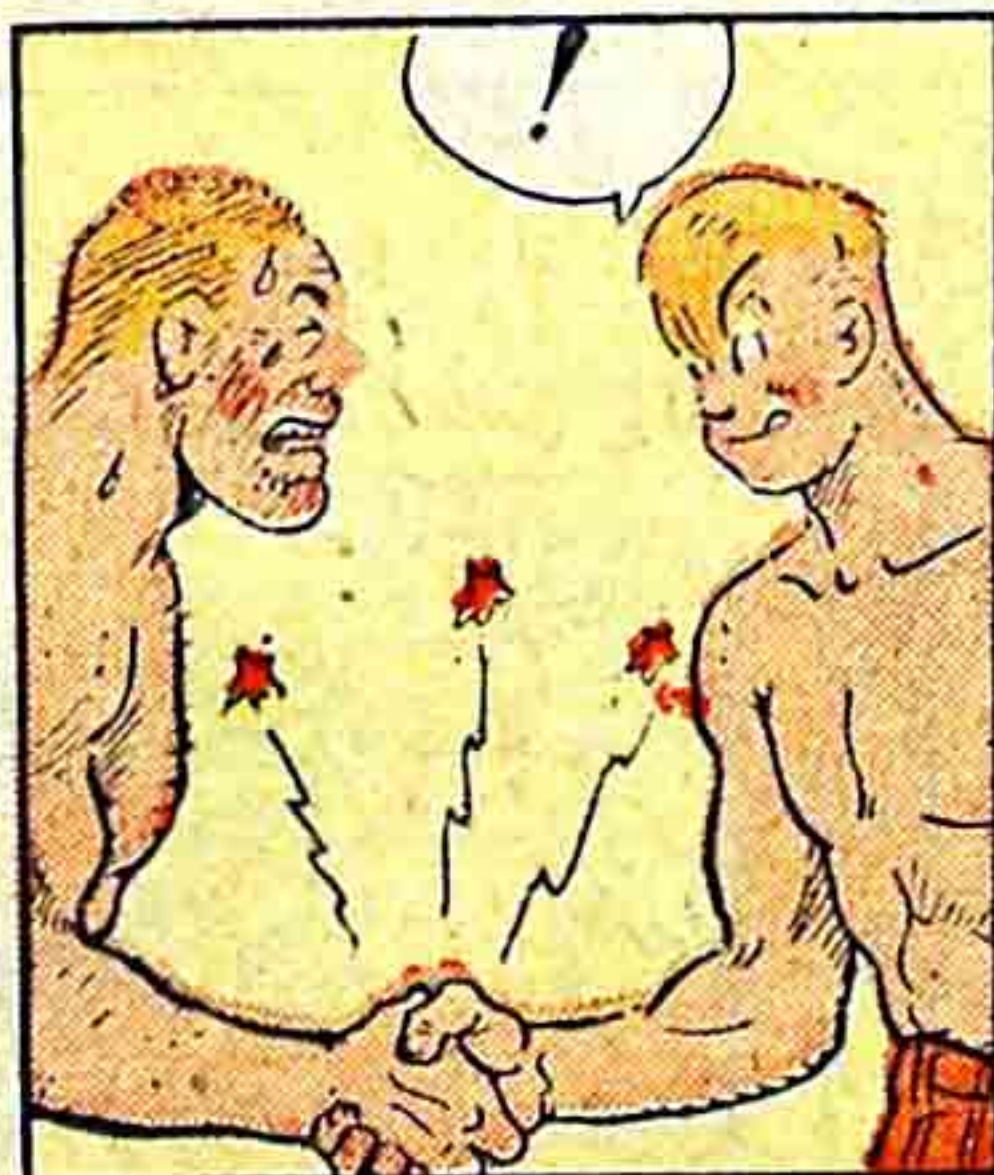
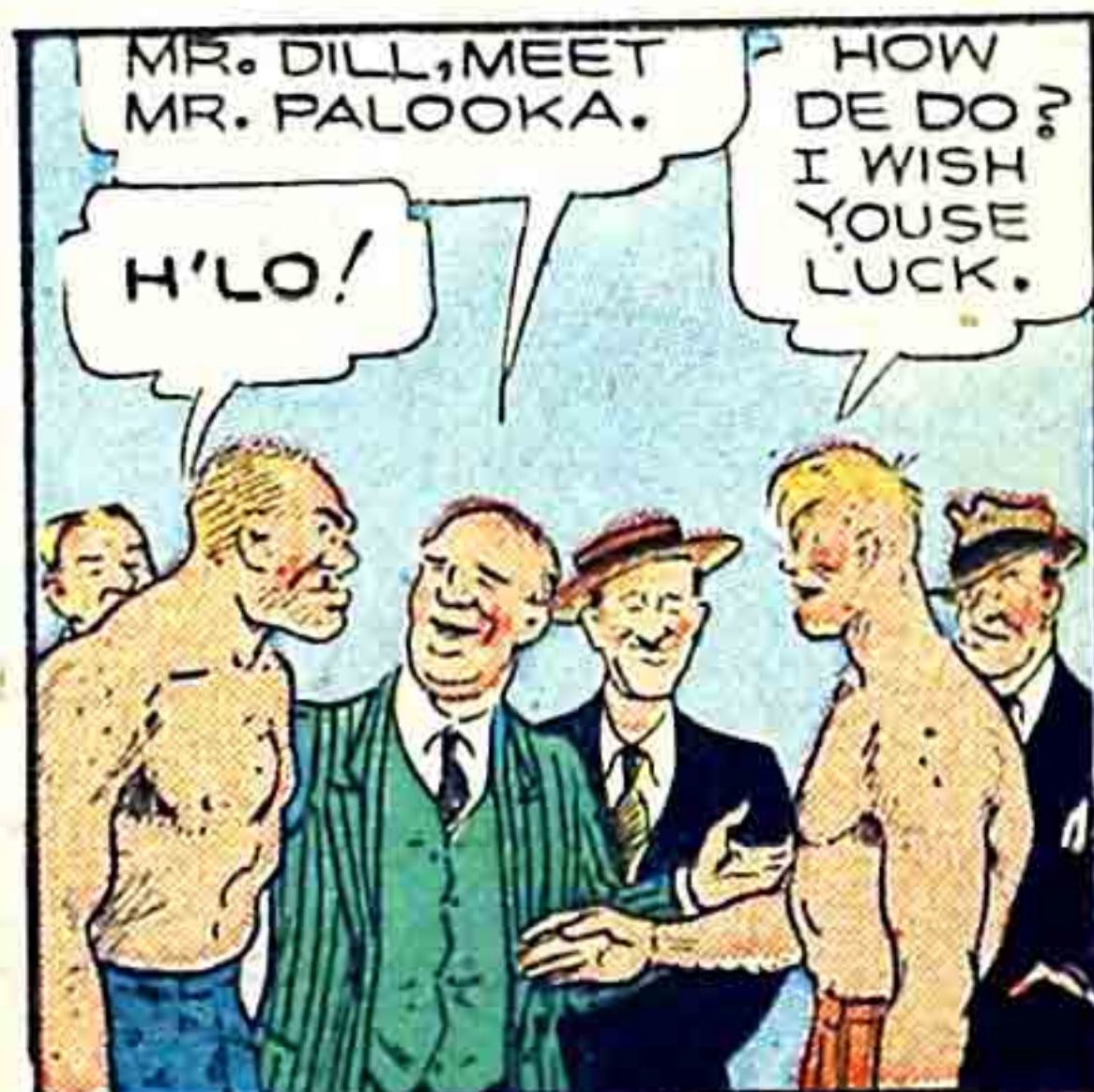
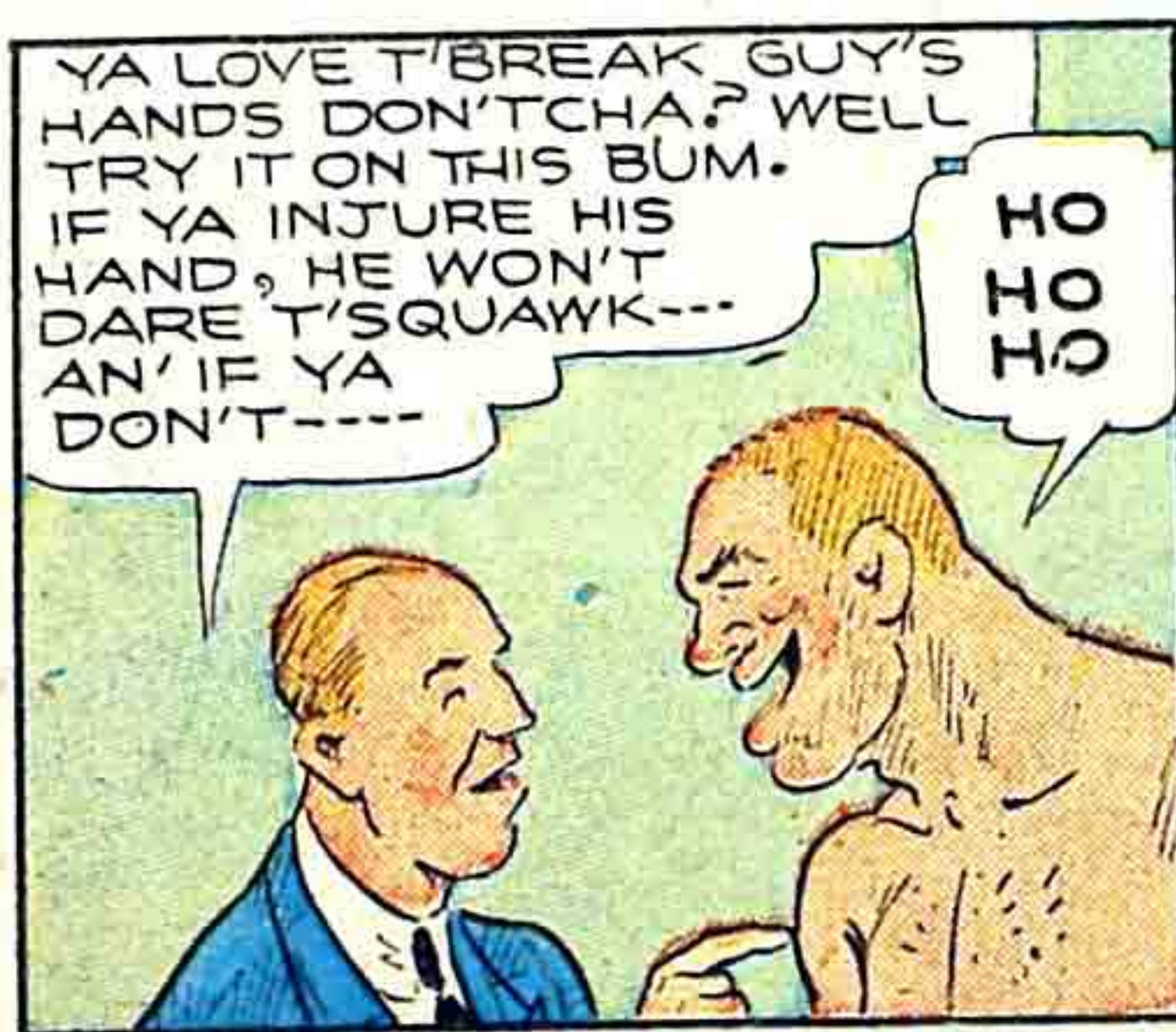
THE SKYMAN WILL BE FOUND EVERY MONTH IN **BIG SHOT COMICS!** AMERICA'S NATIONAL HERO THRILLS YOU WITH NEW AND STARTLING ADVENTURES!

Ogden Whitney

JOE PALOOKA

KNOBBY HAS RECEIVED LETTERS THREATENING JOE'S LIFE IF HE DOESN'T LOSE HIS FIGHT WITH DILL

THE WEIGHING IN IS ABOUT TO TAKE PLACE AT THE OFFICE OF THE N.Y. STATE ATHLETIC COMMISSION.

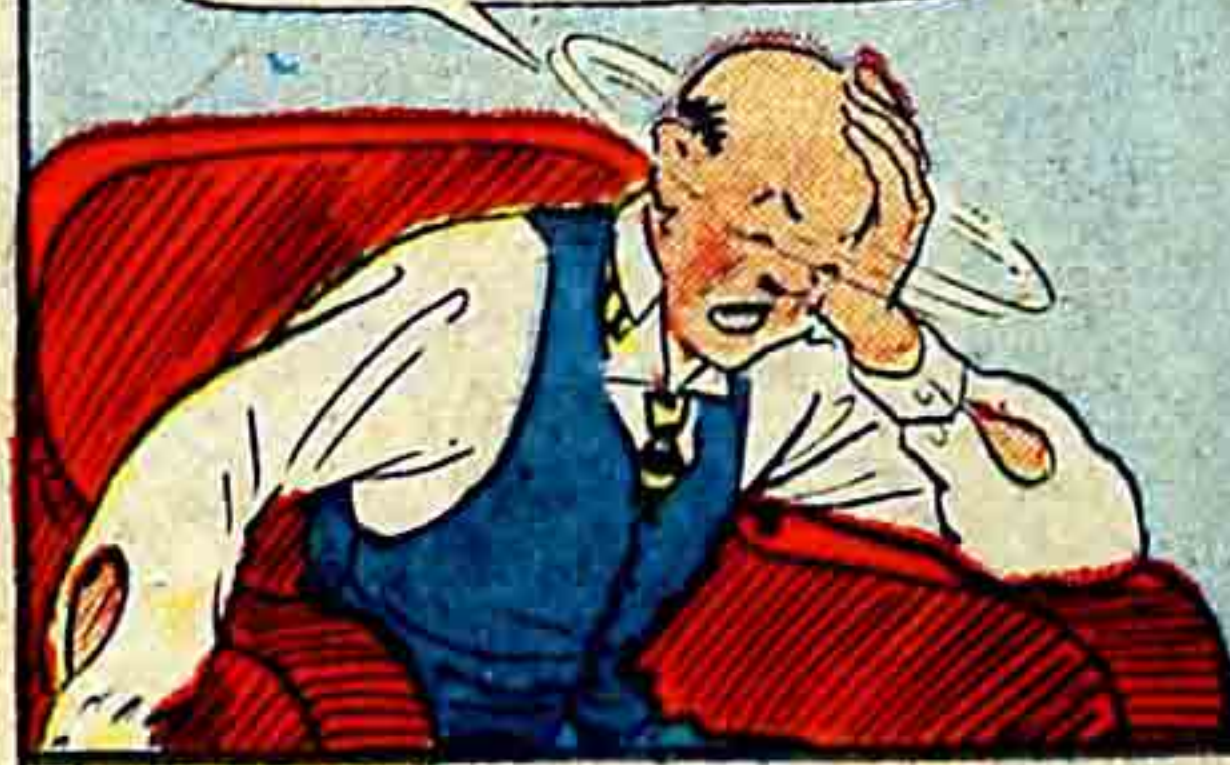


WITH SCREAMING SIRENS, AND SURROUNDED BY POLICE, JOE IS RUSHED BACK TO HIS HOTEL TO REST BEFORE THE FIGHT.

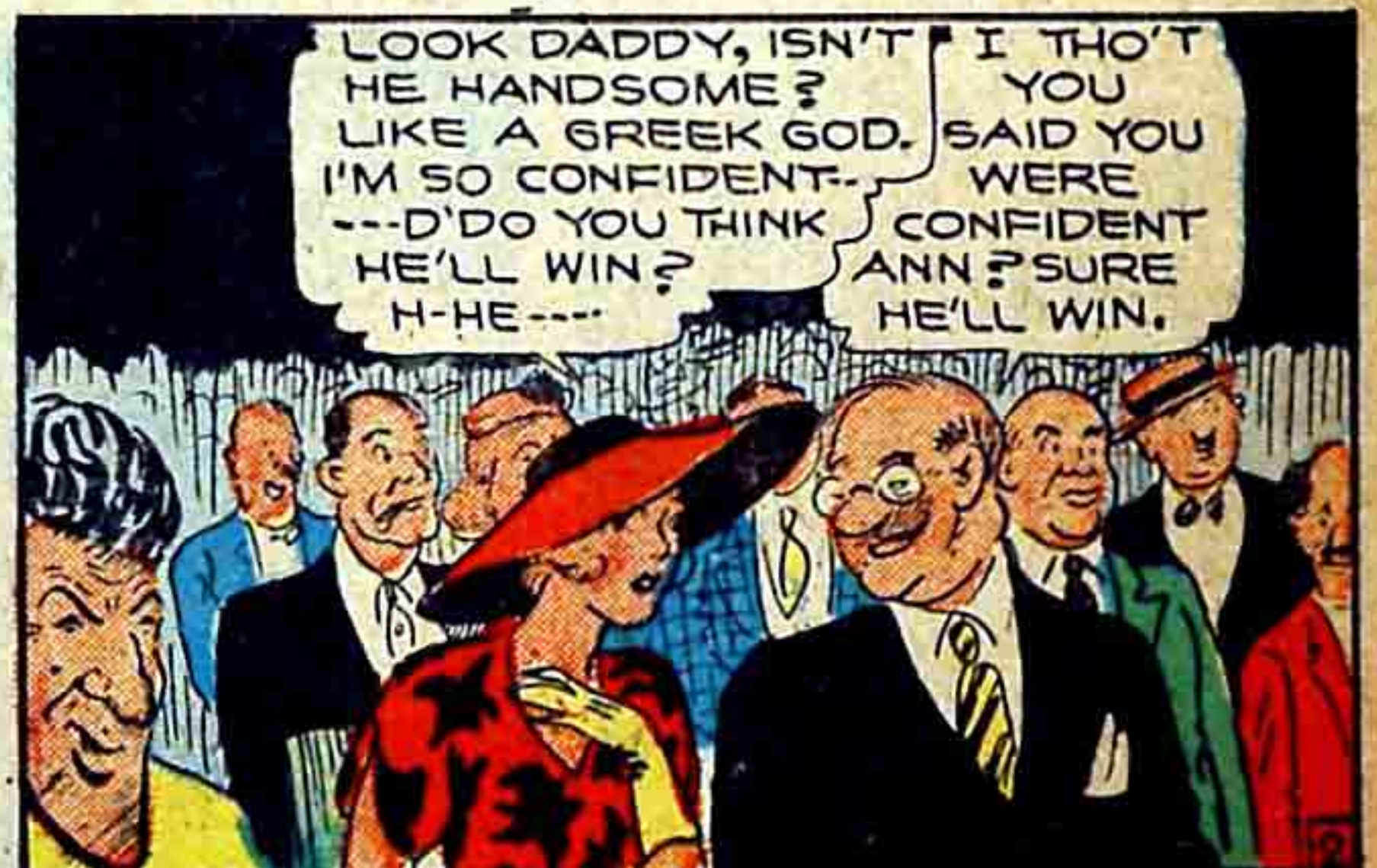
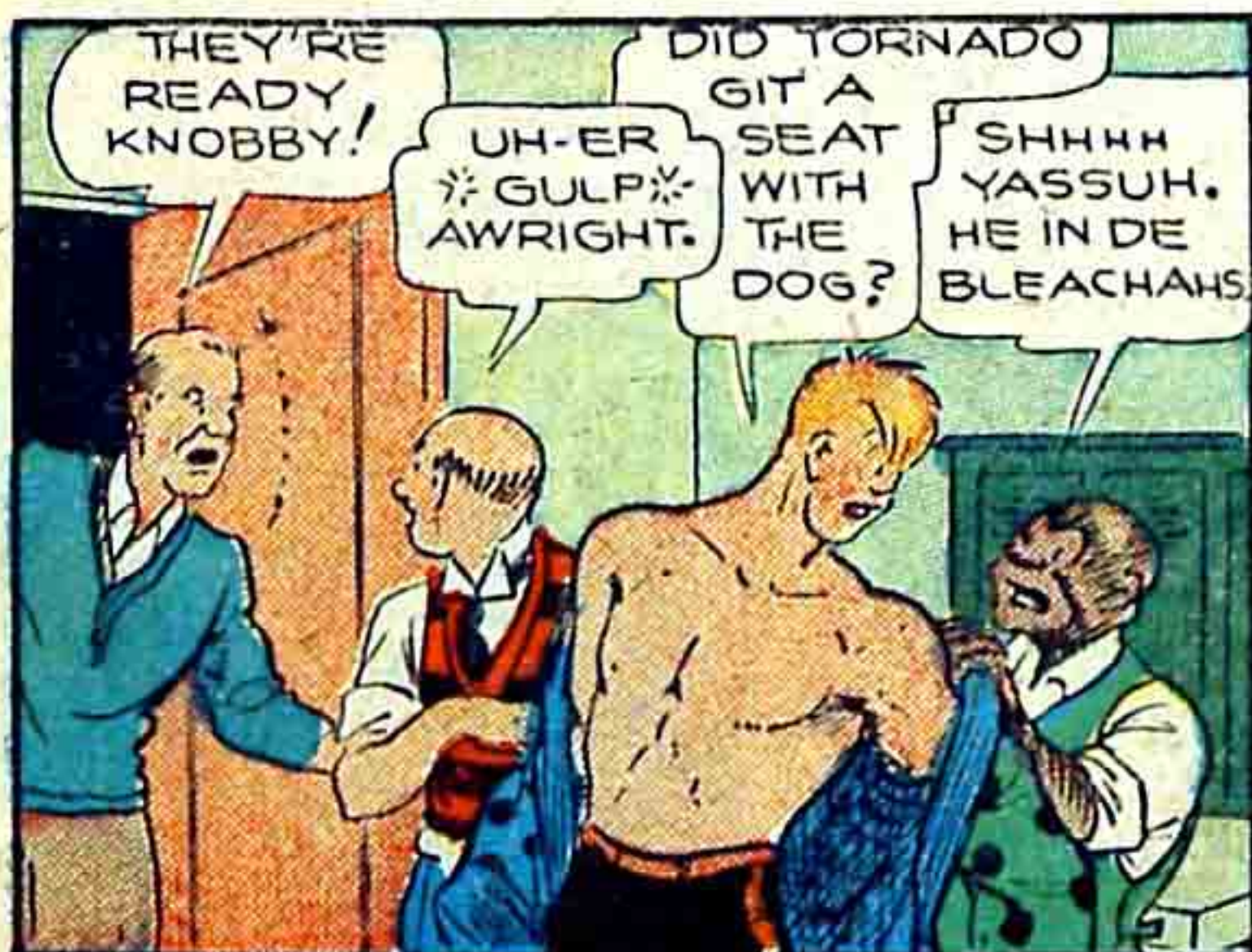
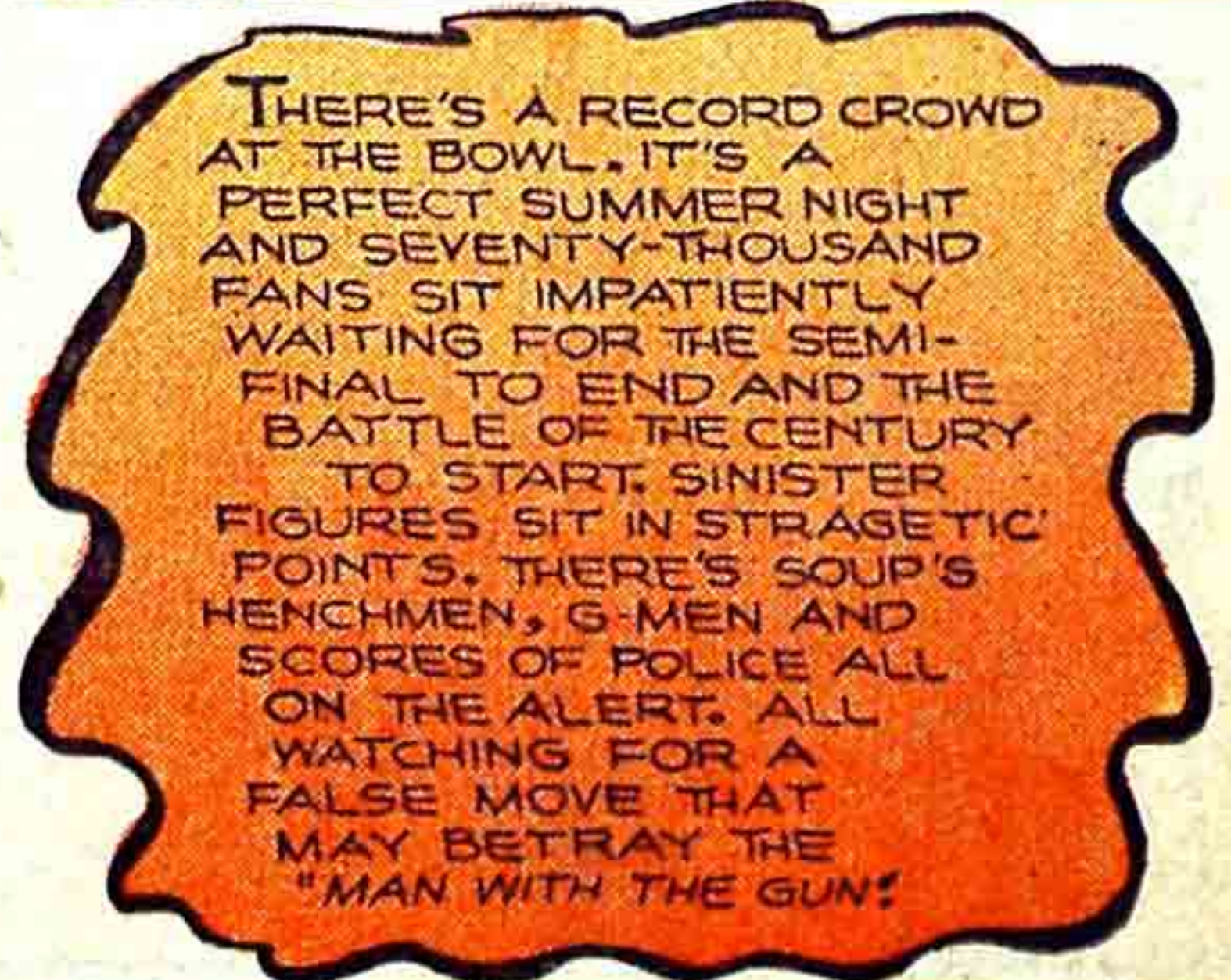
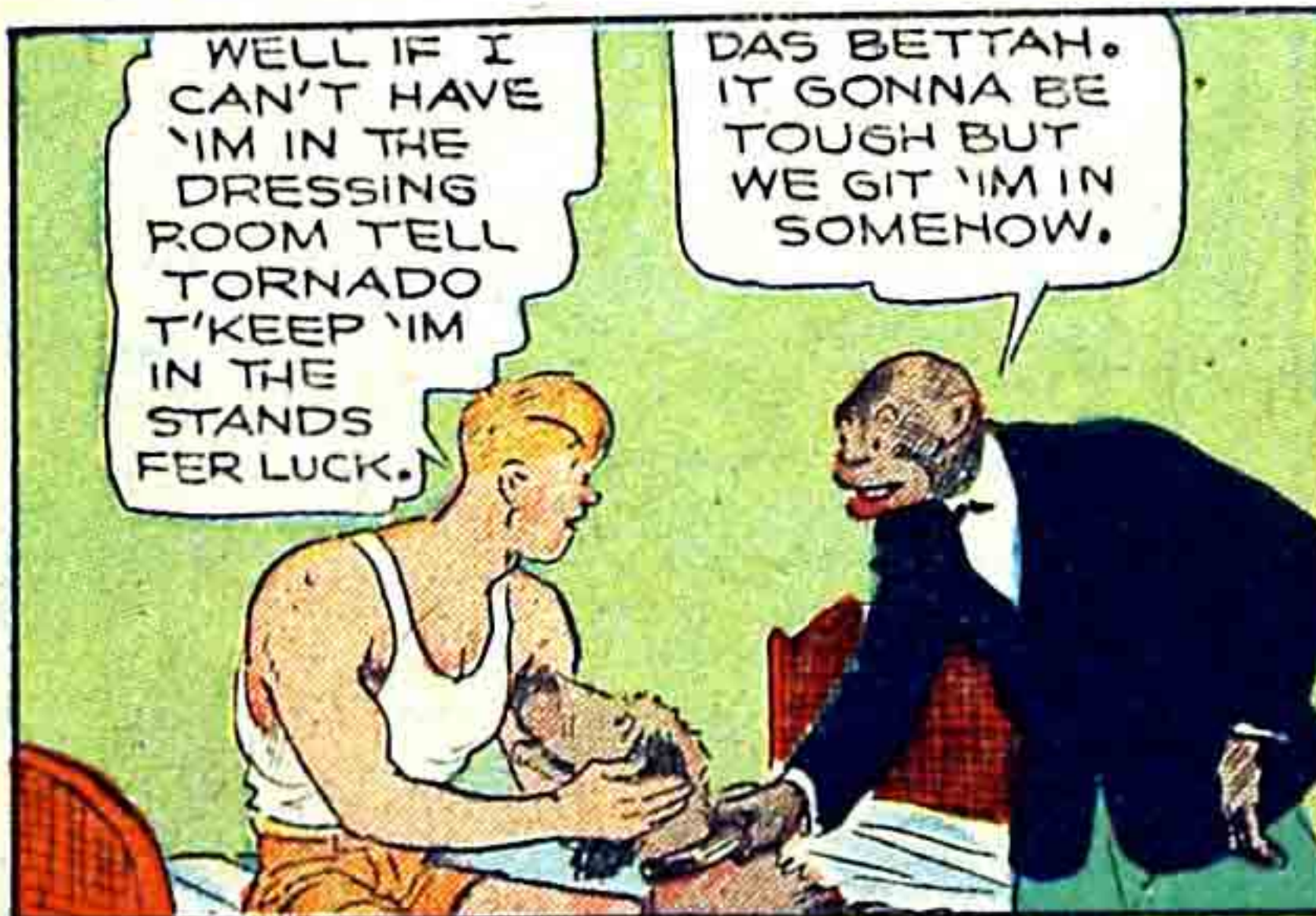
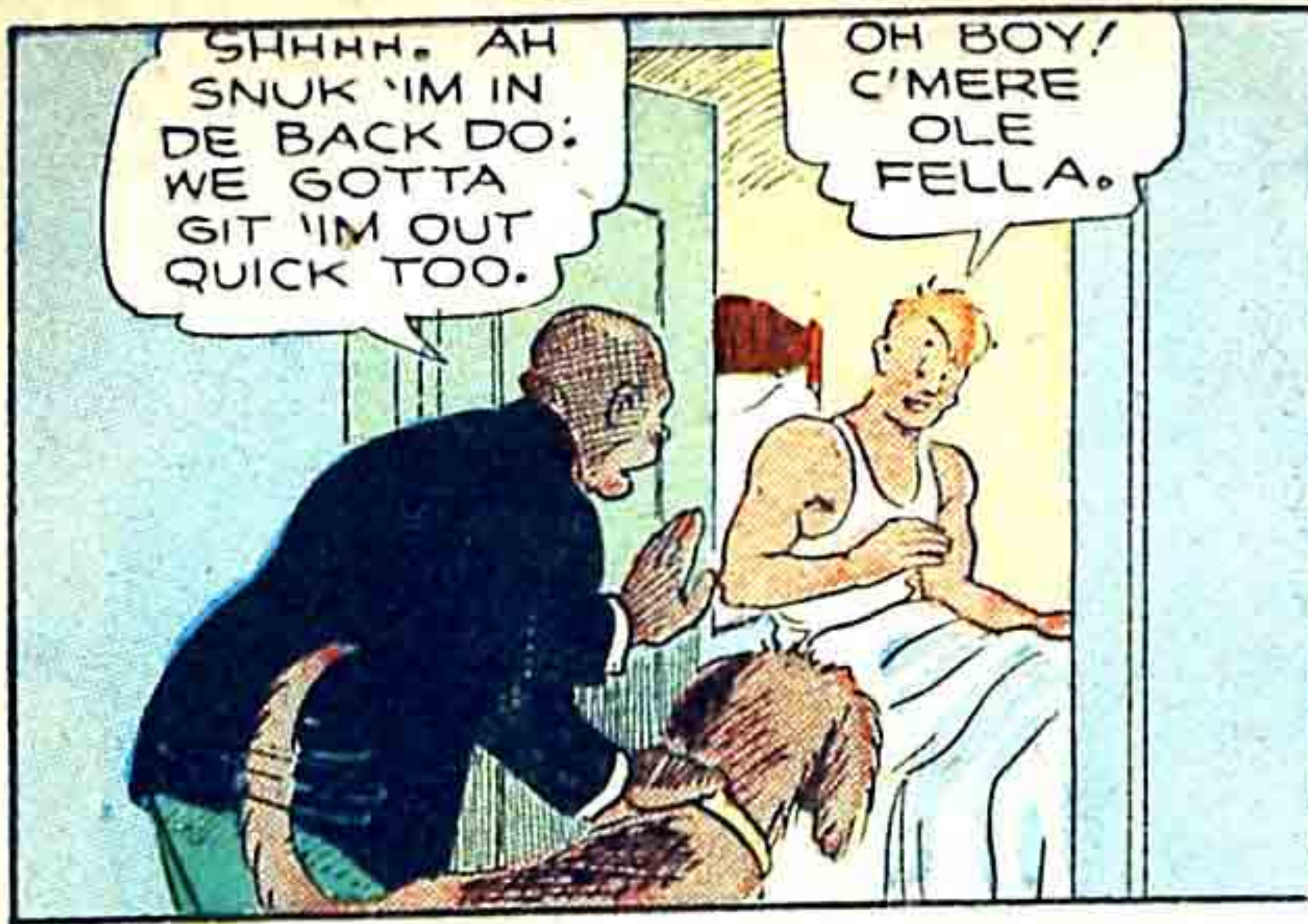
MIGOSH----THIS LETTER'S DRIVIN' ME NERTS. "WE AINT HAD NO WORD! IF HE DON'T GO IN TH' TANK HE'LL GIT IT BEFORE HE CLIMBS OUTA TH' RING."



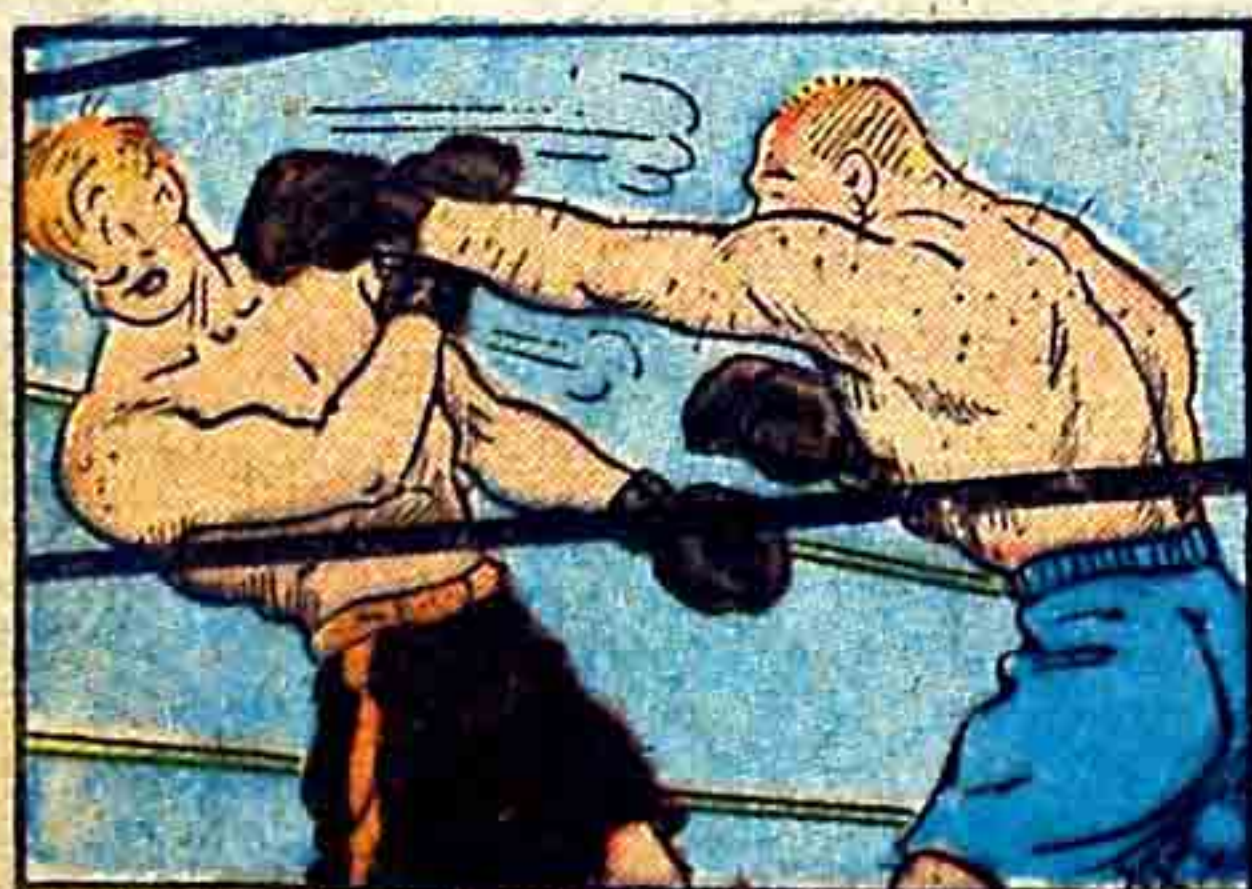
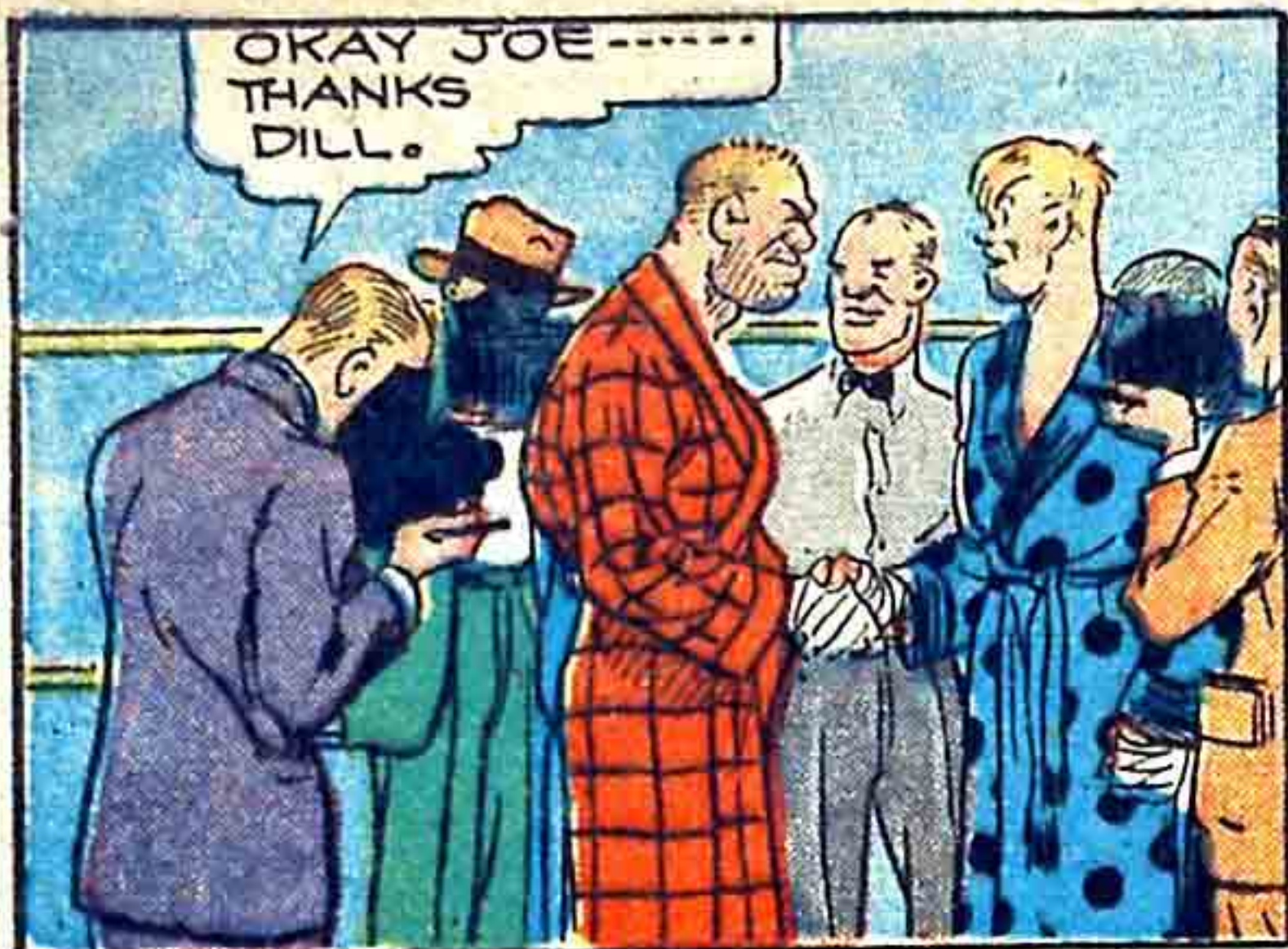
ONLY TWO MORE HOURS AN' HE'LL BE IN TH' RING. I FEEL LIKE I'M SENDIN' TH' PERSON I LOVE MOST IN TH' WORLD T'DISTRUCTION.



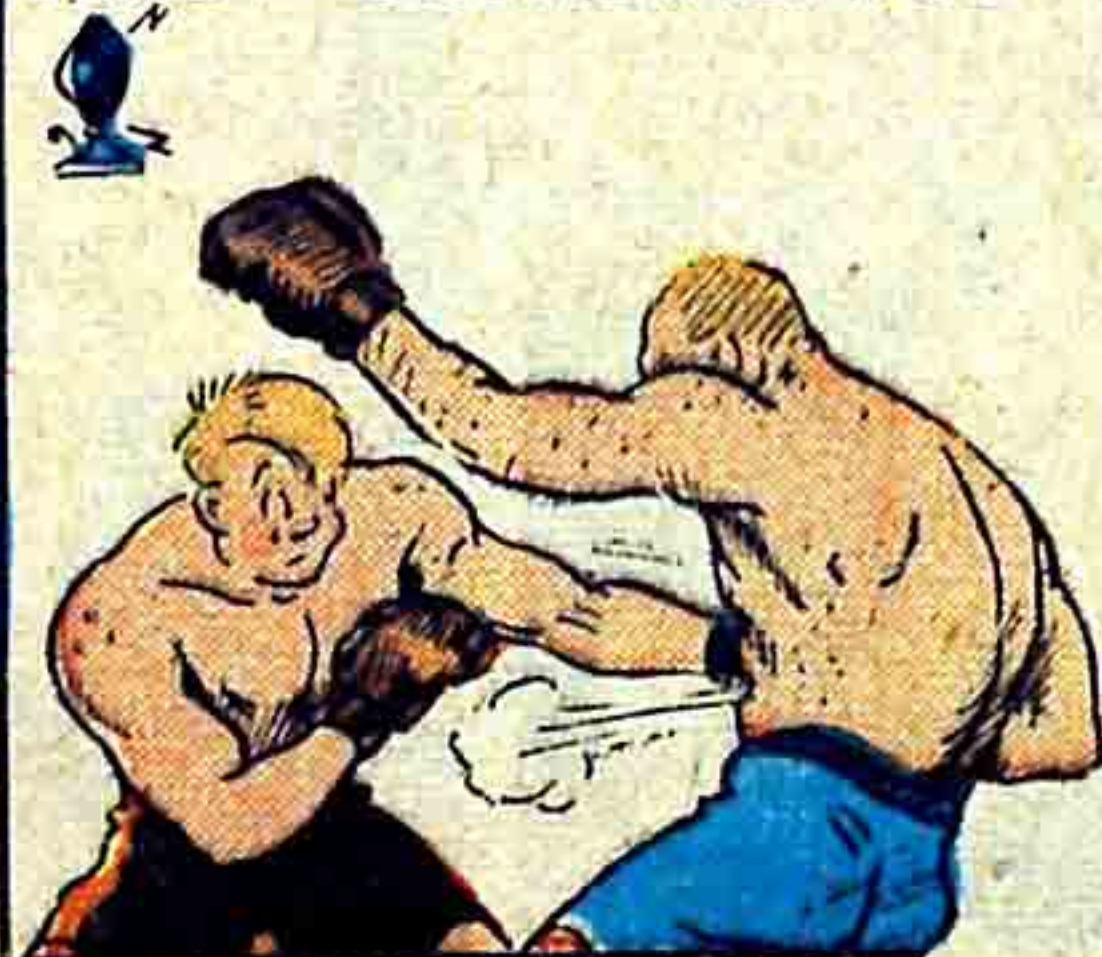
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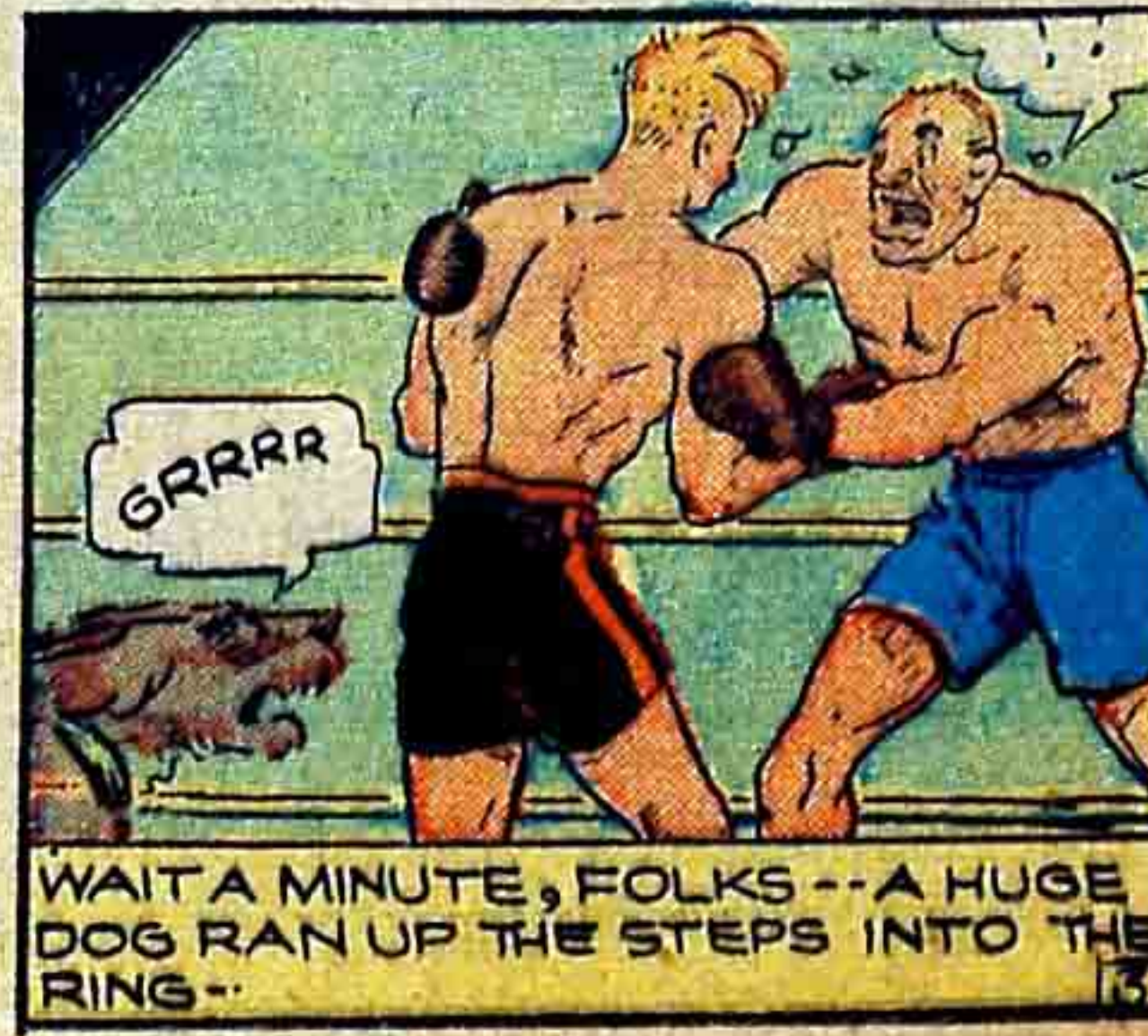
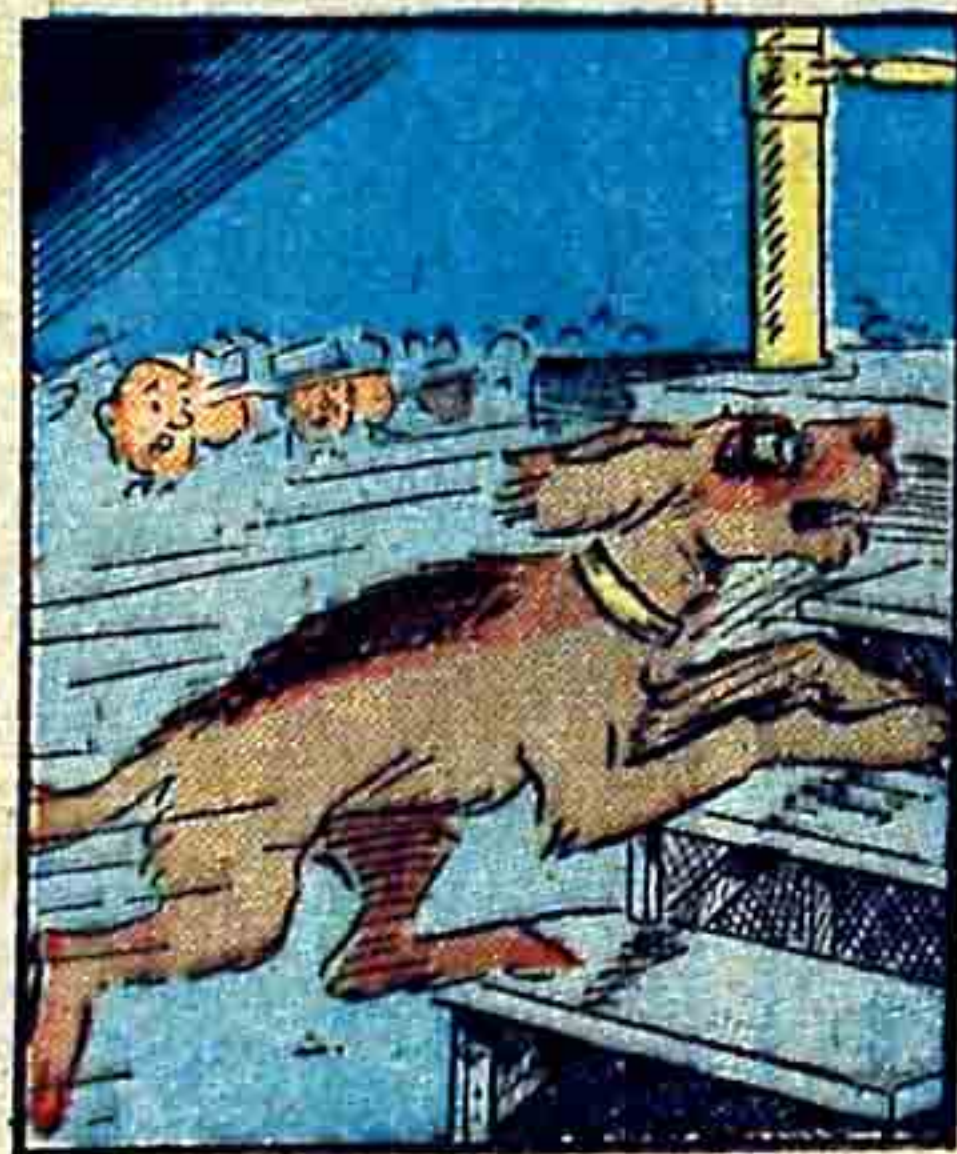
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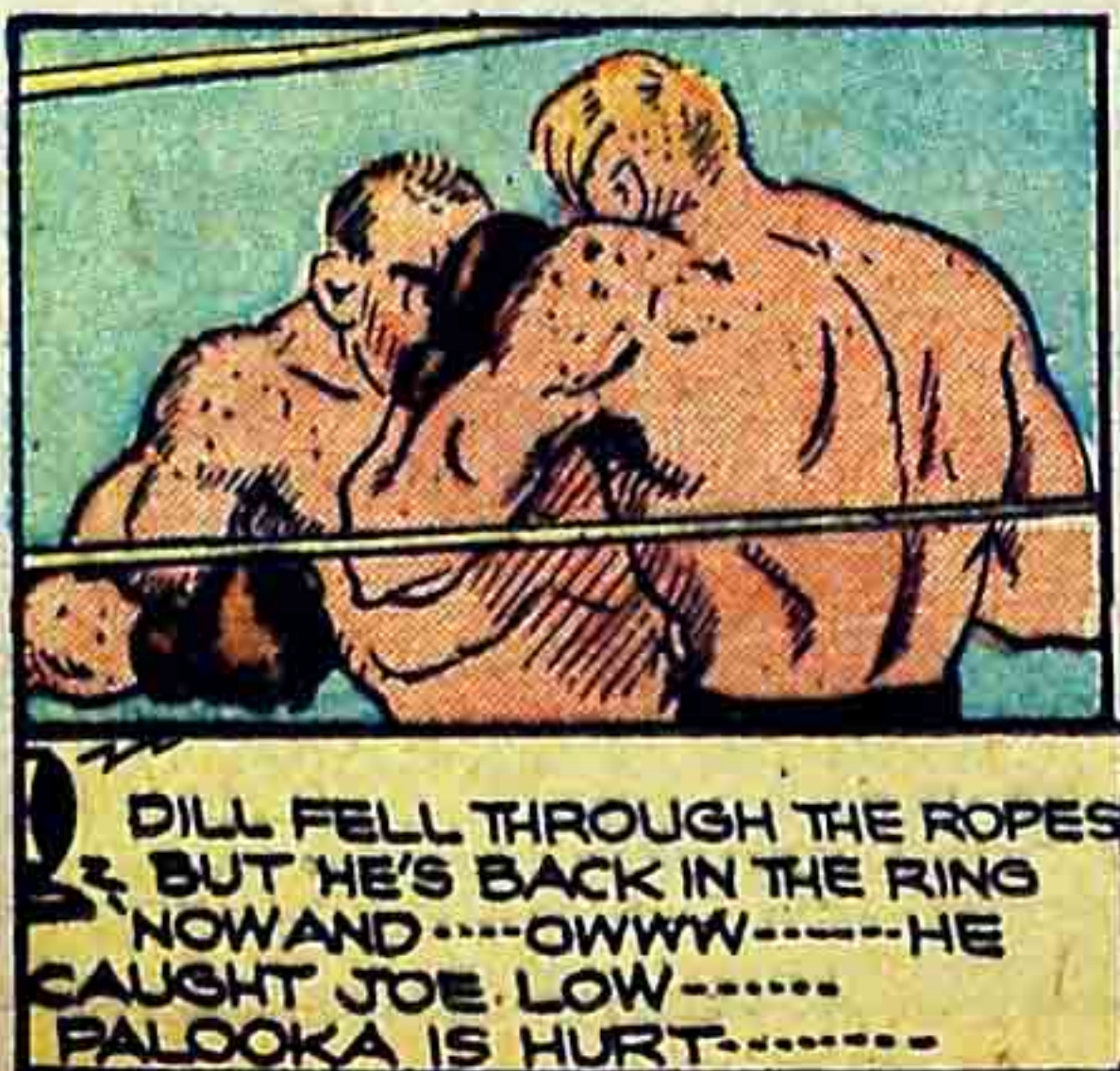
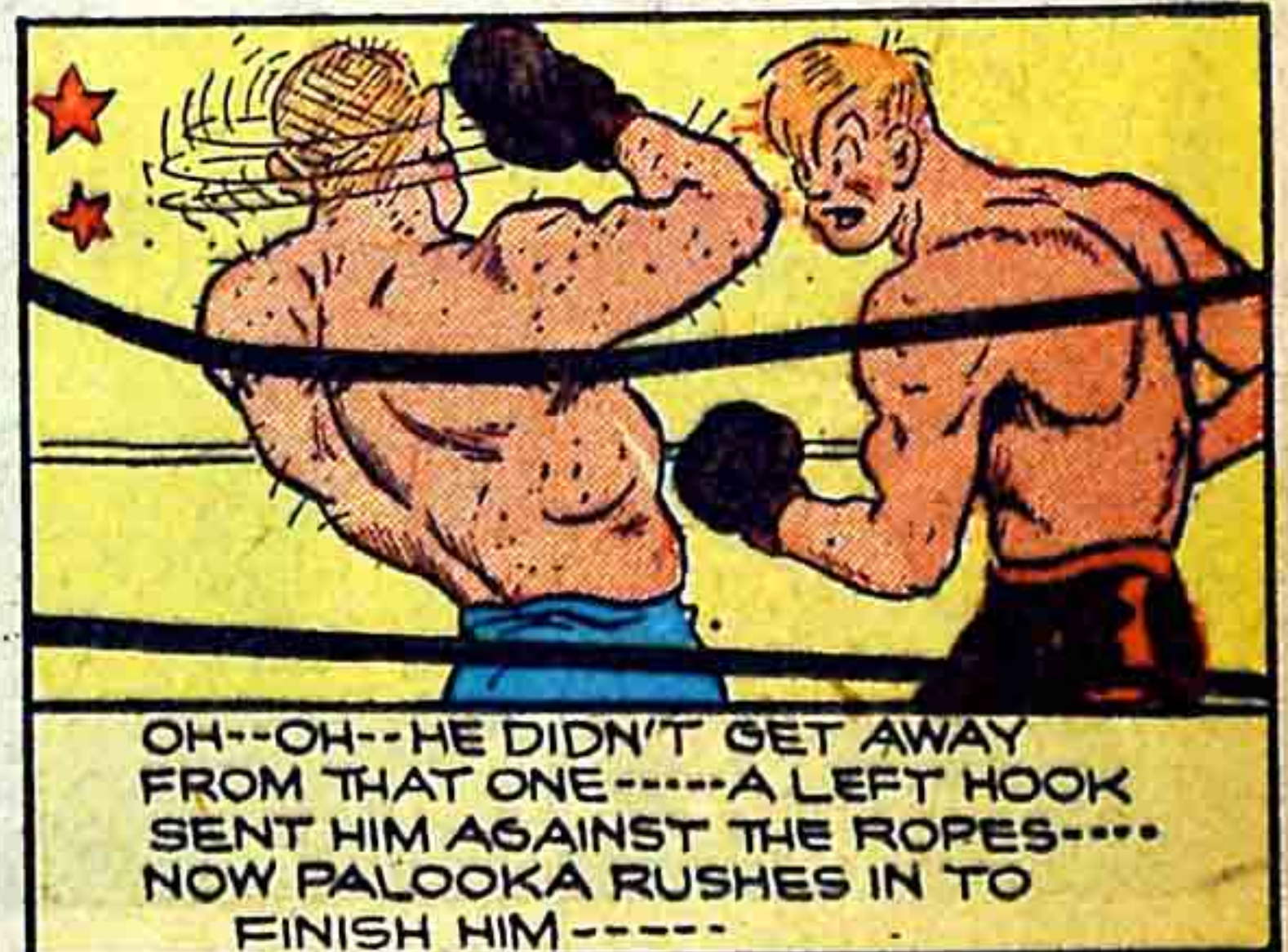
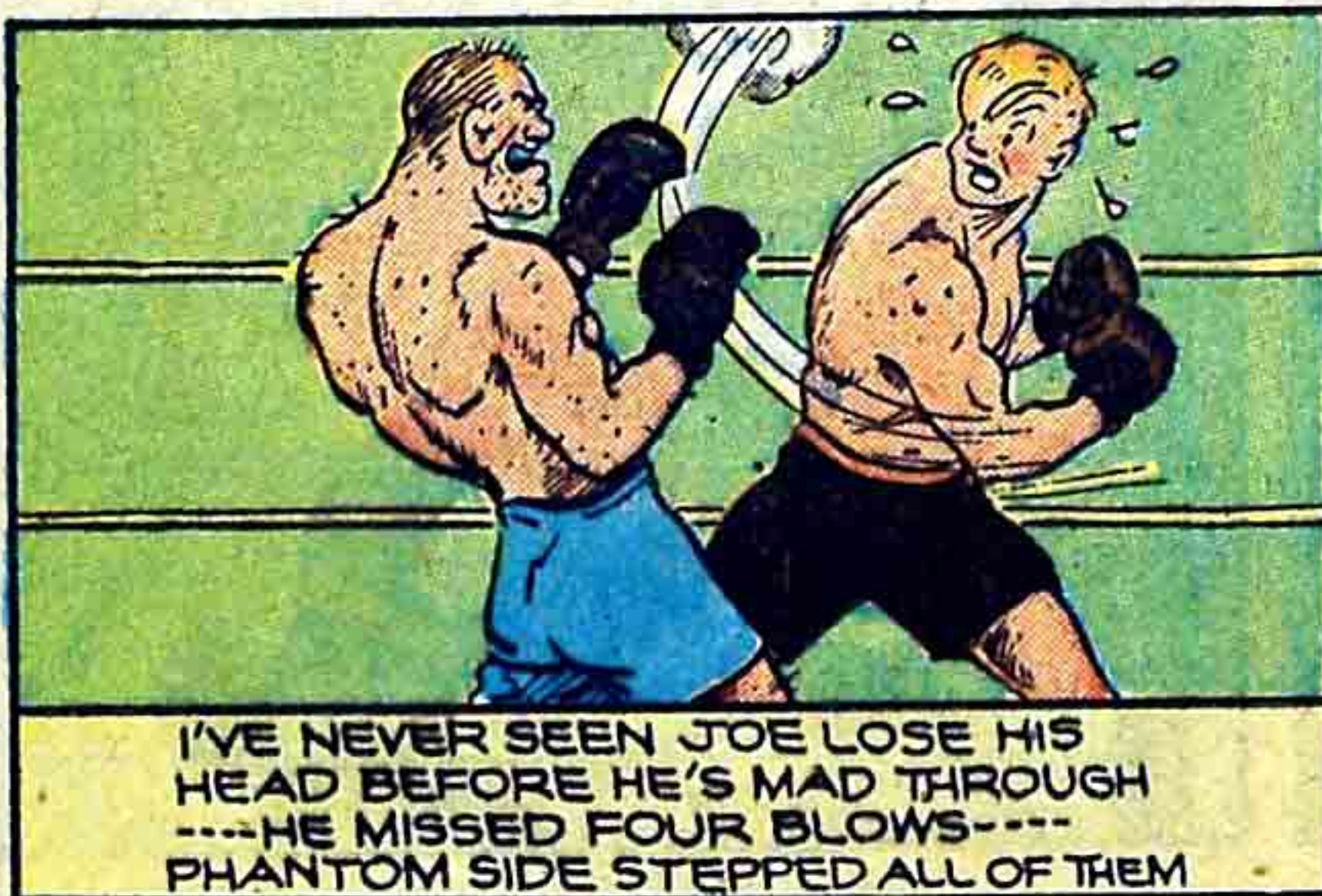
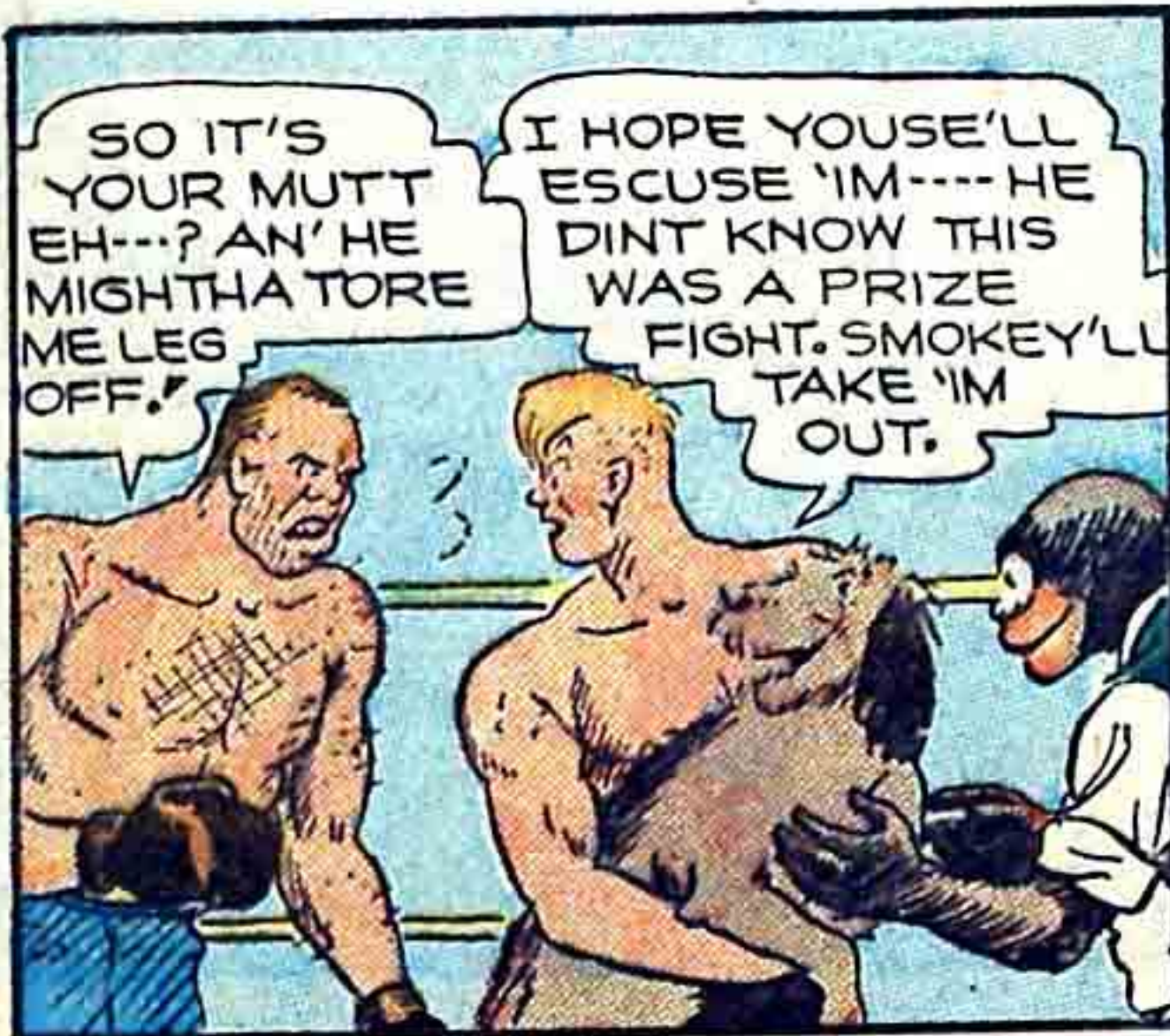
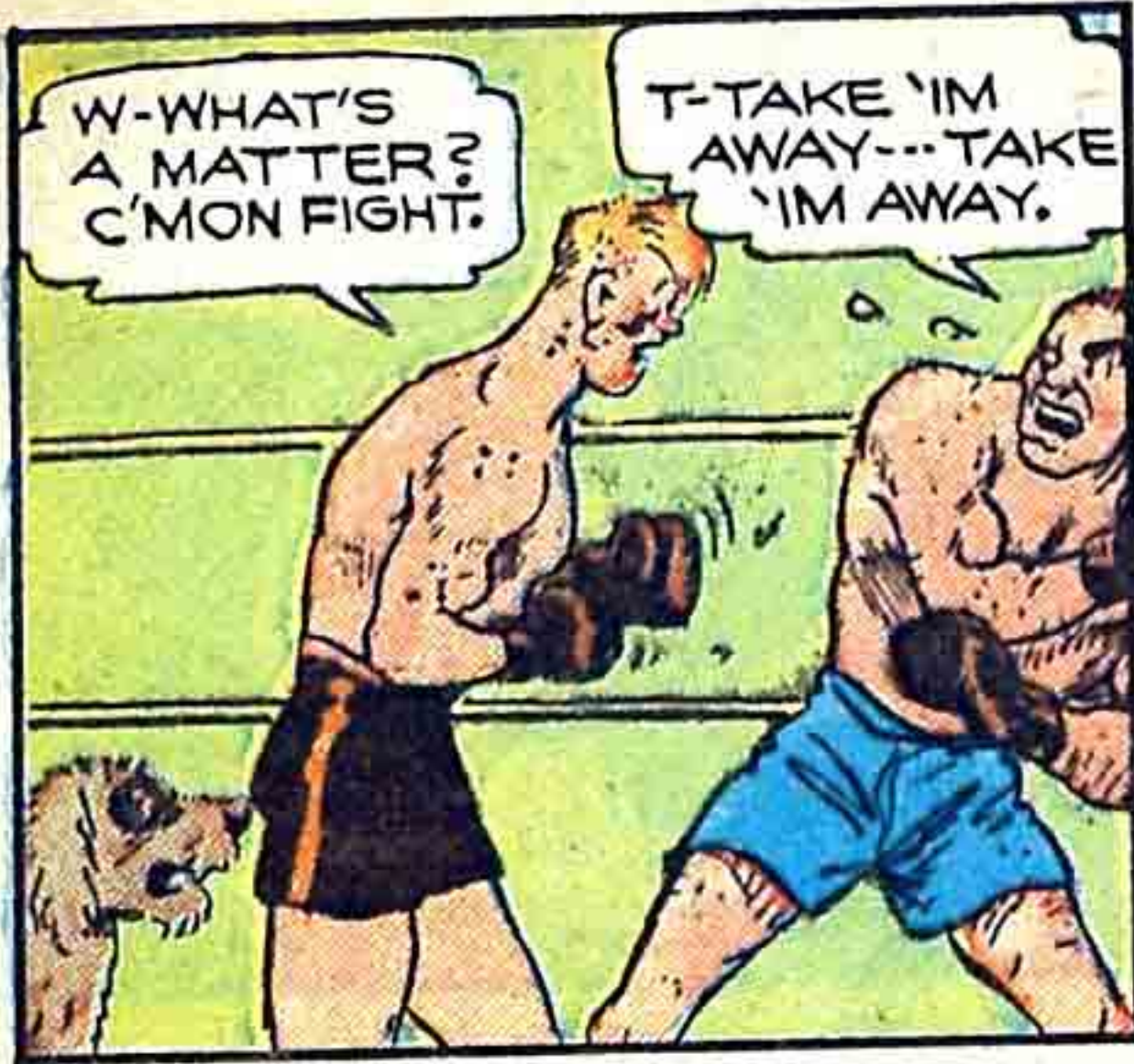
THE PHANTOM LET LOOSE A
BARRAGE TO PALOOKA'S
BODY--- JOE RETALIATES



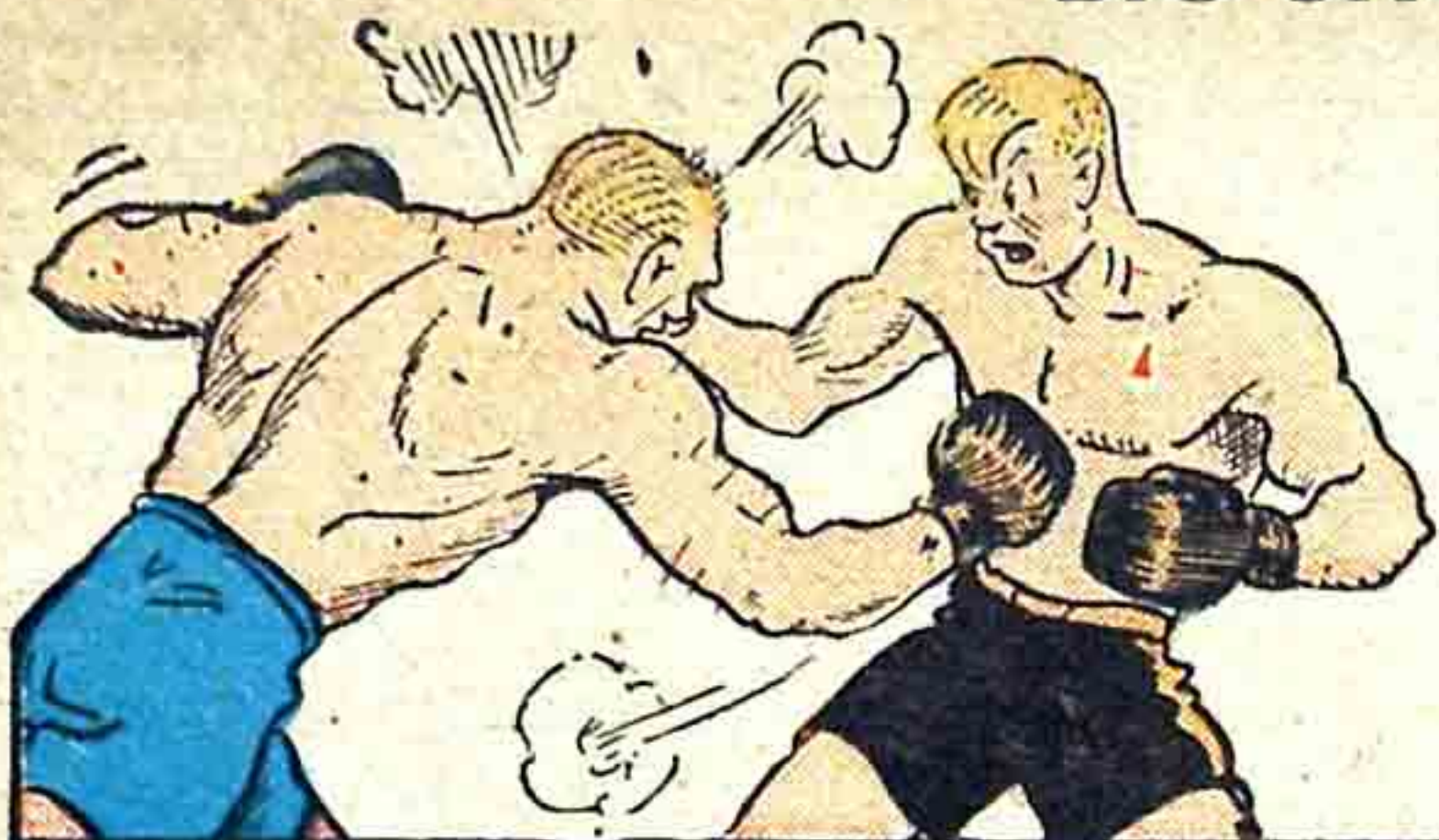
THE BOYS MET IN THE CENTER
OF THE RING---DILL TRIED A
LEFT JAB PALOOKA DREW
HIS HEAD AWAY AND



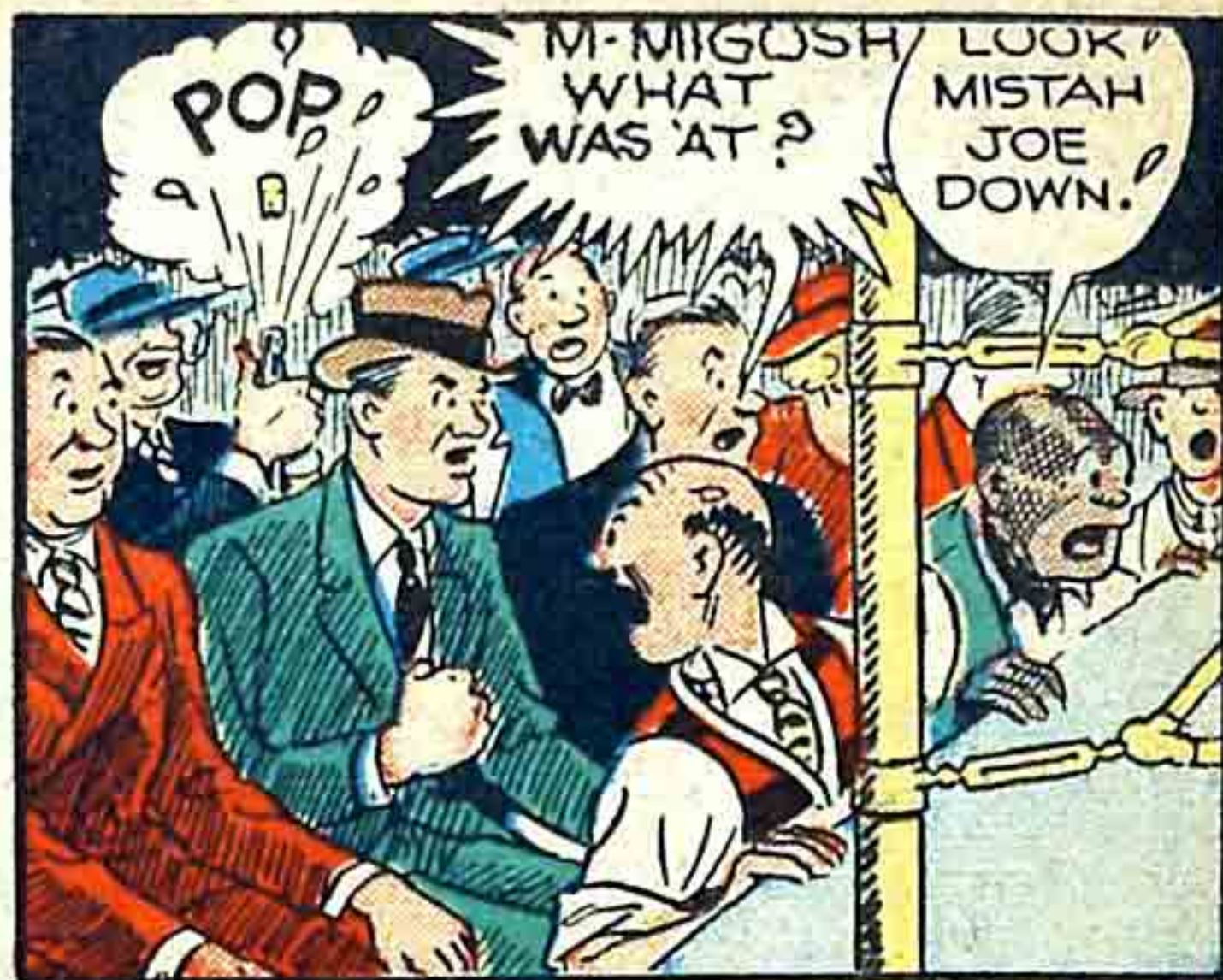
BIG SHOT COMICS



BIG SHOT COMICS



I GUESS HE'S ALL RIGHT AGAIN---HE JABBED DILL WITH A STRAIGHT LEFT TO THE FACE--- NOW THEY'RE SLUGGING--- I THINK DILL IS SLIGHTLY STRONGER THAN PALOOKA.



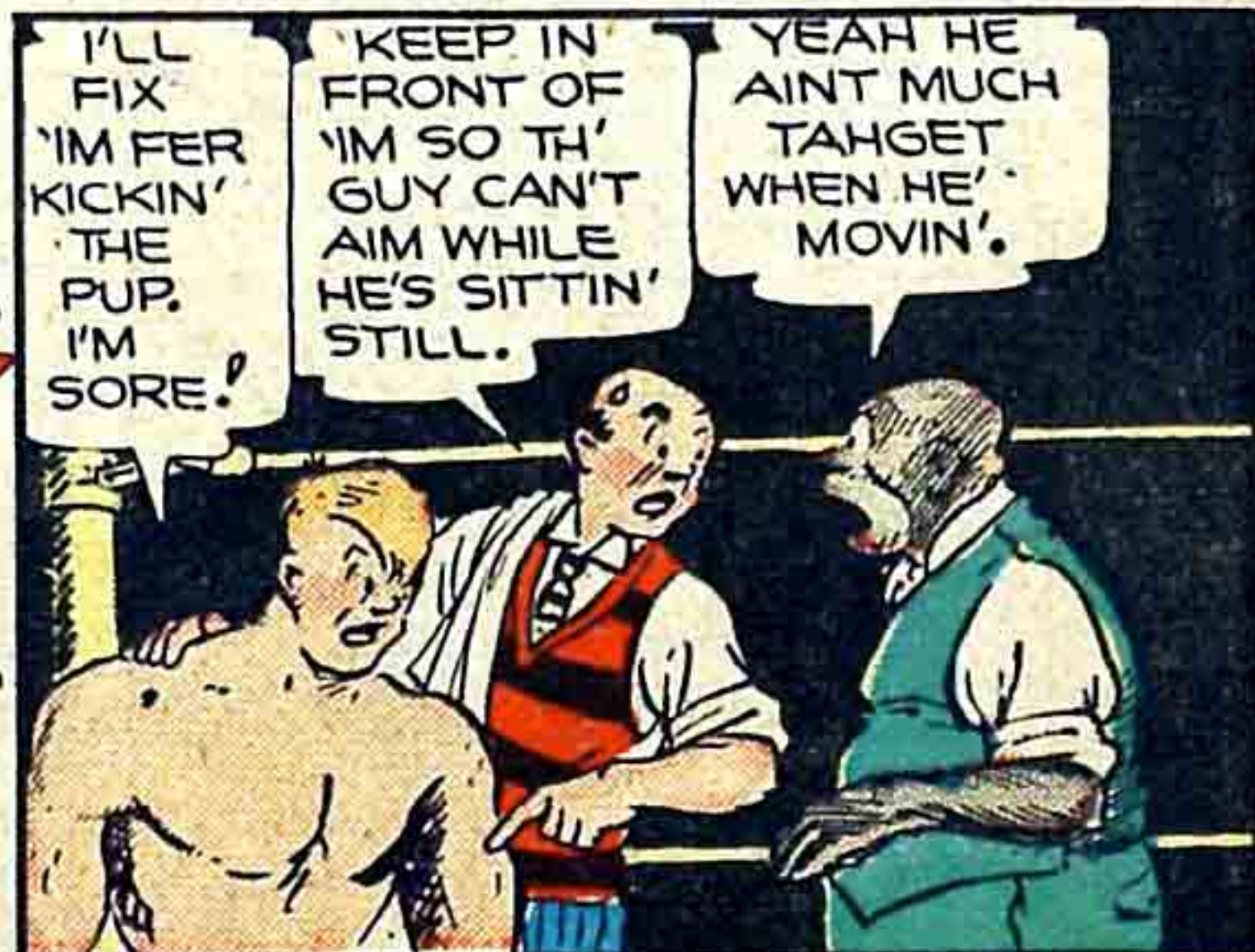
POP!
M-MIGOSH! WHAT WAS 'AT?
LOOK! MISTAH JOE DOWN!



J-JOEY OHHH- HE GOT 'IM. H-H-HE'S SHOT. IT'S MY FAULT.

HE'S GITTIN' UP AGIN--- HE DONE SLIP ON DAT WET SPOT WHEAH D'WATAH BUCKET WAS.

CLANG!
THERE'S THE BELL.



I'LL FIX 'IM FER KICKIN' THE PUP. I'M SORE!

'KEEP IN FRONT OF 'IM SO TH' GUY CAN'T AIM WHILE HE'S SITTIN' STILL.

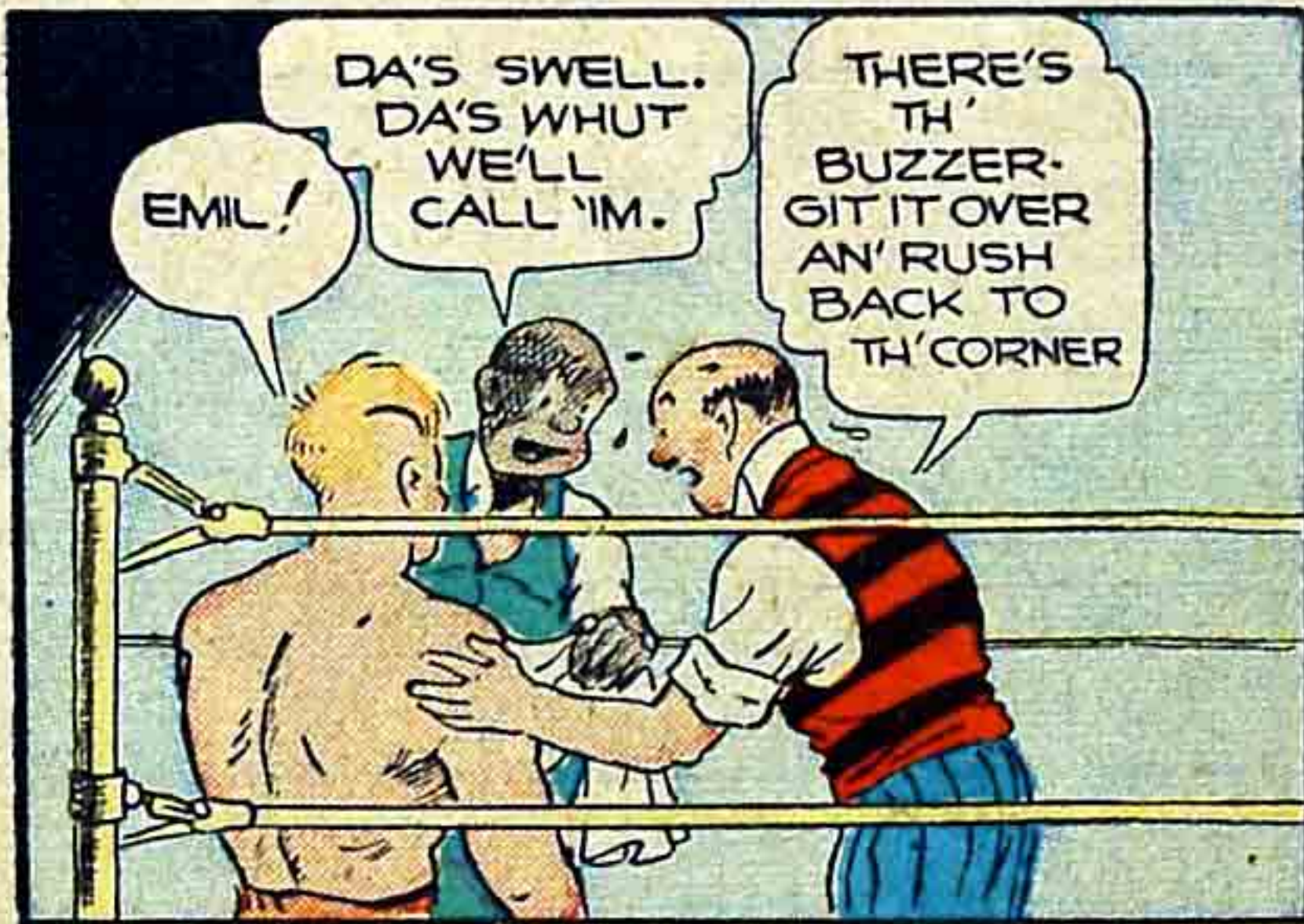
YEAH HE AINT MUCH TAHGET WHEN HE' MOVIN'.



L-LISSEN KID TRY AN' FINISH AN' GIT OUTA TH'RING QUICK.

I THINK I GOT A NAME FER 'IM SMOKEY.

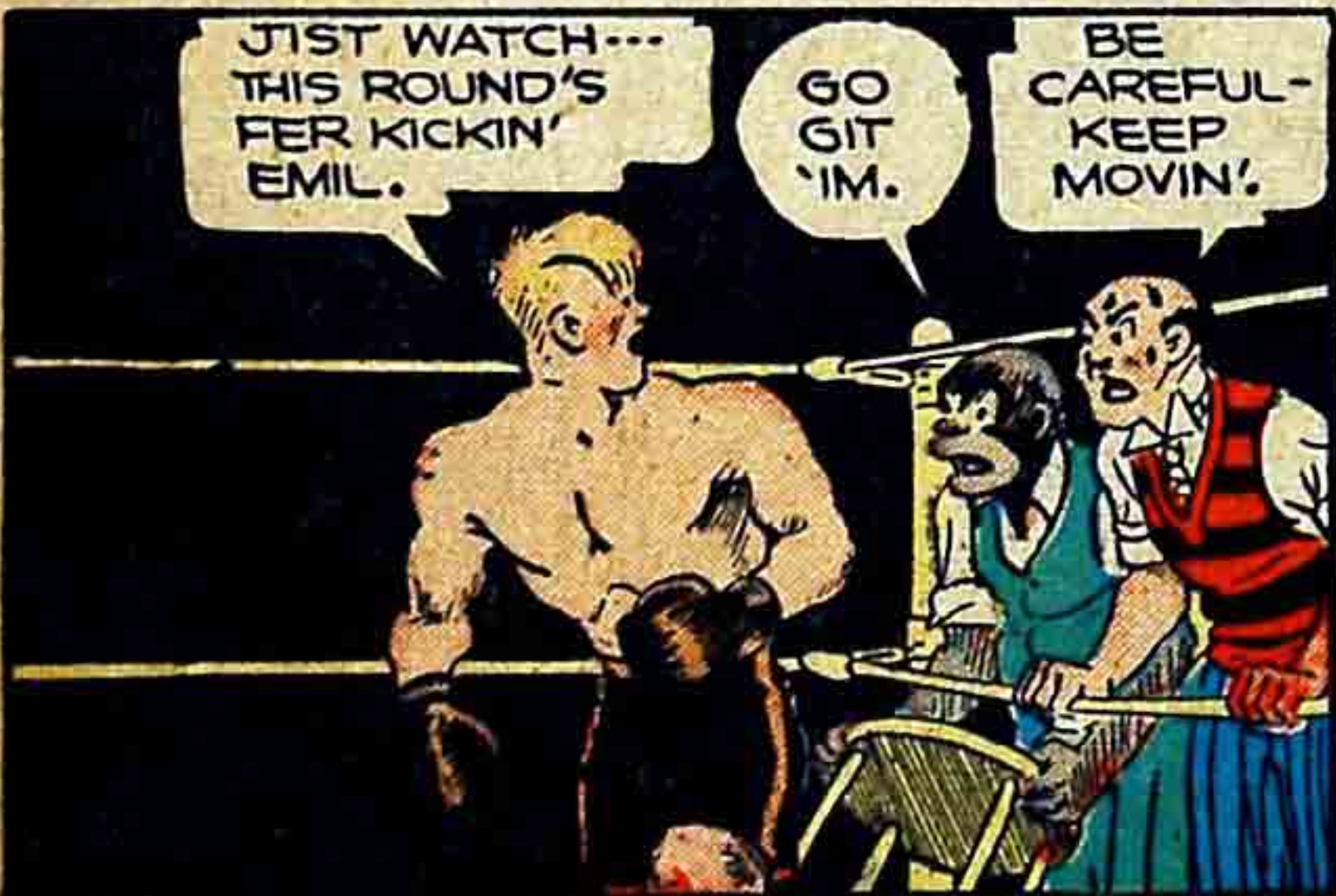
WHUT IS IT?



EMIL!

DA'S SWELL. DA'S WHUT WE'LL CALL 'IM.

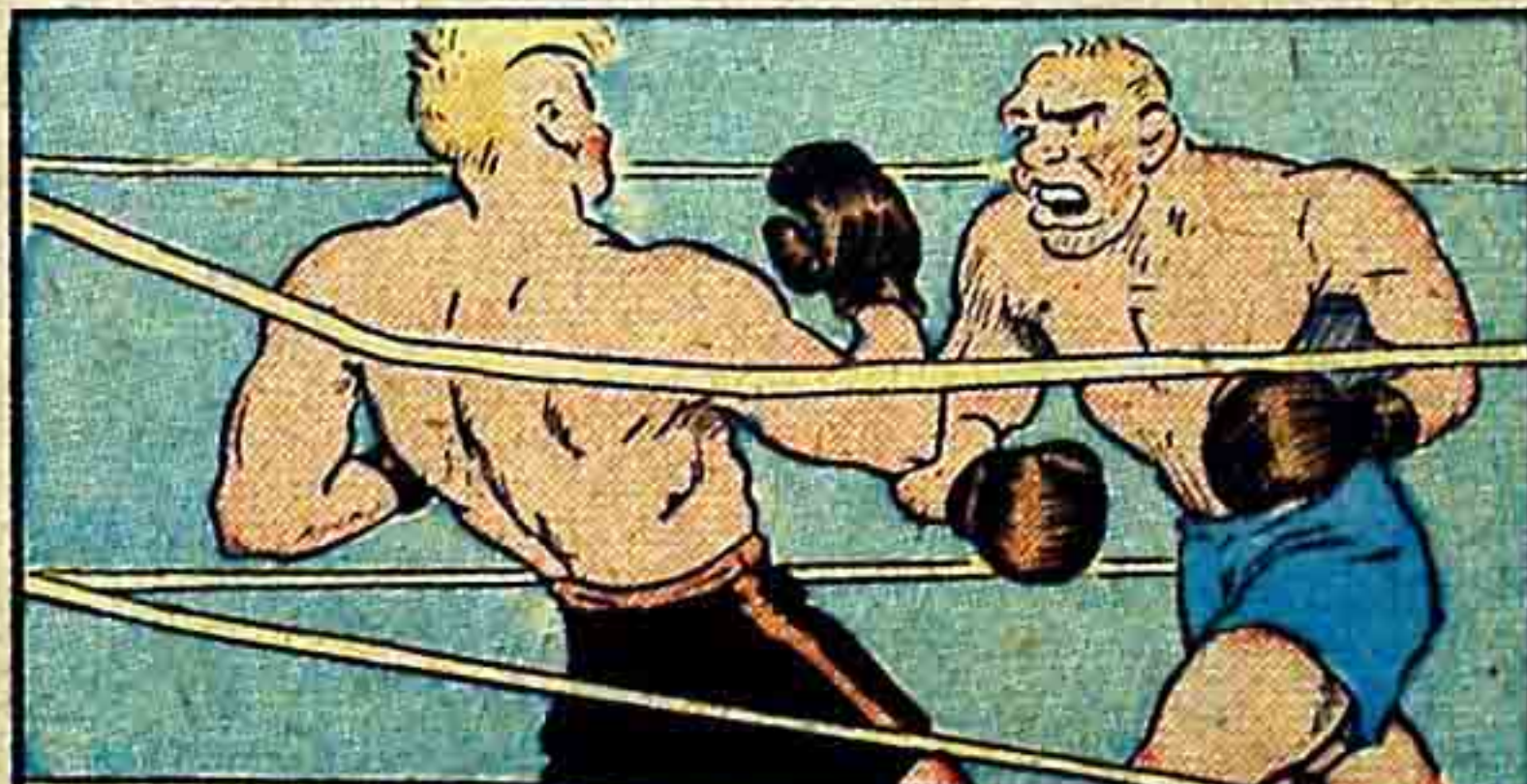
THERE'S TH' BUZZER- GIT IT OVER AN' RUSH BACK TO TH'CORNER



JIST WATCH--- THIS ROUND'S FER KICKIN' EMIL.

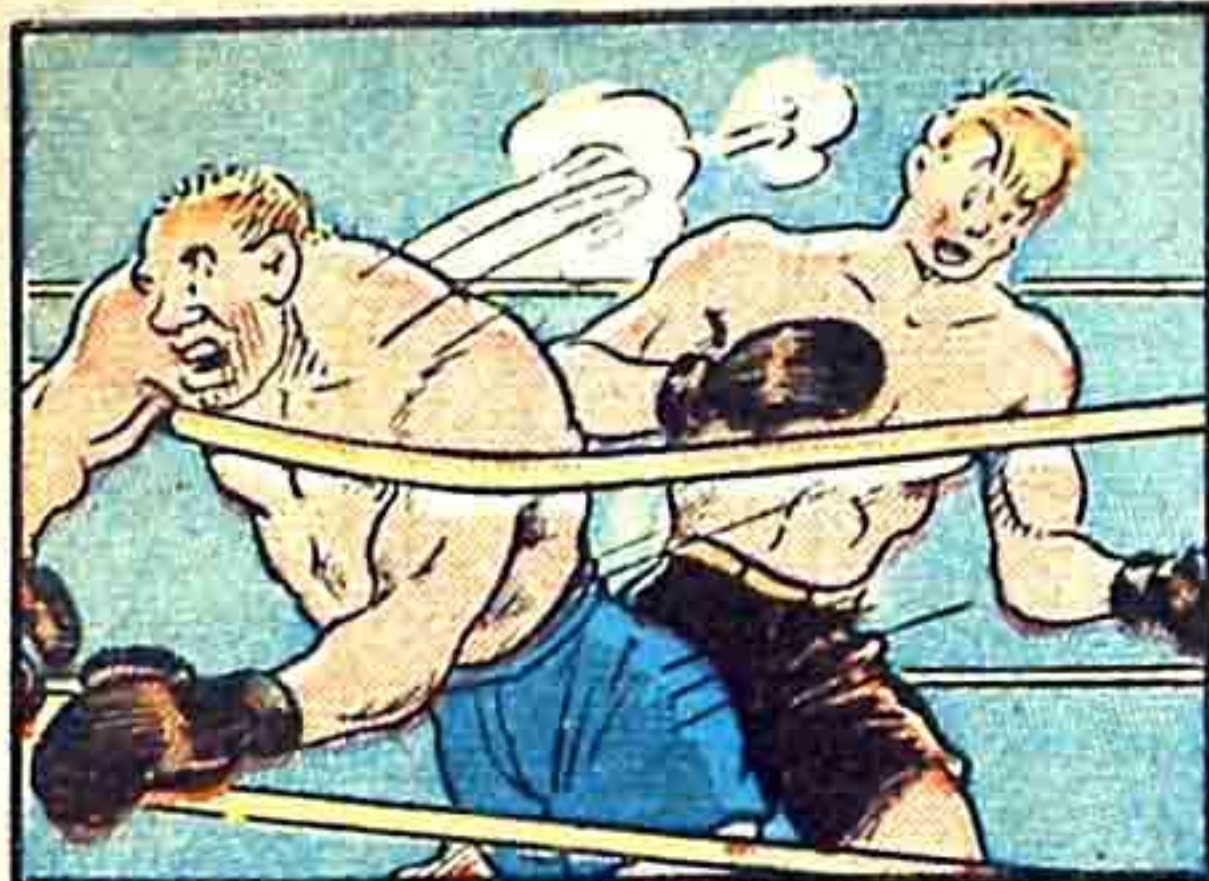
GO GIT 'IM.

BE CAREFUL- KEEP MOVIN'.

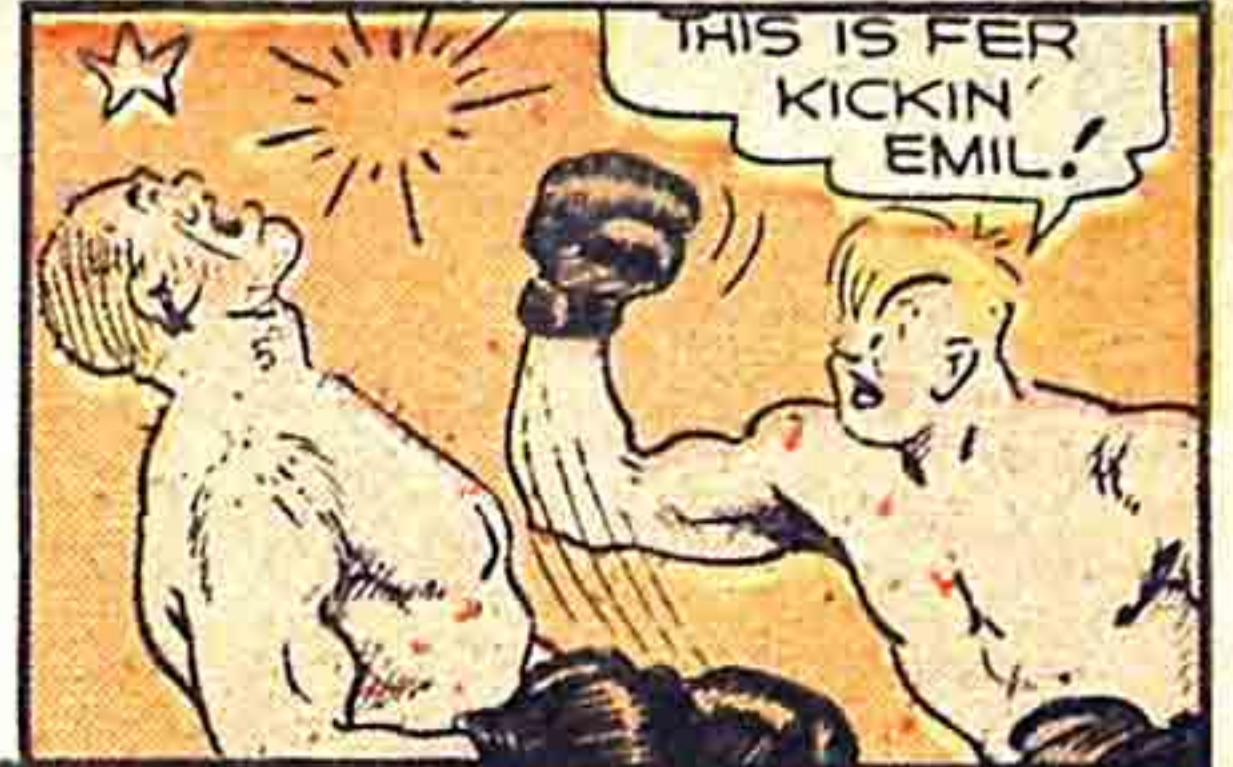
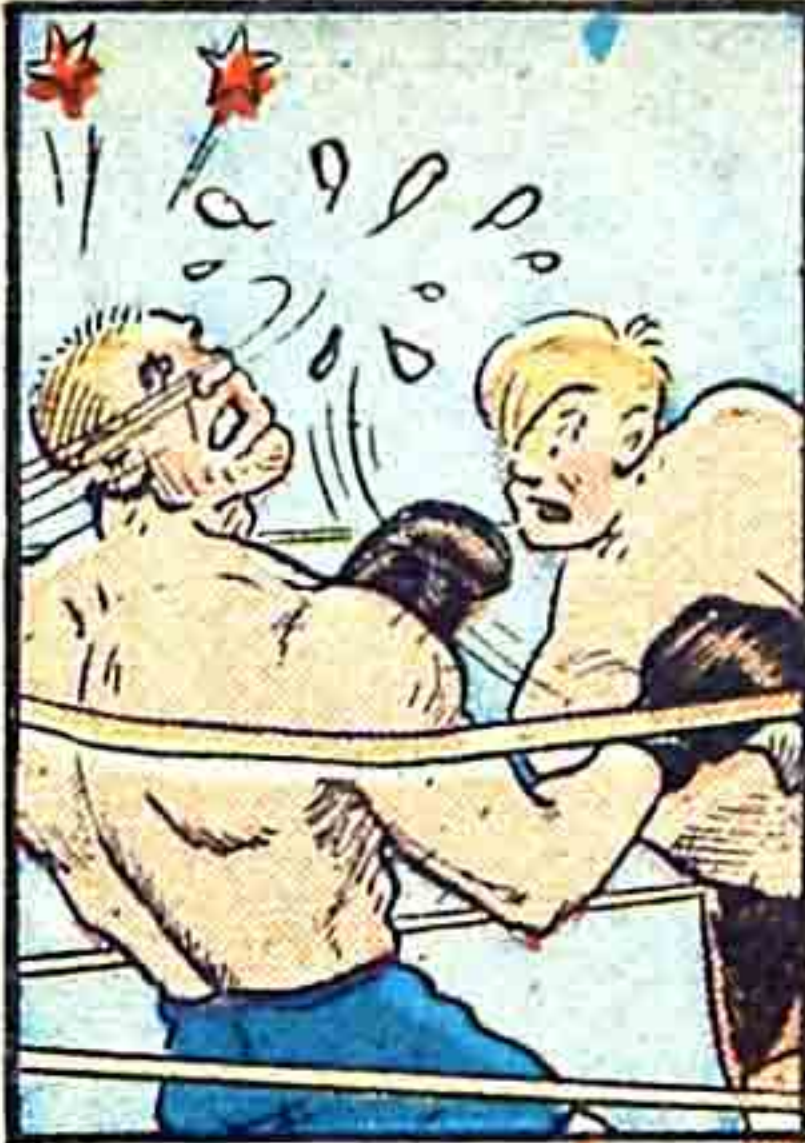


DILL SENT PALOOKA BACK- WARD WITH A LEFT HOOK--- PALOOKA WENT RIGHT TO THE ROPES---DILL IS COMING IN FOR THE DISPATCHER-----

BIG SHOT COMICS

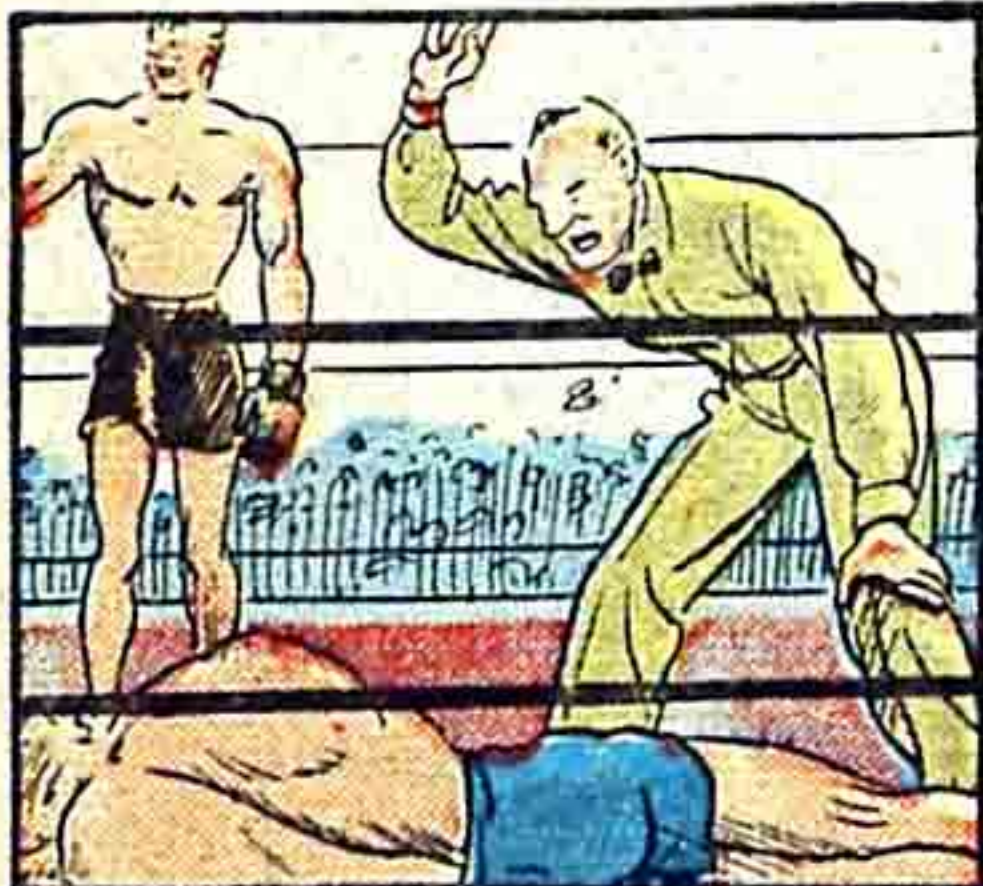


OHHH---WE THO'T PALOOKA WAS HURT---HE FOOLED DILL WHO CRASHED INTO THE ROPES AS PALOOKA SLID OUT OF THE WAY.

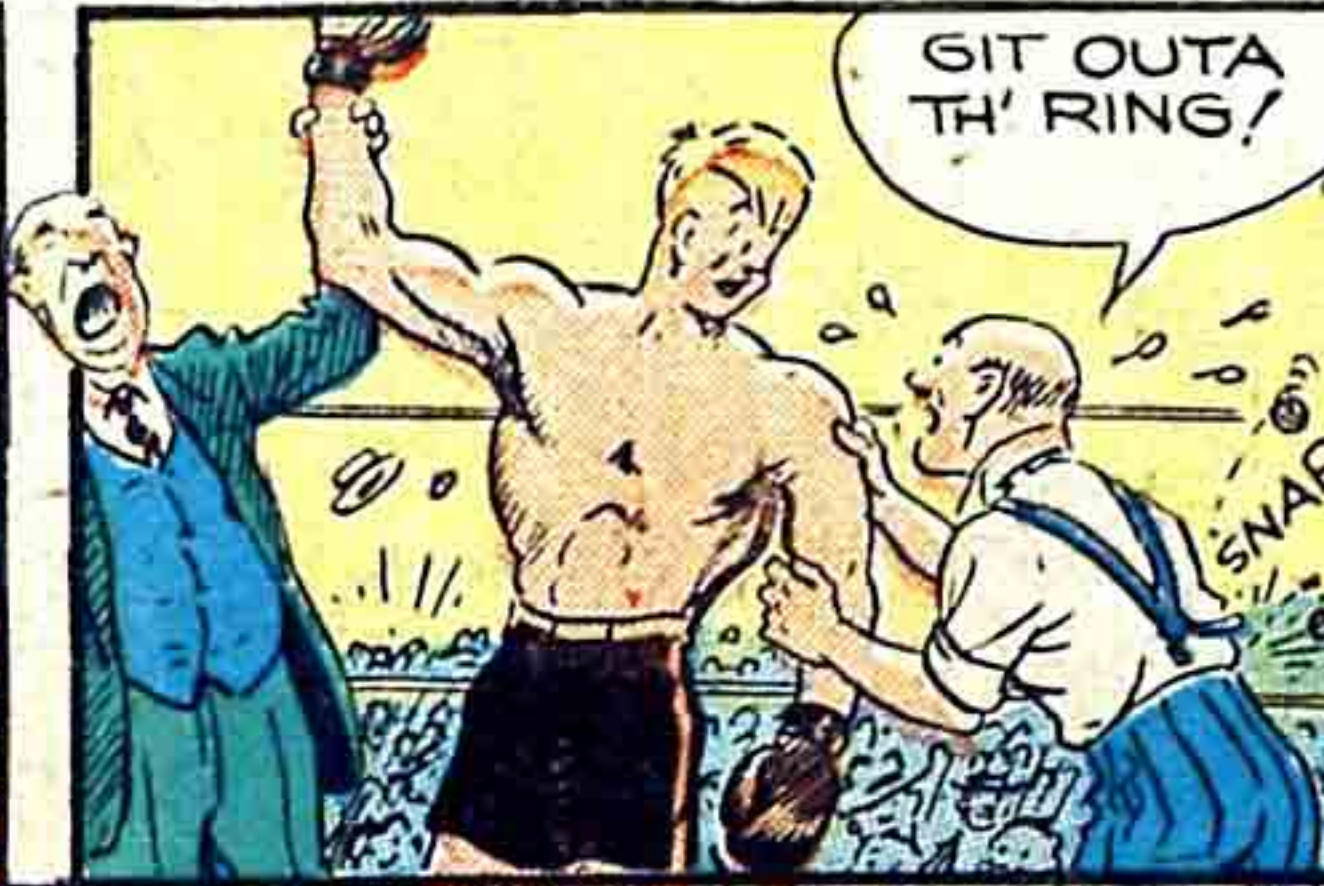


THIS IS FER KICKIN' EMIL!

THERE HE GOES-----IT WAS A RIGHT UPPERCUT-----IT CAME SO FAST..WASN'T OVER EIGHT INCHES ---DILL FOLDS UP---HE'S FALLING ----IF HE GETS UP IT'LL BE A MIRACLE.



DILL'S OUT--THE REFEREE IS COUNTING TEN-----PALOOKA'S IN A NEUTRAL CORNER.



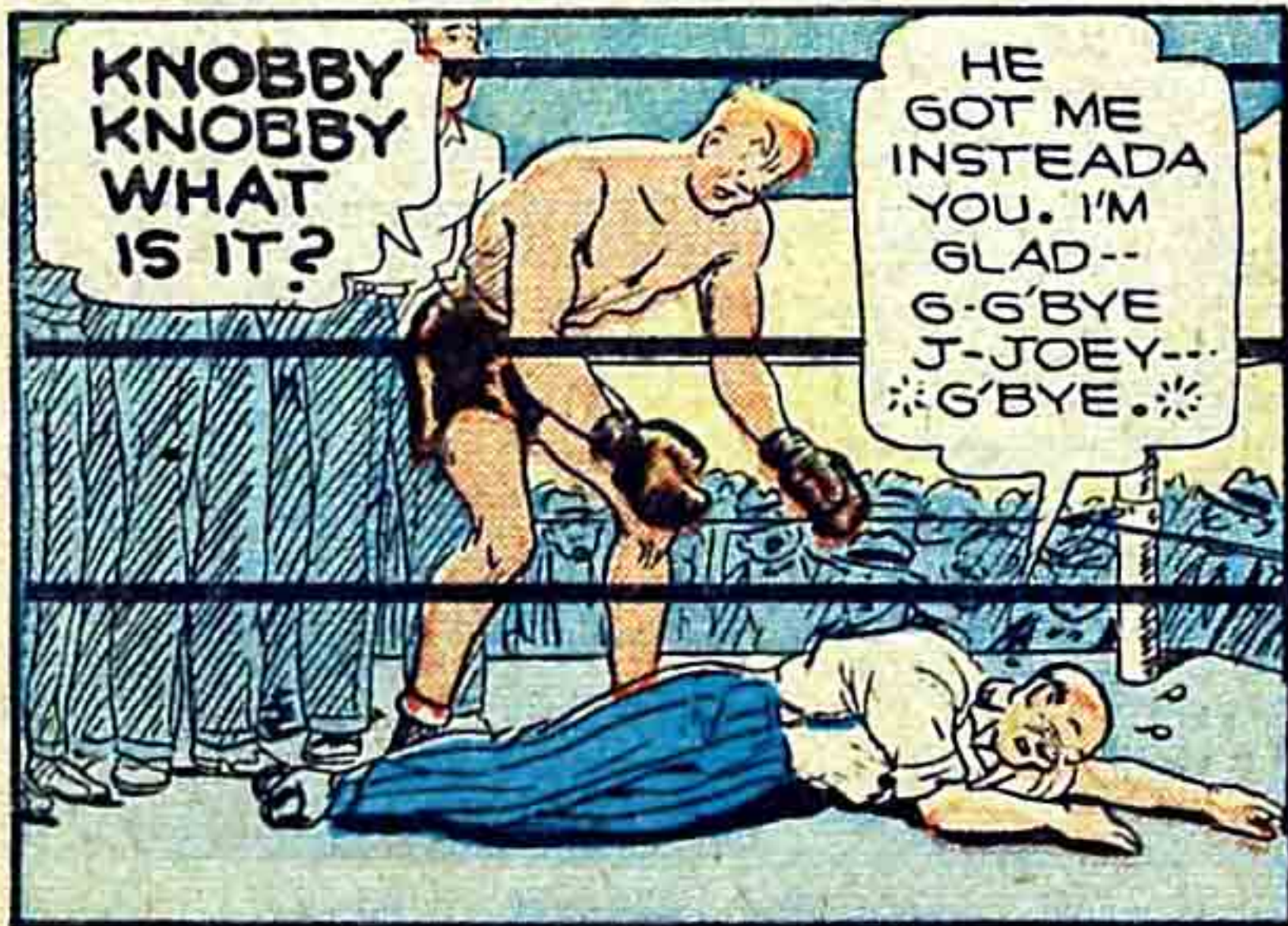
GIT OUTA TH' RING!

WHAT'S THE MATTER?... AS THE ANNOUNCER TRIES TO RAISE JOE'S HAND WALSH, TRIES TO PULL HIM AWAY-----



OOOOH HE GOT ME.

SMACK



KNOBBY KNOBBY WHAT IS IT?

HE GOT ME INSTEADA YOU. I'M GLAD-- G-G'BYE J-JOEY--- G'BYE.



WHO GOTCHA ---WHAT IS IT?--PLEASE KNOBBY SPEAK.

TH' G-GUY WITH TH' GUN-- --I'M G-GLAD IT WAS ME HE GOT G'BYE JOEY---

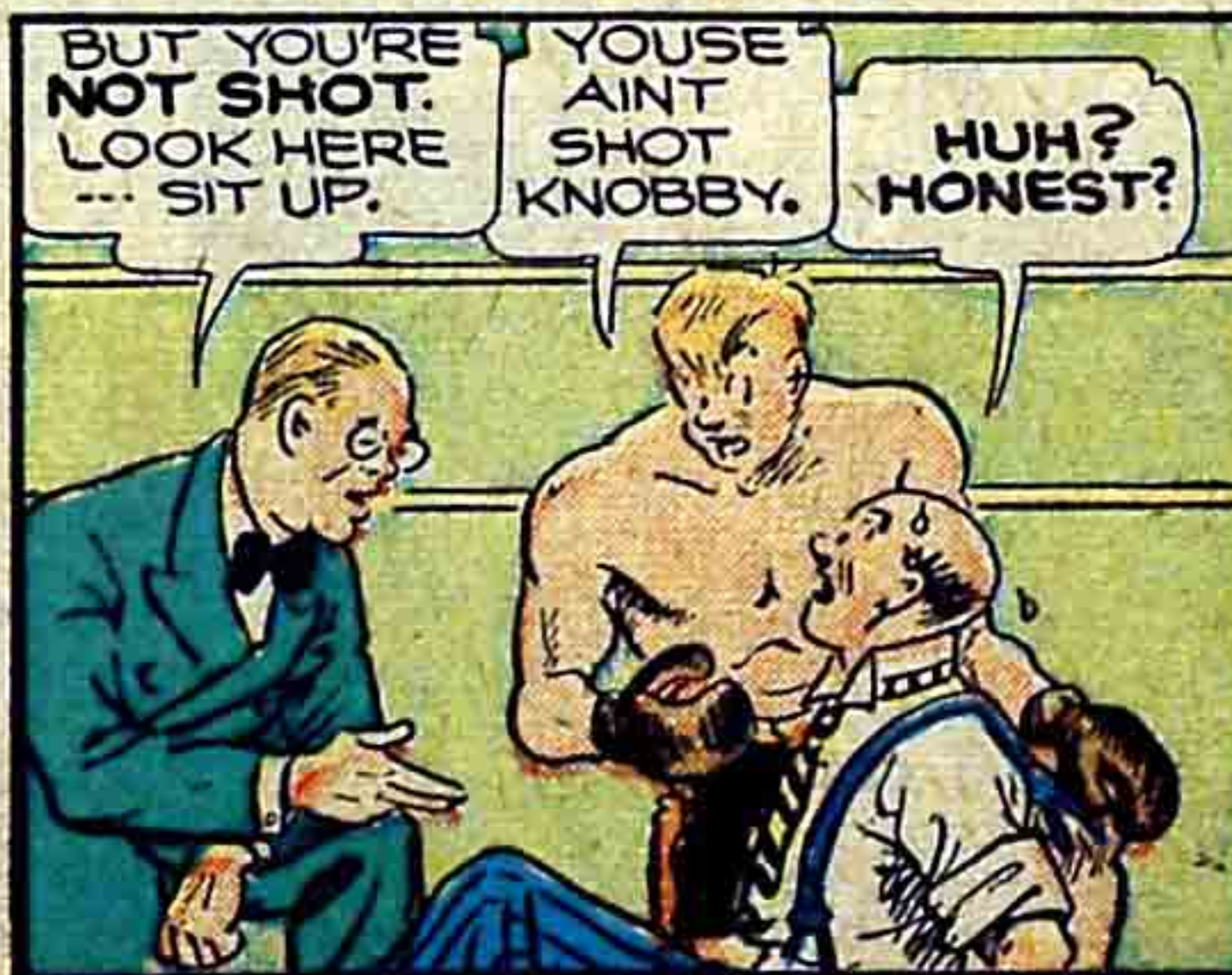
I DON'T SEE ANY WOUND.



YOUR SUSPENDER SNAPPED AND HIT YOU ON THE HEAD-- SEE?

I TELL YA I'M SHOT--- THEY WAS TRYIN' T'GIT JOE----- THERE'S A

LETTER IN MY POCKET.



BUT YOU'RE NOT SHOT. LOOK HERE --- SIT UP.

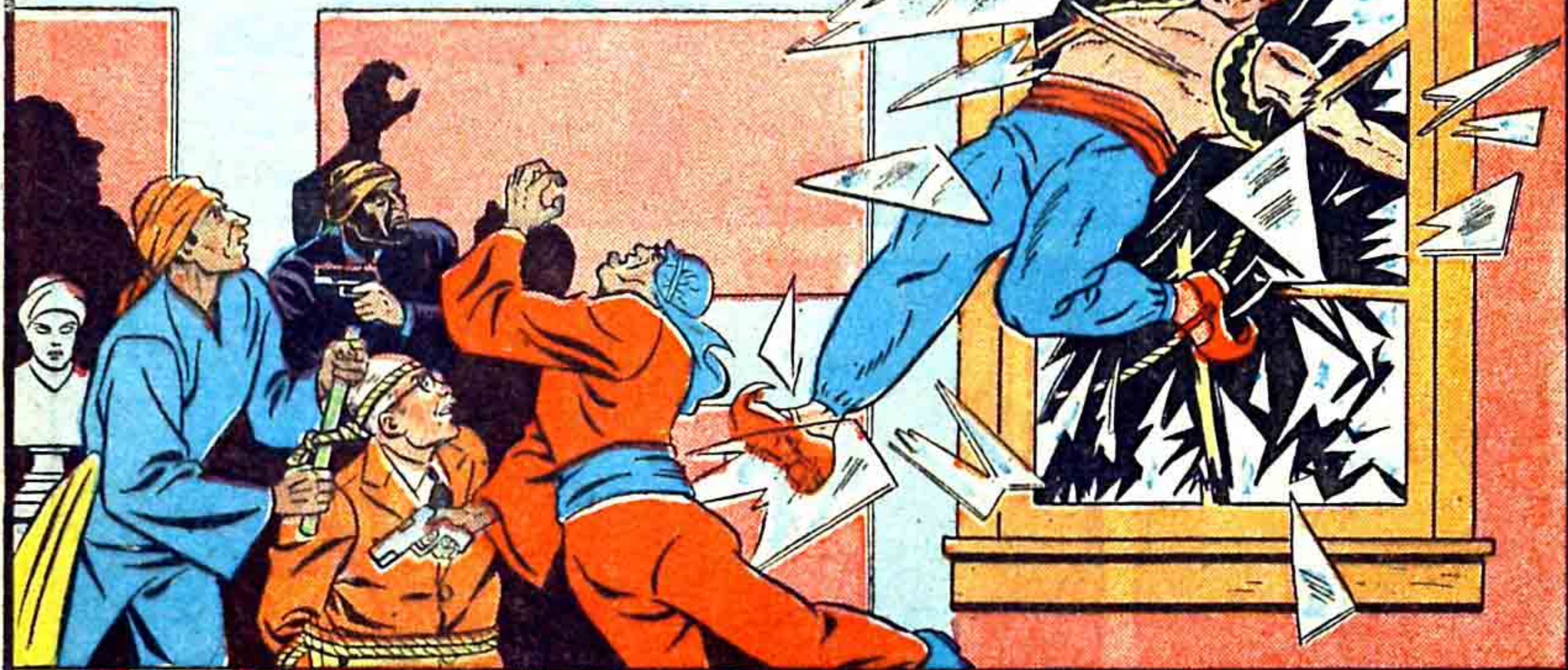
YOUSE AINT SHOT KNOBBY.

HUH? HONEST?

THE END

RAJA

THE ARABIAN KNIGHT!



NIMBLE AS A CIRCUS ACROBAT... SHARP AS AN UNSHEATHED SCIMITAR... SUCH IS RAJA, THE ARABIAN KNIGHT.... PRINCE, SCHOLAR, ADVENTURER, A FEARLESS FOE OF EVIL.

EVIL EYES PEER THROUGH THE COTTAGE WINDOWS OF DOCTOR HERWOOD, HEAD OF THE NATIONAL MUSEUM.



3

ARE YOU GOING TO PHONE RAJA, DAD?

YES, I NEED MORE DATA FOR MY LECTURE ON ANCIENT ARABY.



YOU FOOL! EEEEE!

GOOD LORD!



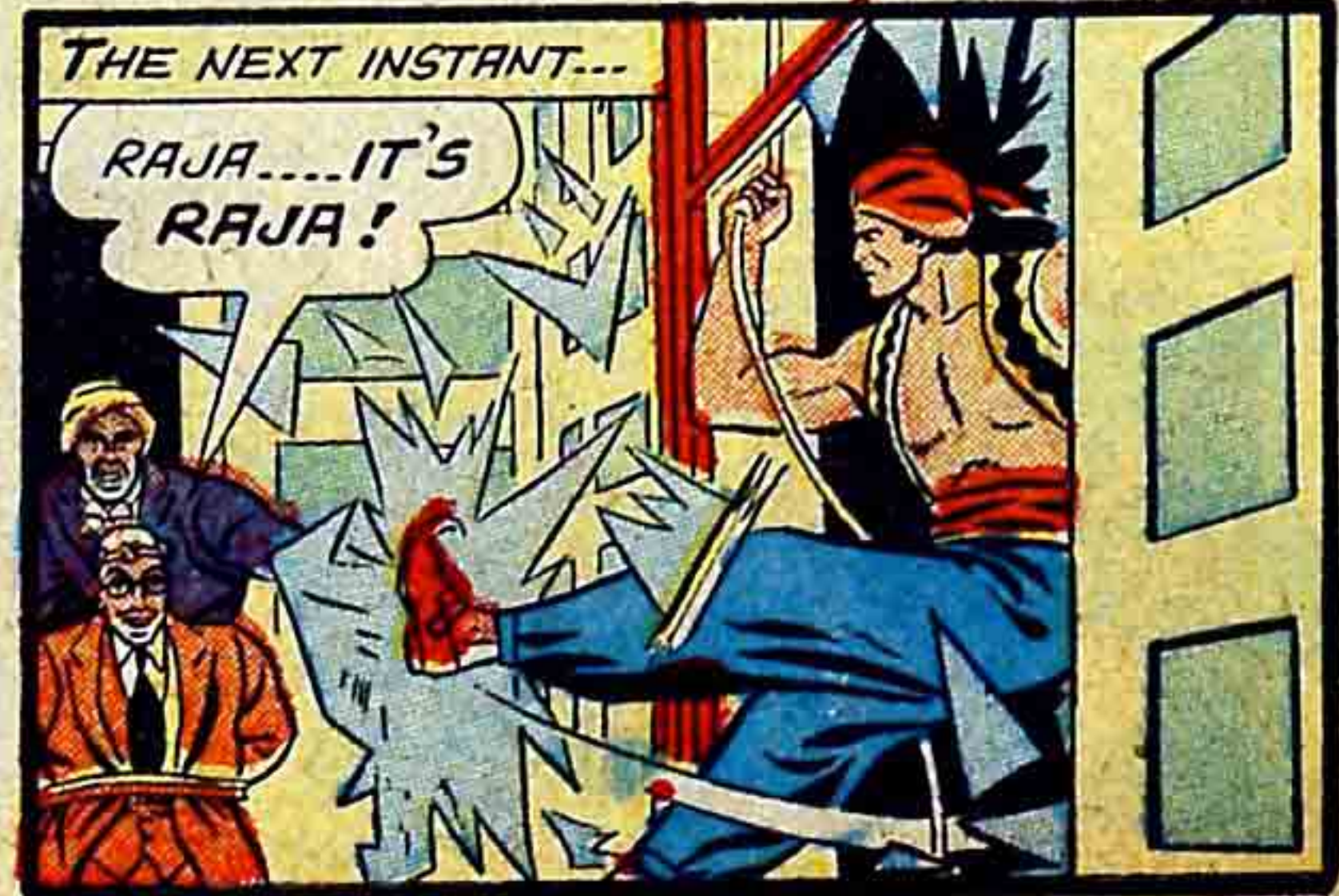
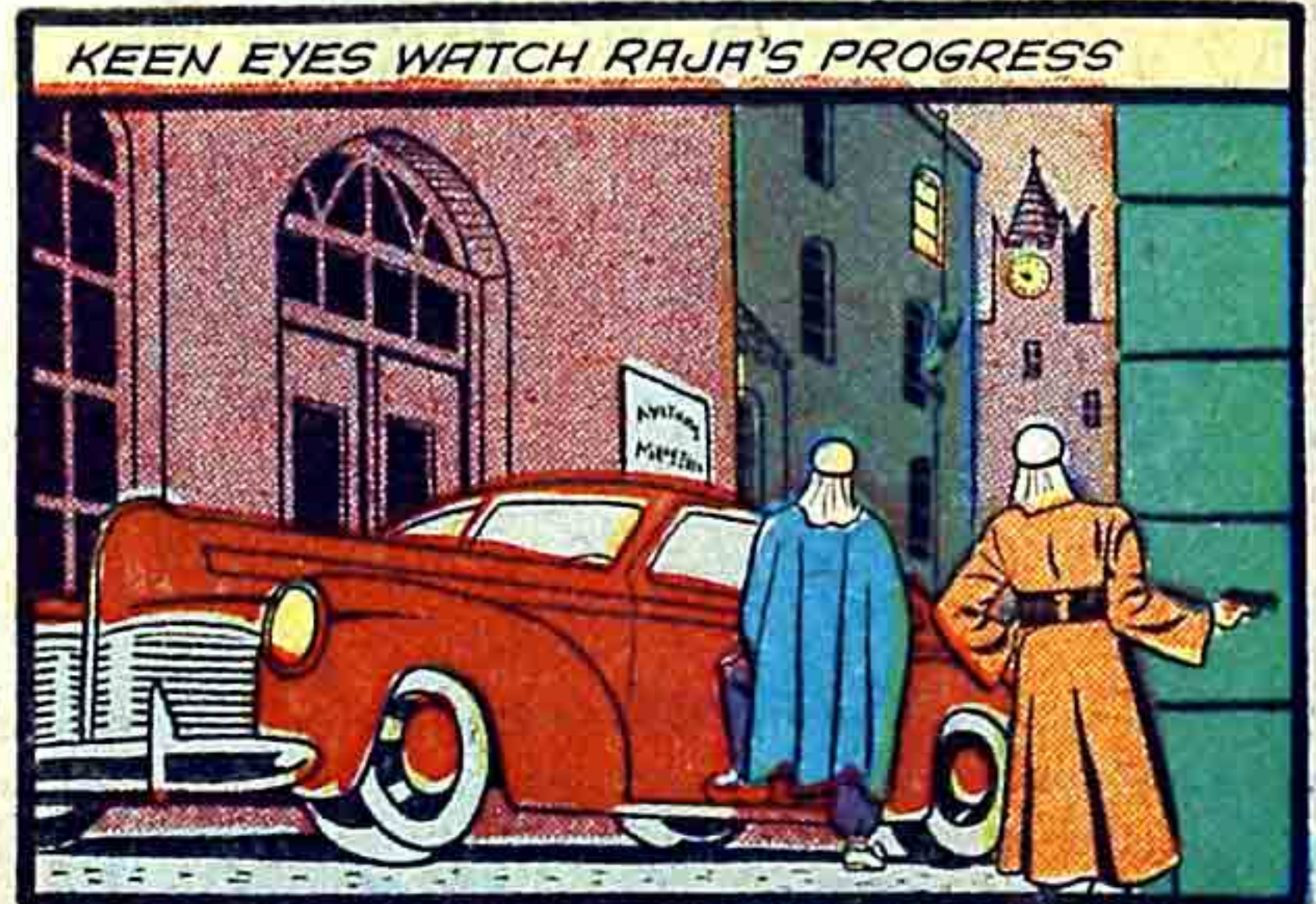
HELLO! HELLO! DOCTOR HERWOOD.. WHAT'S THE TROUBLE?



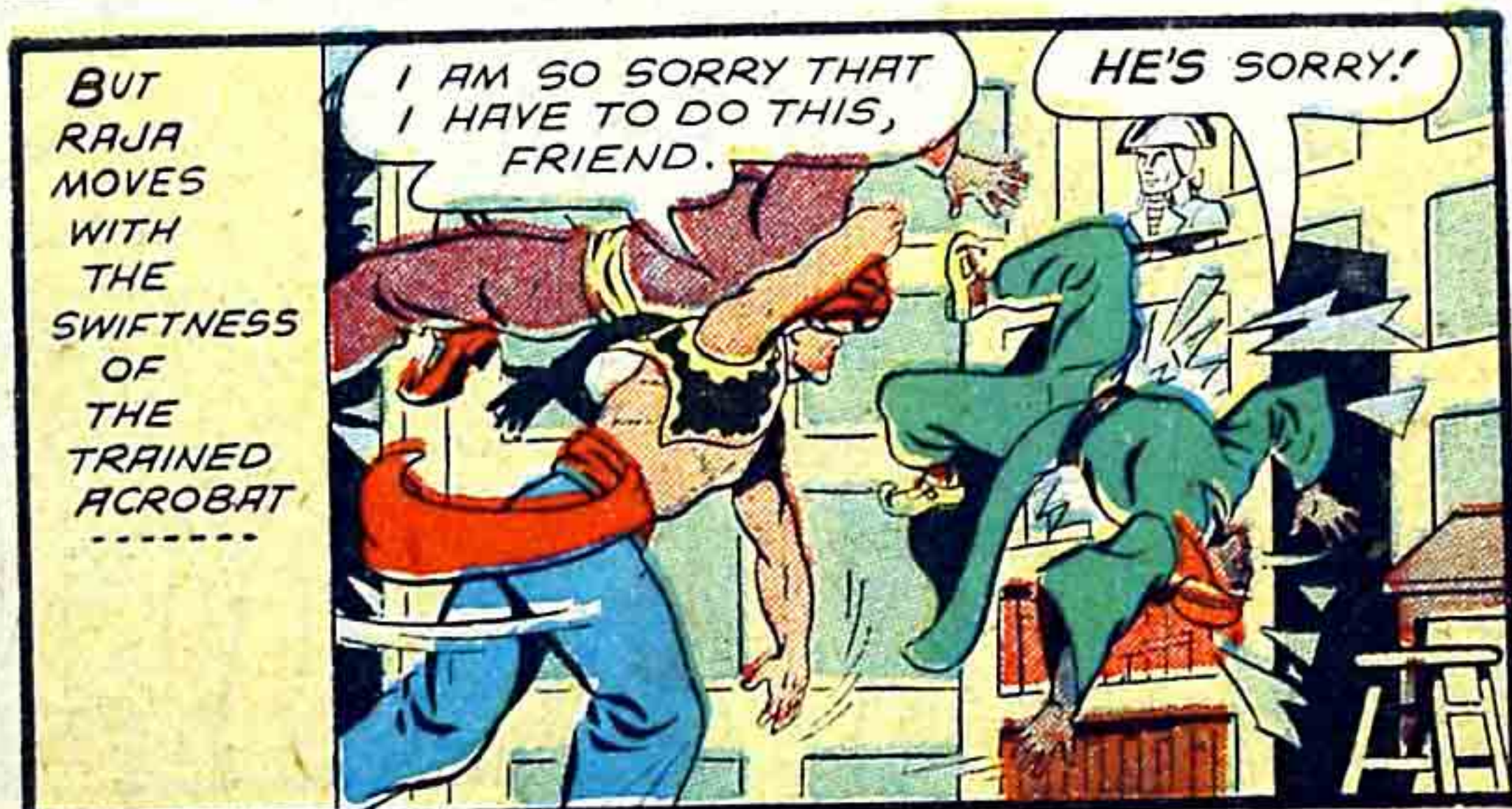
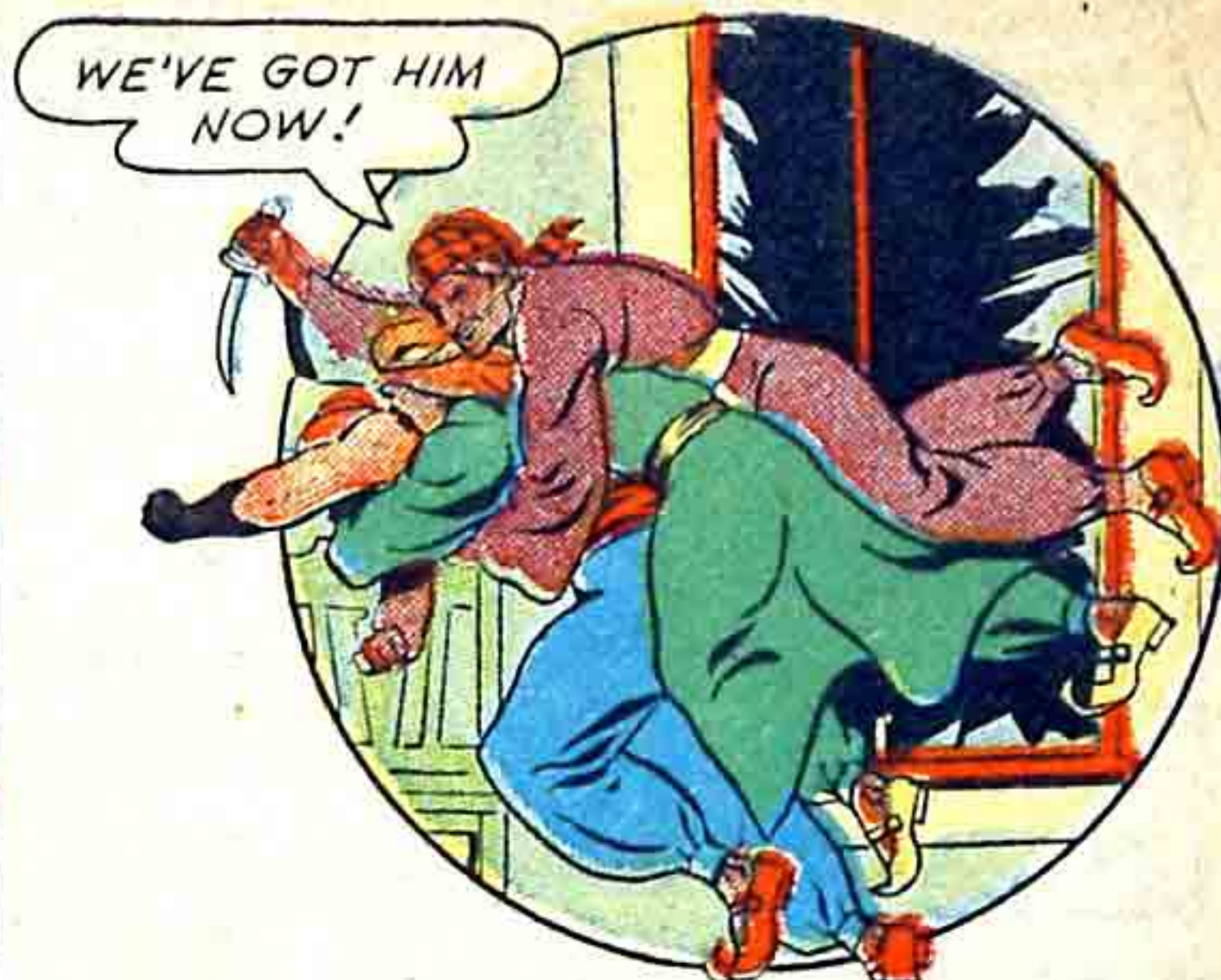
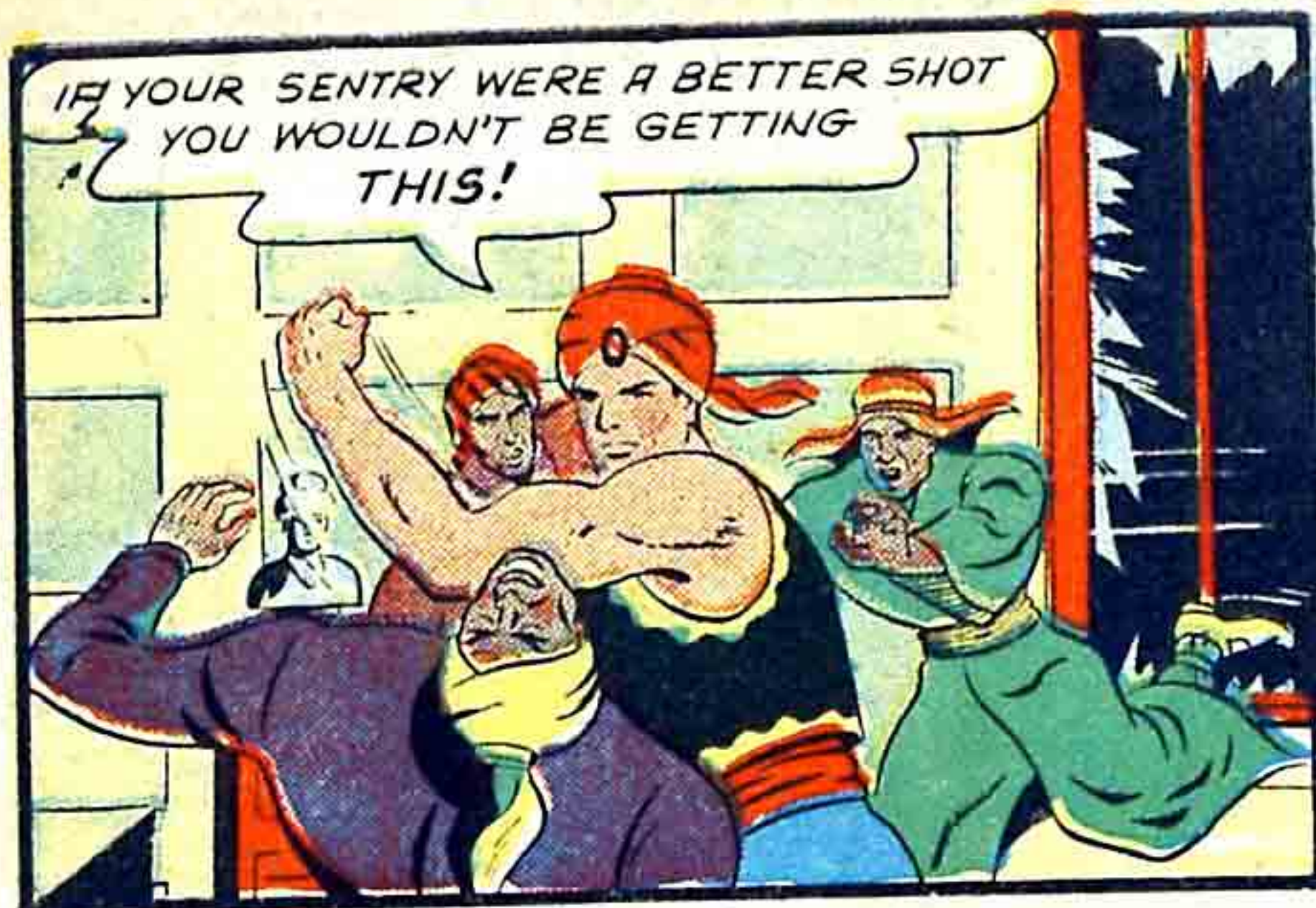
BIG SHOT COMICS



BIG SHOT COMICS



BIG SHOT COMICS



BIG SHOT COMICS



BIG SHOT COMICS

RAJA ACTS SWIFTLY! BEFORE THE THUGS CAN INTERFERE, THE ARABIAN KNIGHT SHOVES DR. HERWOOD BACK INTO THE VAULT AND SHUTS THE DOOR.



NOW... DO YOU BOYS STAY AND FIGHT... OR RUN AWAY WHILE YOU'RE STILL ABLE TO RUN?

WE'LL STAY, TOUGH GUY!



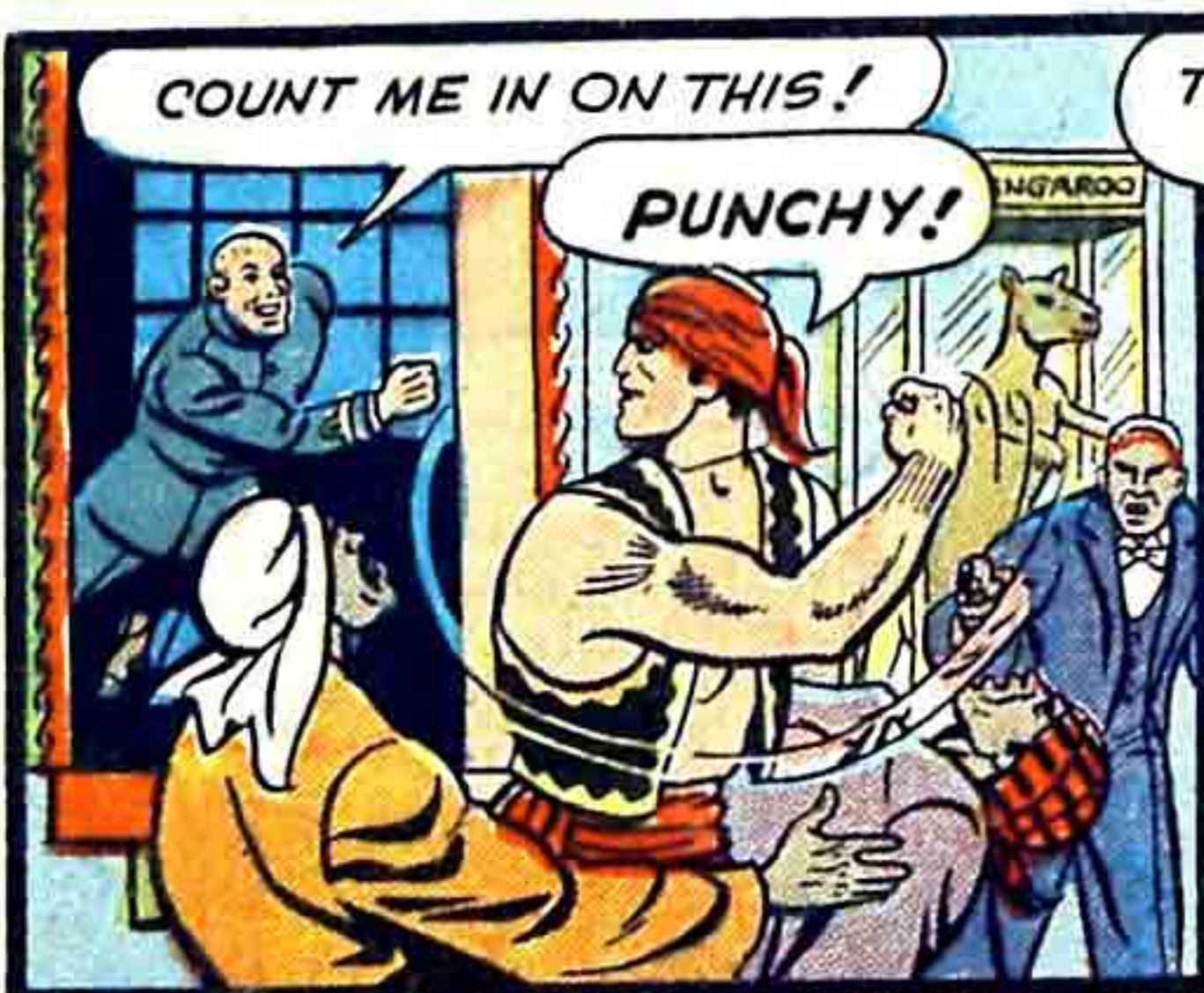
COUNT ME IN ON THIS!

PUNCHY!

TRY TO SHOOT MY PAL IN THE BACK, WILL YOU?

OW!

BLESS YOU, CHUM!



AW... HERE COME THE COPS. NOW WE GOTTA QUIT FIGHTING!

I NEVER WAS SO GLAD TO SEE A COP IN MY LIFE... WHEW!



WHY THE MASQUERADE, AUGIE?

I AIN'T TALKIN'!

AUGIE AND HIS GANG PLANNED TO STEAL THE KHAVA RUBY... AND BLAME IT ON THE KHAVA DEVIL-WORSHIPPERS!



MY FATHER... IS HE SAFE? WHERE IS HE?

EASY, SARI. DOCTOR HERWOOD IS ALL RIGHT! I SHUT HIM IN THE VAULT SO HE WOULDN'T STOP ANY BULLETS!



--- IN THE VAULT?

YES, HE'S SAFE WITH THE KHAVA RUBY. WE'LL HAVE HIM OUT AS SOON AS WE CONTACT ONE OF THE MUSEUM DIRECTORS.

WOULDN'T IT BE FUNNY IF NOBODY BUT DR. HERWOOD KNOWS THE COMBINATION?



THE END.

SPARKY WATTS

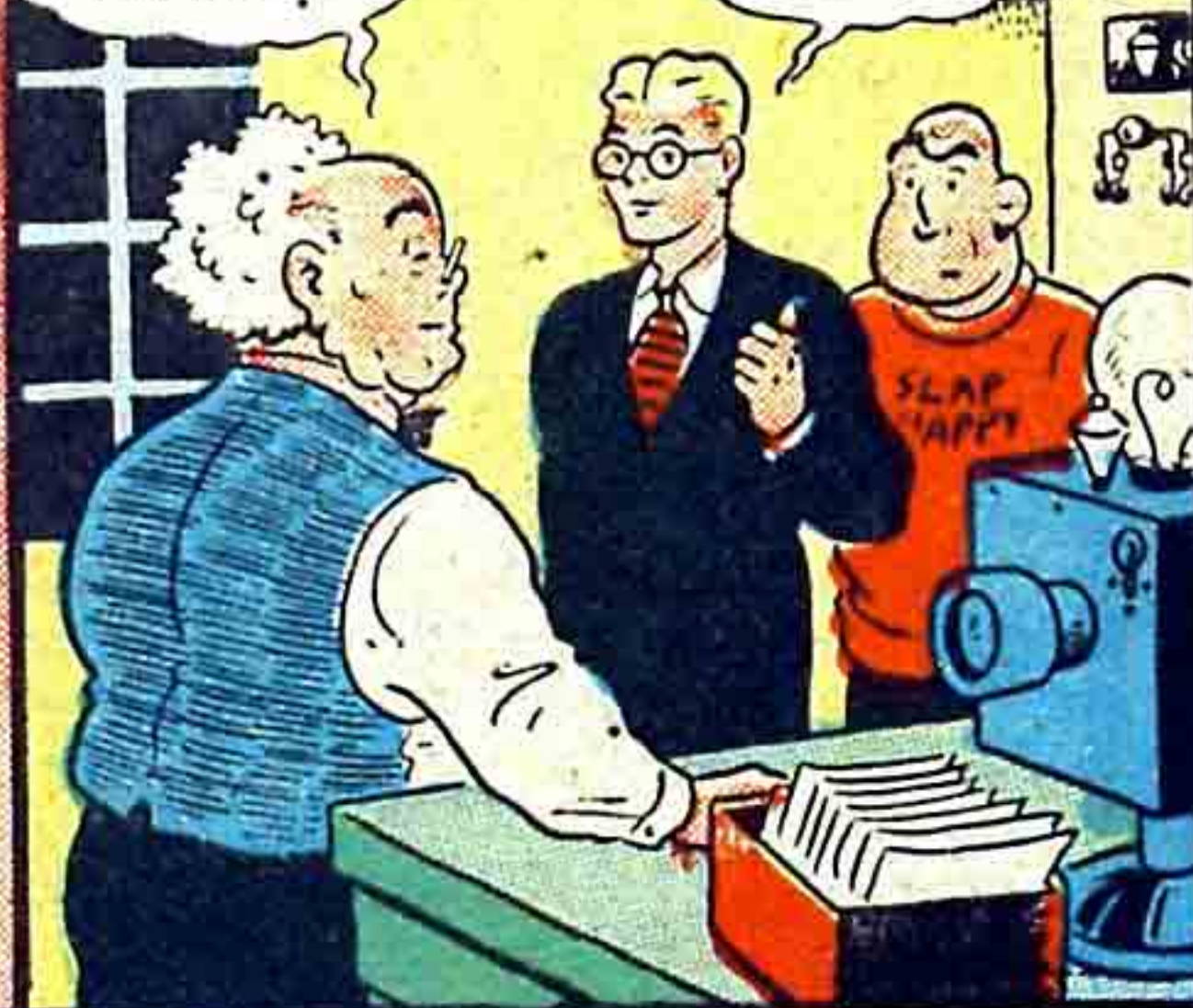
by BOODY ROGERS



ABSOLUTELY THE WORLD'S STRONGEST MAN

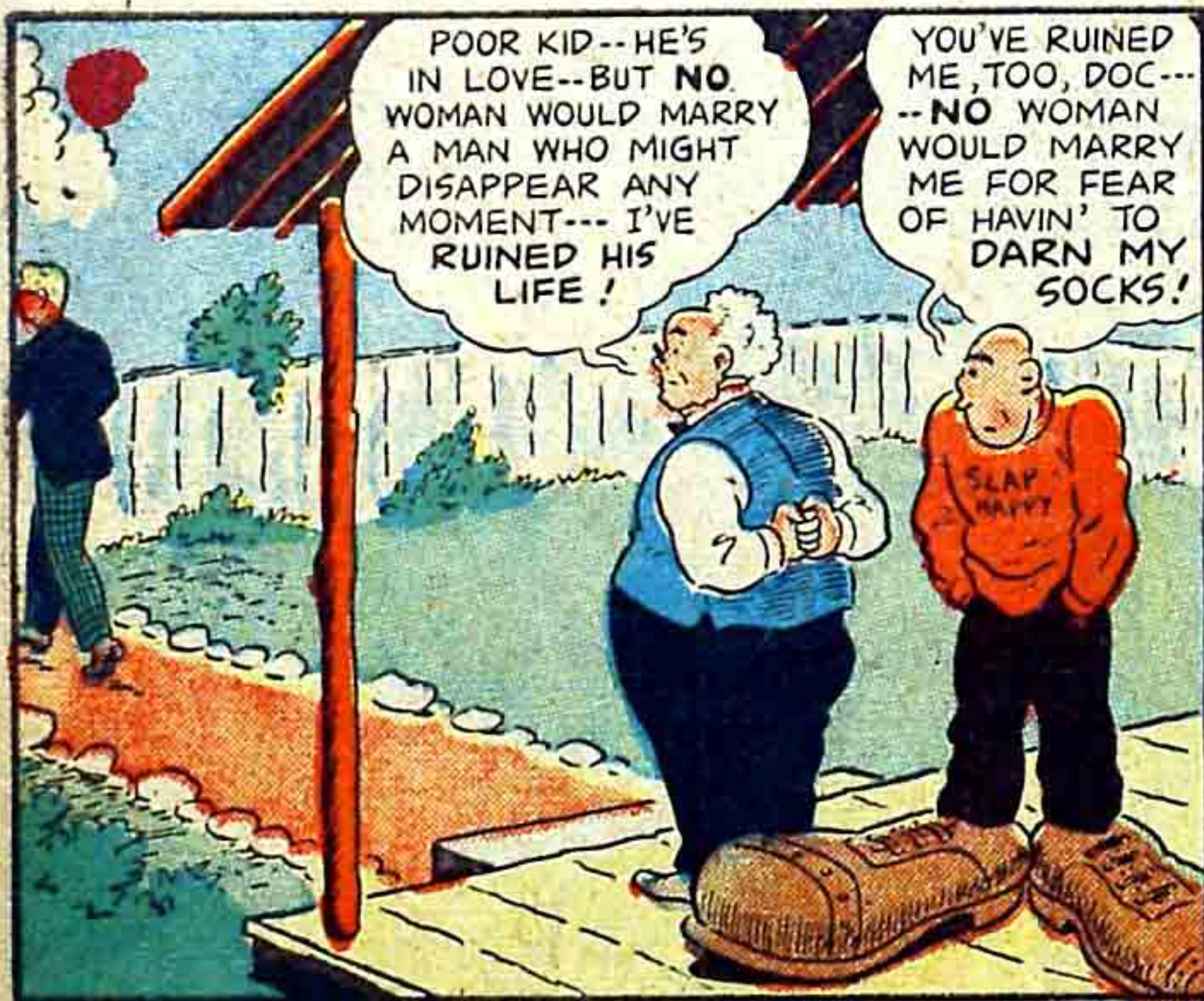
WELL, SPARKY, NOW THAT YOU HAVE A FRESH CHARGE OF COSMIC ENERGY WHAT'RE YOUR PLANS?

I'LL GO BACK TO BROOKVILLE AND PLAY BASEBALL, DOC--AND I'LL BE NEAR HEDY-- GEE, SHE'S A SWELL GIRL!



POOR KID--HE'S IN LOVE--BUT NO WOMAN WOULD MARRY A MAN WHO MIGHT DISAPPEAR ANY MOMENT--- I'VE RUINED HIS LIFE!

YOU'VE RUINED ME, TOO, DOC--- NO WOMAN WOULD MARRY ME FOR FEAR OF HAVIN' TO DARN MY SOCKS!



SPARKY! WELCOME BACK TO BROOKVILLE --- WE'VE CERTAINLY MISSED YOU!

I'M SORRY I'VE BEEN ABSENT, MR. HODGERS-- MAY I STILL PLAY ON YOUR BASEBALL TEAM?



I'LL SAY YOU CAN--HEY-- IS THAT ANY WAY TO SHAKE HANDS WITH AN OLD FRIEND--JUST ONE FINGER?

YOU FORGET I'M FULL OF COSMIC RAYS AND HAVE MORE STRENGTH THAN A LOCOMOTIVE-- IF I CLASPED YOUR HAND I'D BREAK IT!



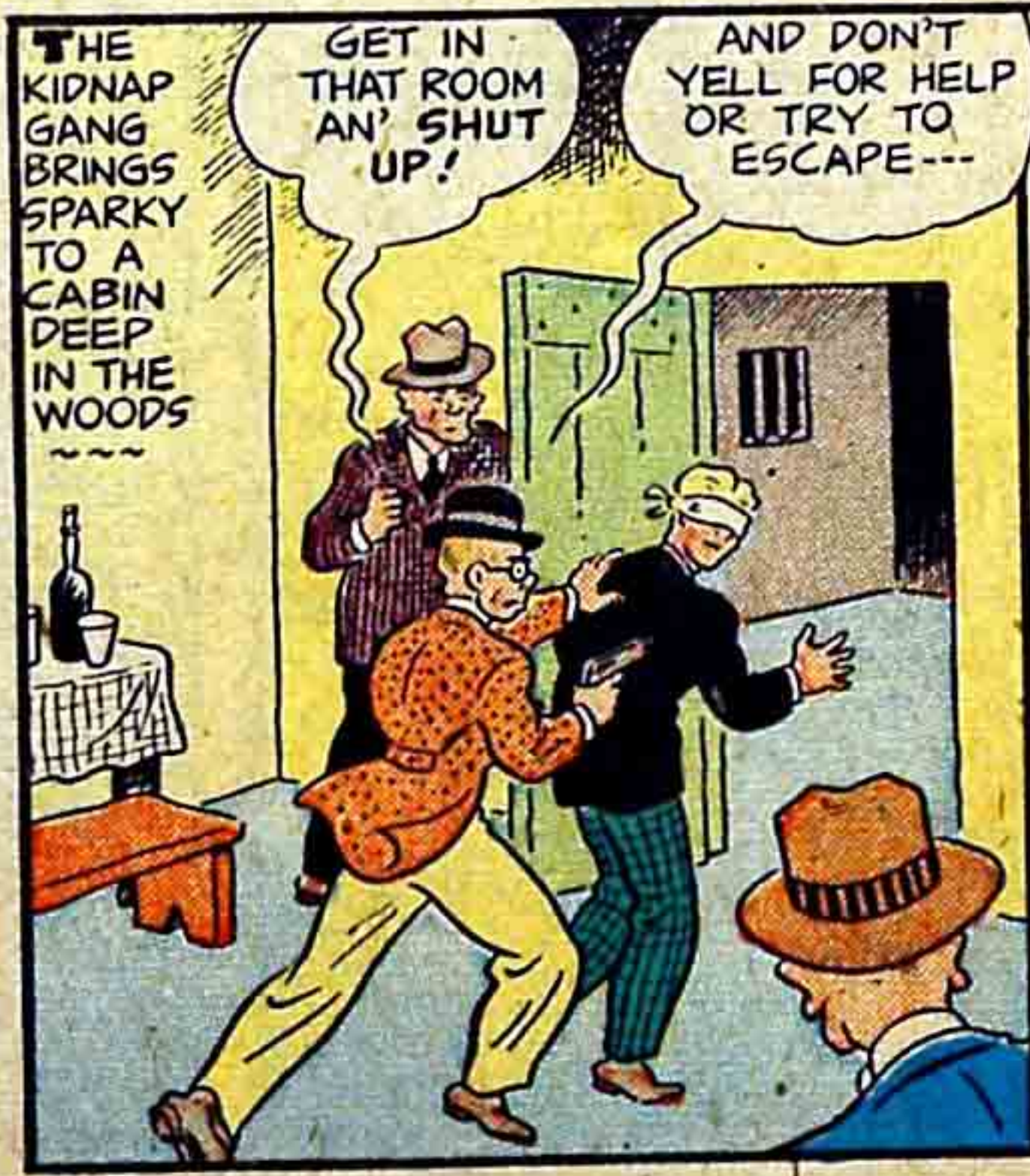
LATER, IN ANOTHER PART OF TOWN--

CHIEF, THAT SPARKY WATTS IS BACK--HE'S GONNA PITCH TH' NEXT GAME!

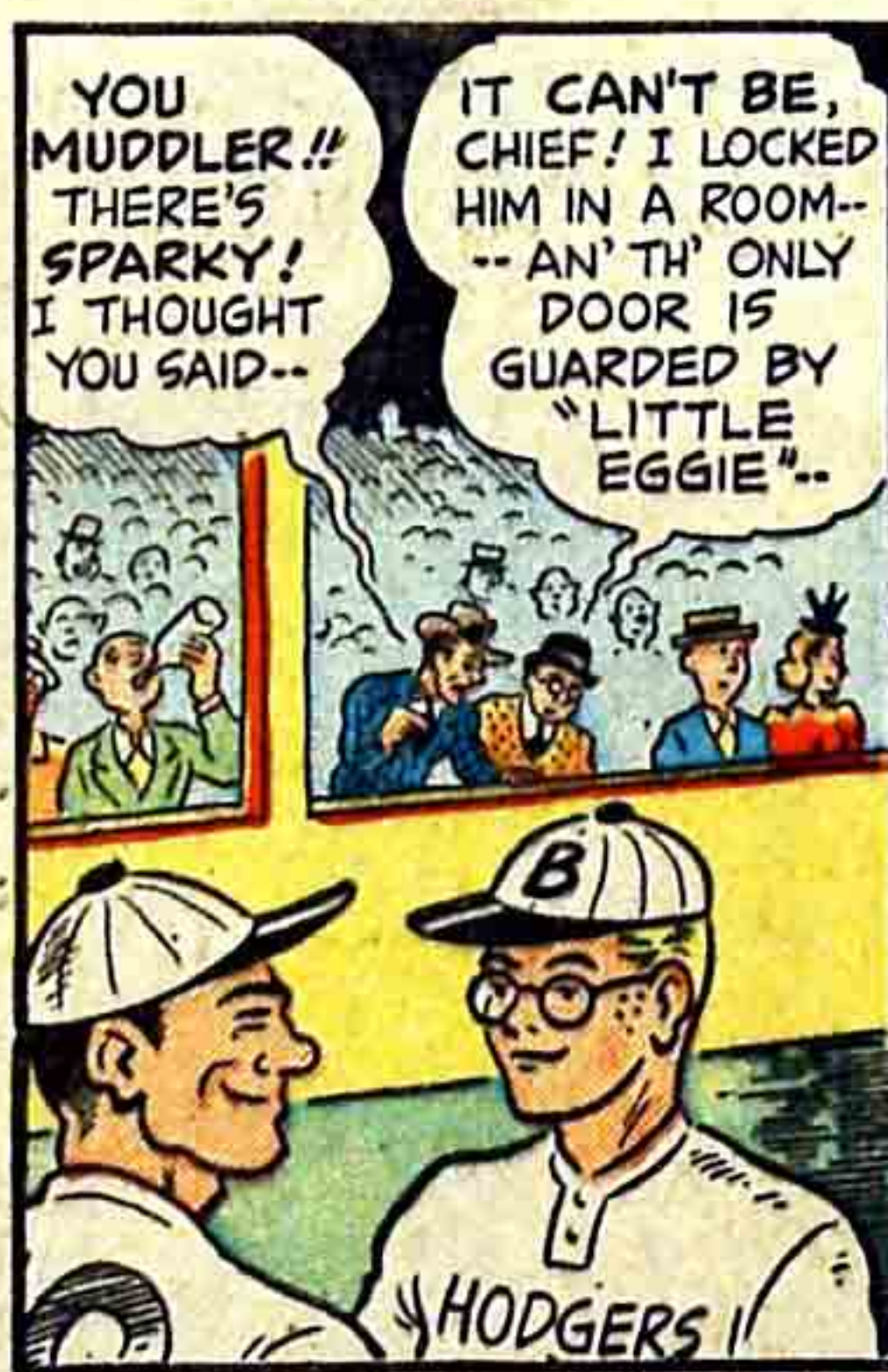
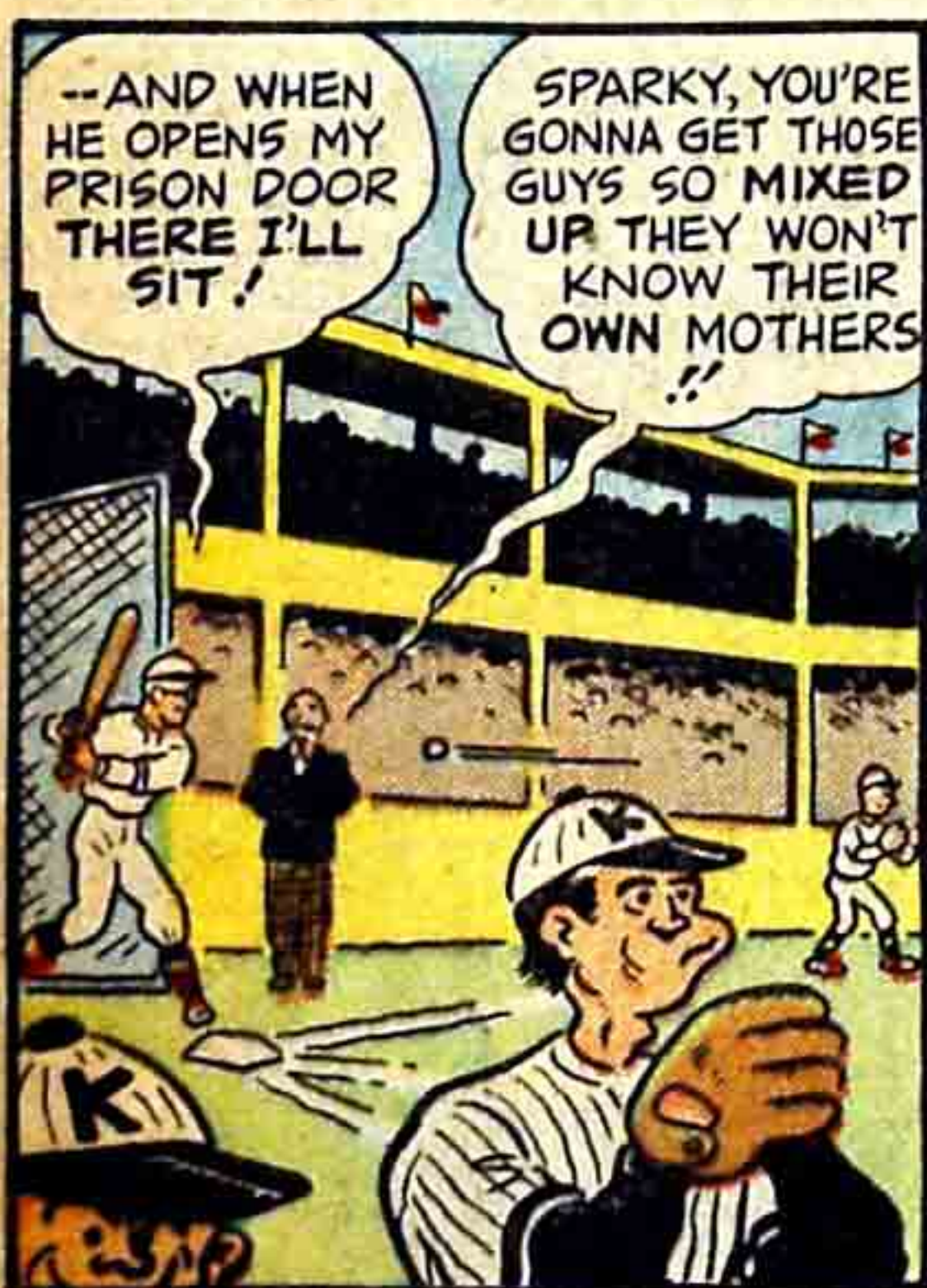
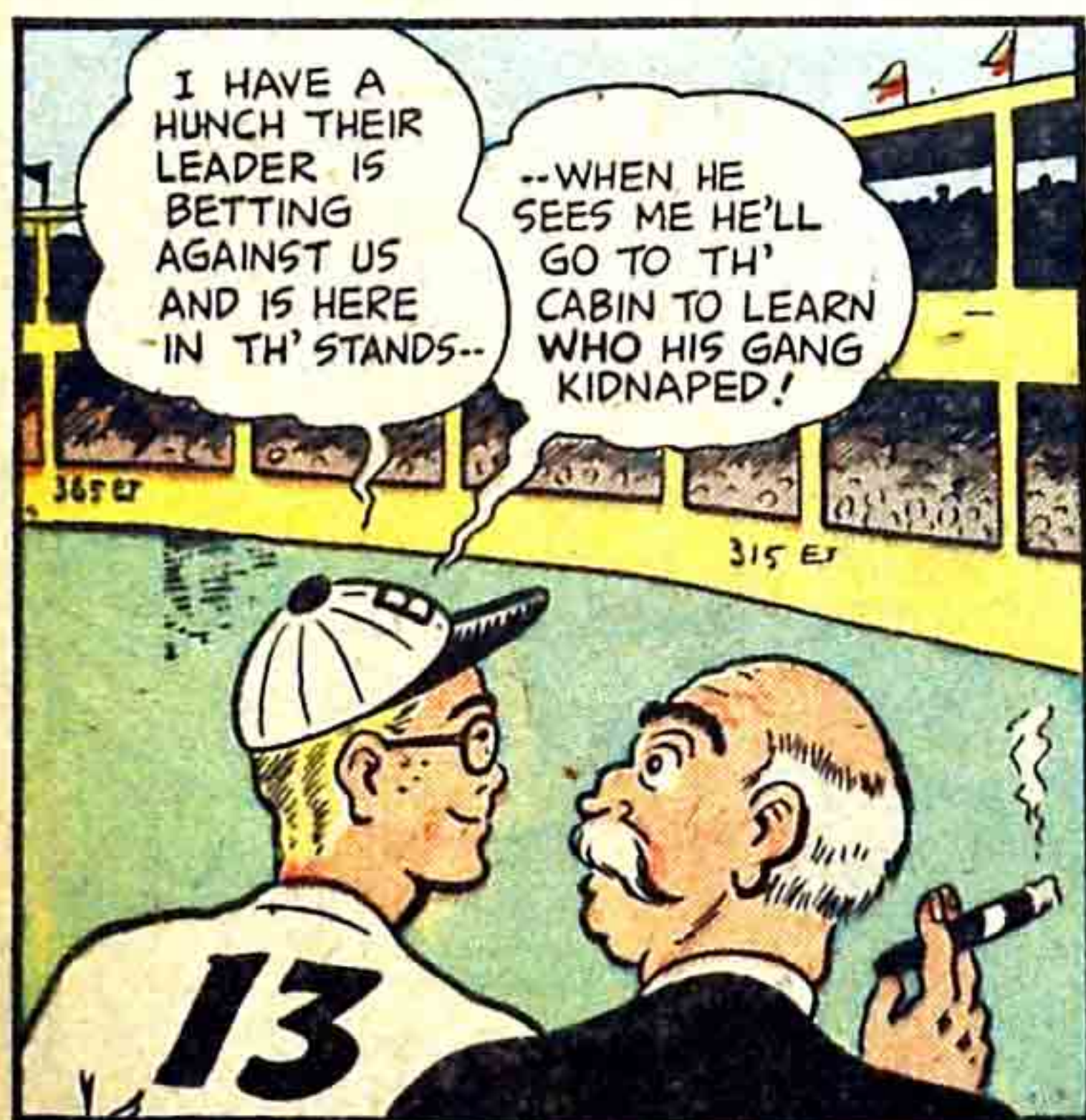
WHAT!? I'VE BET EVERY CENT ON TH' OTHER TEAM --AND THAT GUY THROWS SO FAST TH' BATTERS CAN'T SEE TH' BALL-- WE'VE GOTTA DO SOMETHING!!



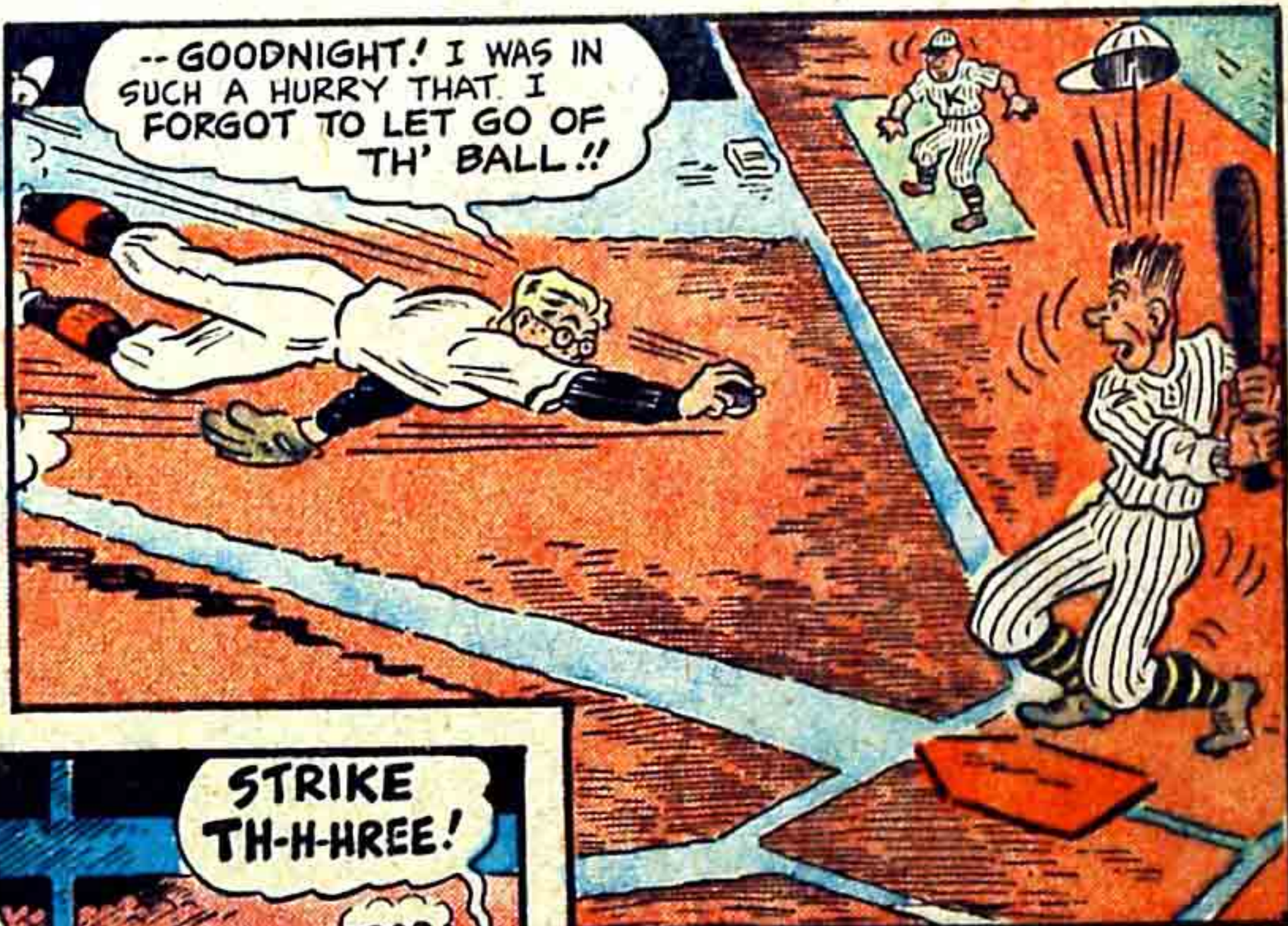
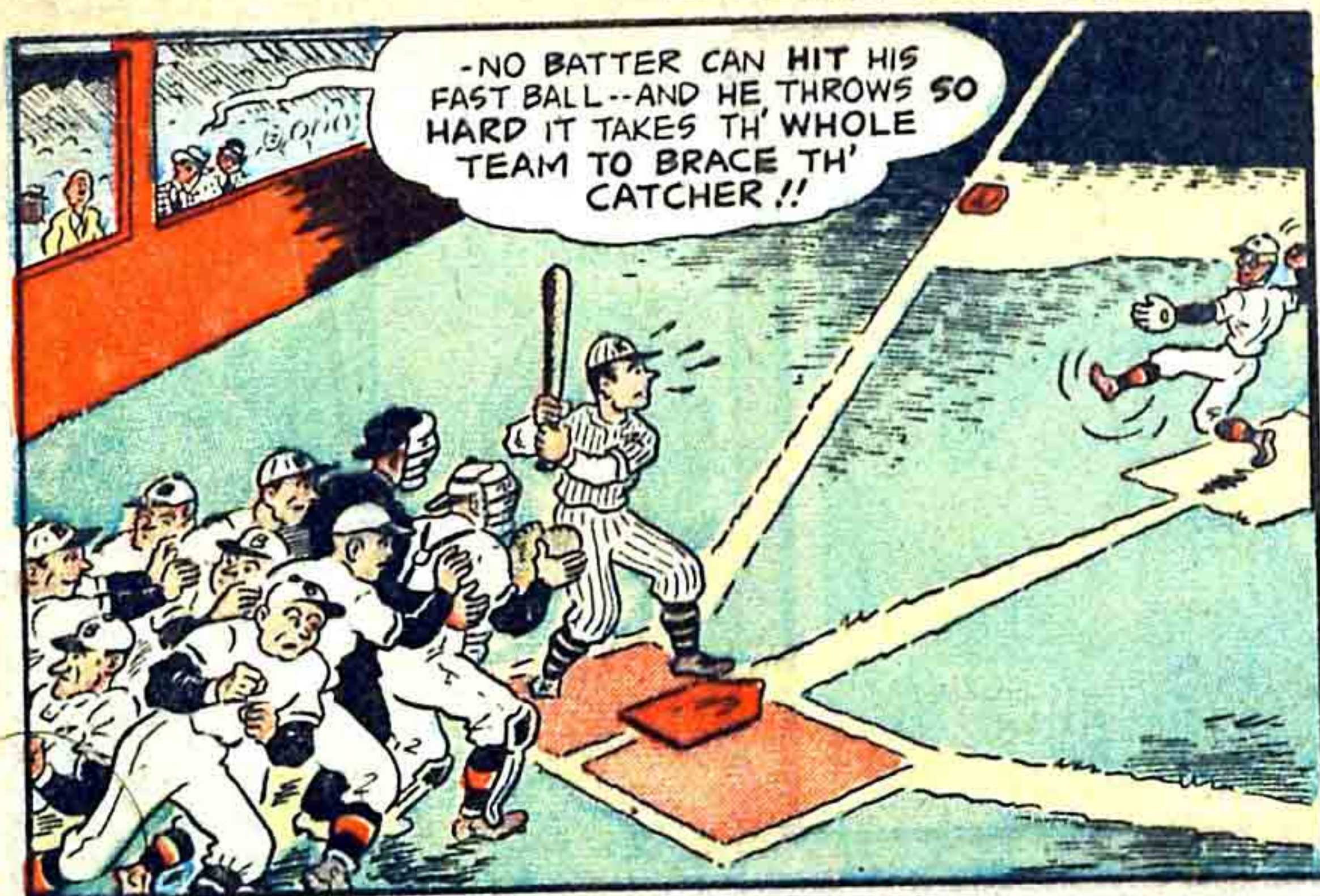
BIG SHOT COMICS



BIG SHOT COMICS



BIG SHOT COMICS



BIG SHOT COMICS

Charlie CHAN

Alfred ANDRUEA

A LETTER
ADDRESSED TO
YOU, SIR? VERY
MYSTERIOUS!

MYSTERIOUS IS RIGHT!
THE ADDRESS IS MADE
UP OF NEWSPAPER
TYPE!



IT MAY BE
THE WORK OF
SOME CRANK,
SIR!

I'LL OPEN IT!
IT CAN'T BE
DANGEROUS—
AND I'M
CURIOUS!



Paid \$100,000 IN a
cardboard box AND IN READY
To make delivery AS outlined in my
NEXT COMMUNICATION
do not WARN the POLICE
disobey and your NUMBER TWO
BLAST FURNACE will
BE Destroyed
the Hawk

AN EXTORTION
LETTER! THIS IS
OUTRAGEOUS! HOW
DARE THIS CROOK!
THREATEN ME!

THE HAWK! WHY
HE'S THE LEADER
OF THE CRIME
RING IN
CENTROPOLIS!



HE CAN'T BLUFF ME!
JENKS, USE THAT RADIO
PHONE AND GET ME CHIEF
OF POLICE MCCOY IN
CENTROPOLIS!



HE HAS
SPIES
EVERY-
WHERE! I'M
AFRAID!

WELL, I'M NOT!
MY PLANT AND MY
EMPLOYEES
MUST HAVE
PROTECTION!

I'VE
GOT
CHIEF
MCCOY READY
TO TALK,
SIR!



AND IN CENTROPOLIS...

AN EXTORTION LETTER?
FROM THE HAWK? BY THE
SAINTS, THAT SPALPEEN
WOULD BE IN ME HAIR—
IF I HAD ANY
HAIR!



BIG SHOT COMICS



BIG SHOT COMICS



IT'LL BE RAINING BLAST FURNACE FOR MILES AROUND!

YEAH, WHEN HE TOSSES THAT DYNAMITE COAL ON THE FIRE!

IN THE MEANTIME FATE PREPARES A MEETING...

WHAT'S ALL THE CHEERING ABOUT, HAGAR?

SOMEBODY'S GETTING ON THE TRAIN MR. GOODMAN - IT - IT LOOKS LIKE CHARLIE CHAN, SIR!



GOODBYE, CHARLIE YOU'VE MADE ME THE HAPPIEST GIRL IN THE WORLD...



OH, MR. CHAN! WOULD YOU PLEASE STEP IN HERE A MOMENT?

SOMETHING WHISPERS THIS IS FATEFUL SUMMONS!

BUT IN THE MEANTIME, IN FAR AWAY CENTROPOLIS, A FIREMAN THROWS A SCOOP OF DYNAMITE COAL INTO ONE OF GOODMAN'S BLAST FURNACES...



THERE SHE GOES!

THE DYNAMITE CONCEALED IN THE COAL SPREAD THAT FURNACE OVER FIFTY MILES OF SCENERY, HAWK!

EXCELLENT! JOE! GET ME GOODMAN BY RADIO IN HIS PRIVATE CAR!

OKAY, HAWK!



MEANWHILE...

I'LL PAY YOU ANY PRICE, MR. CHAN, BUT YOU MUST COME TO CENTROPOLIS AND EXTERMINATE THE HAWK AND HIS GANG!

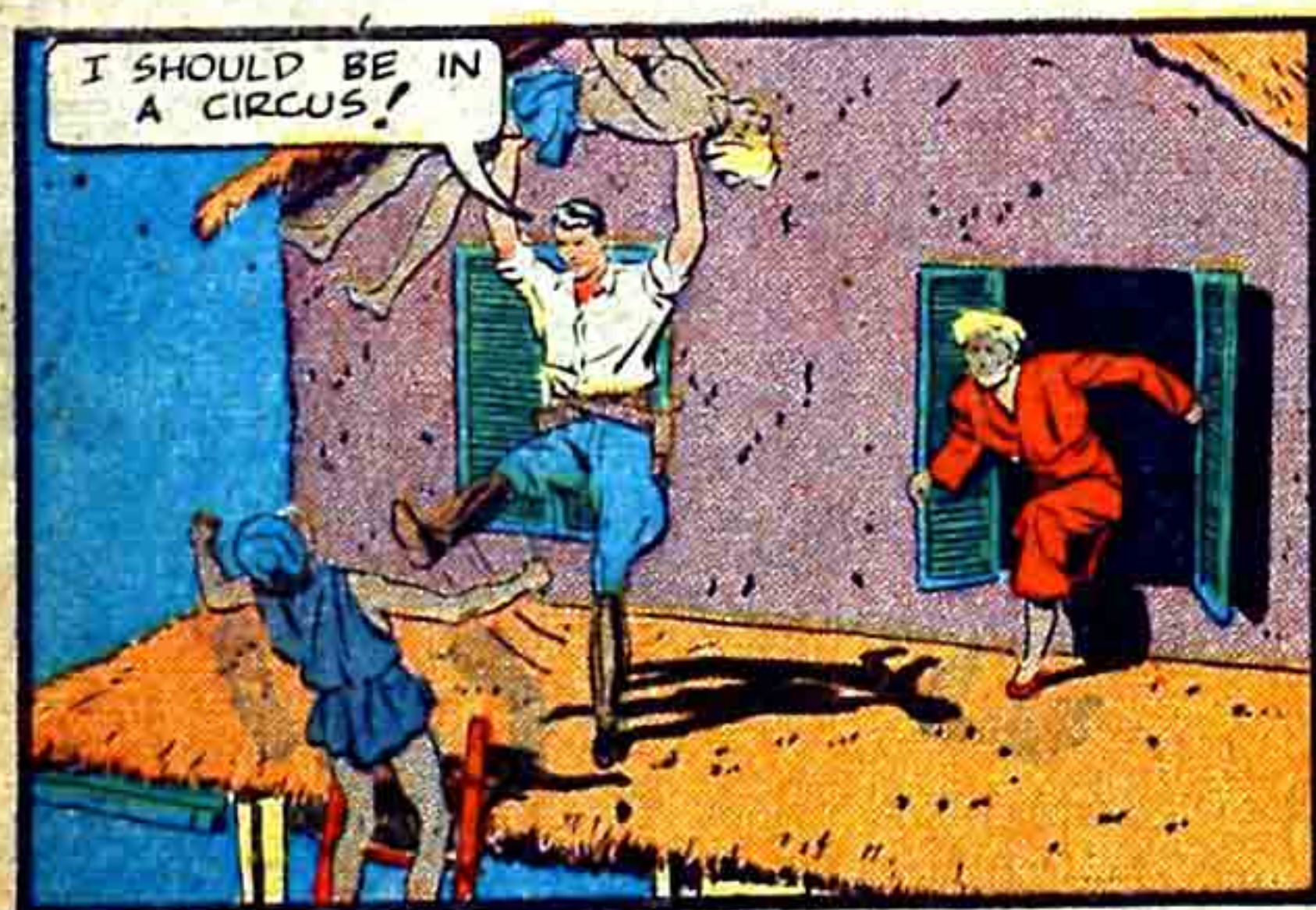
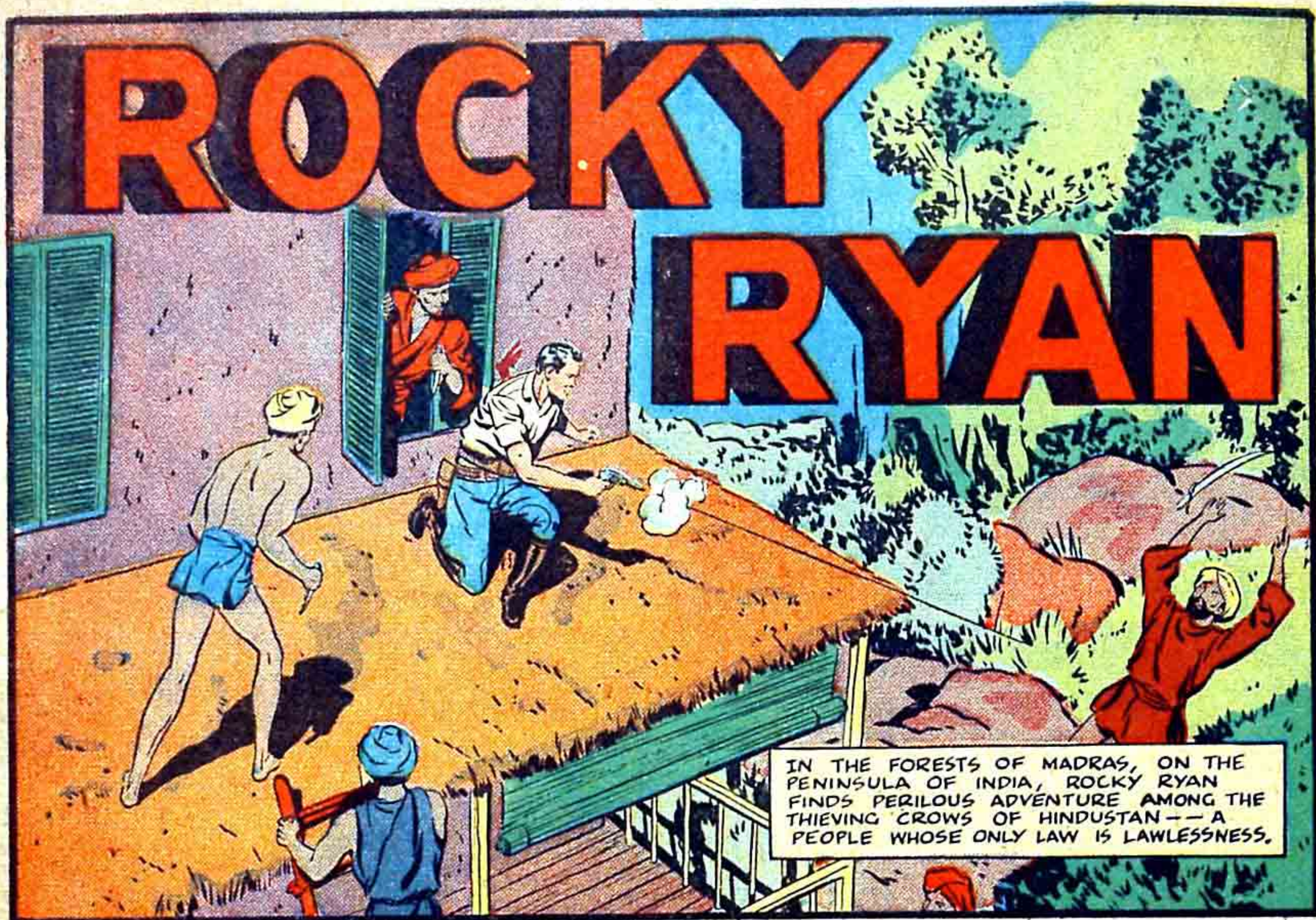
PROPOSITION HAS FASCINATING APPEAL - BUT -



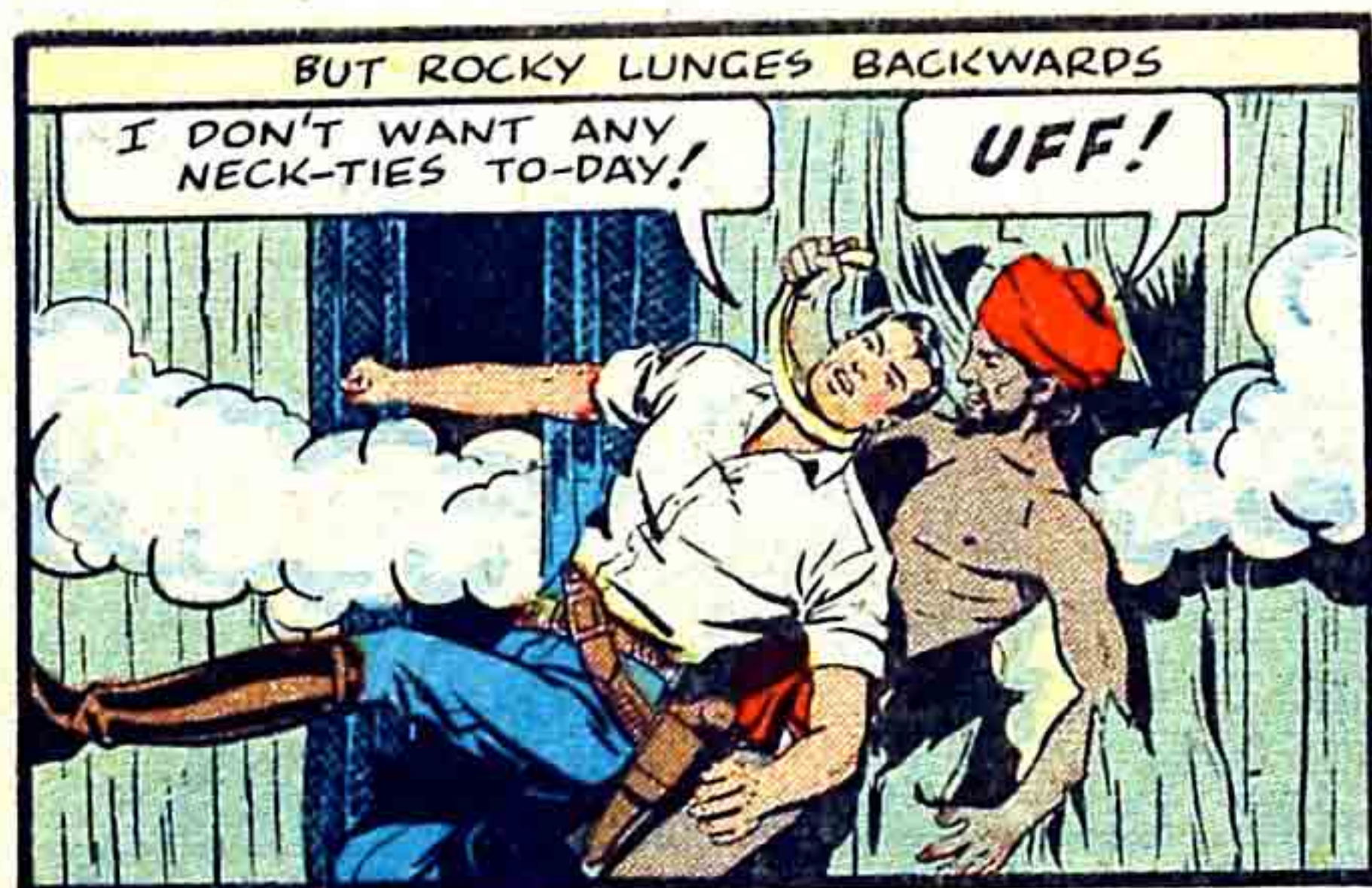
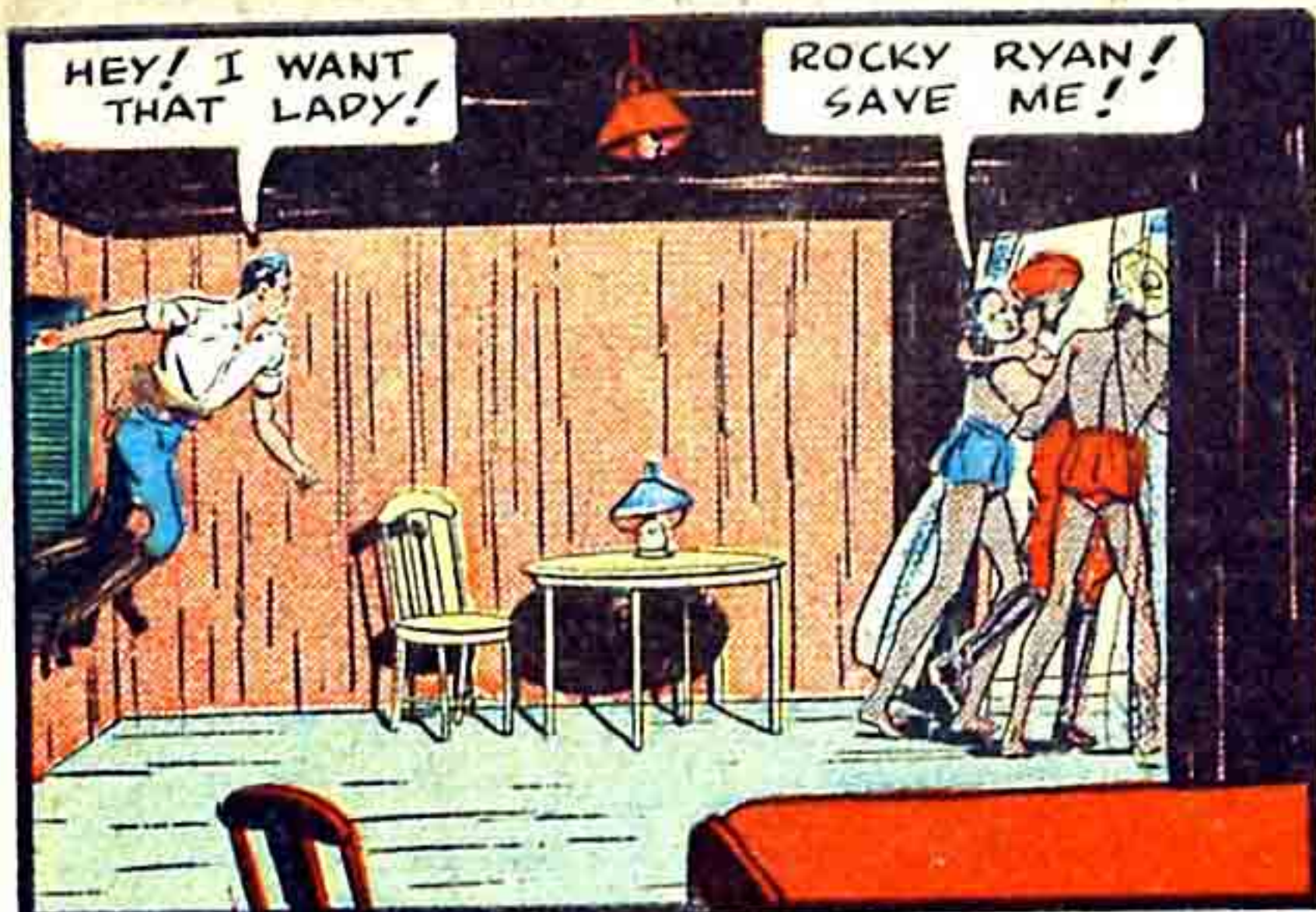
LATER

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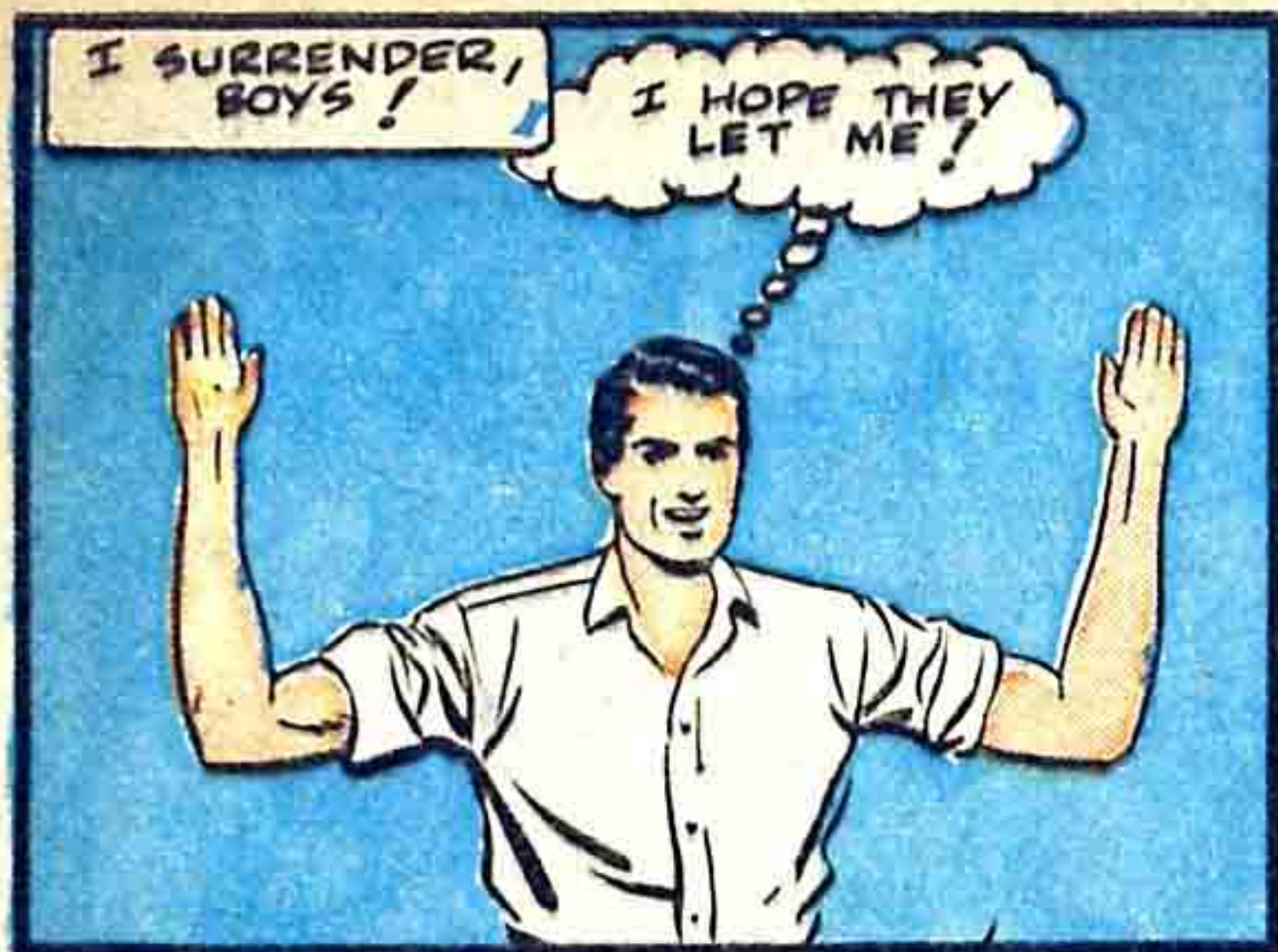




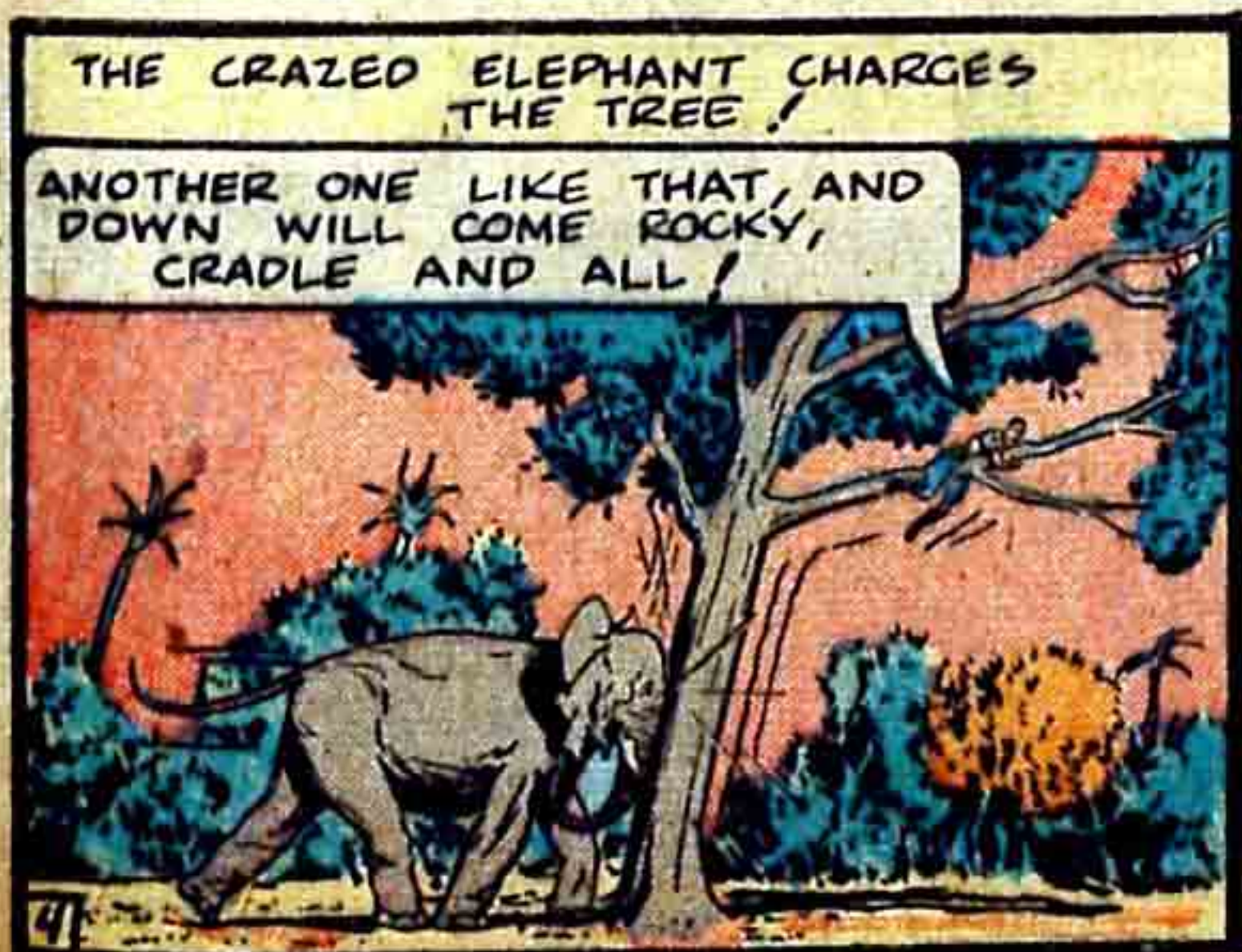
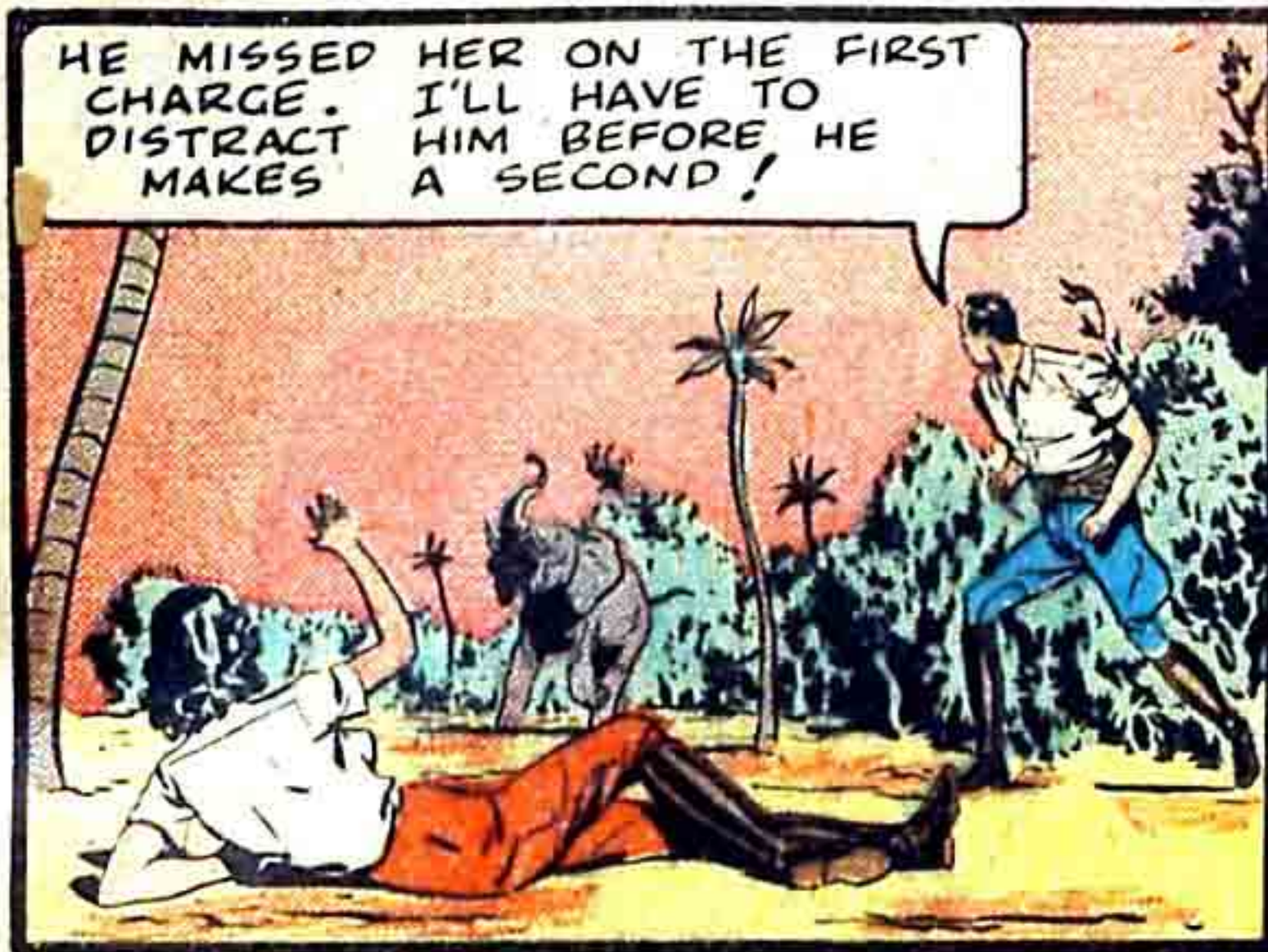
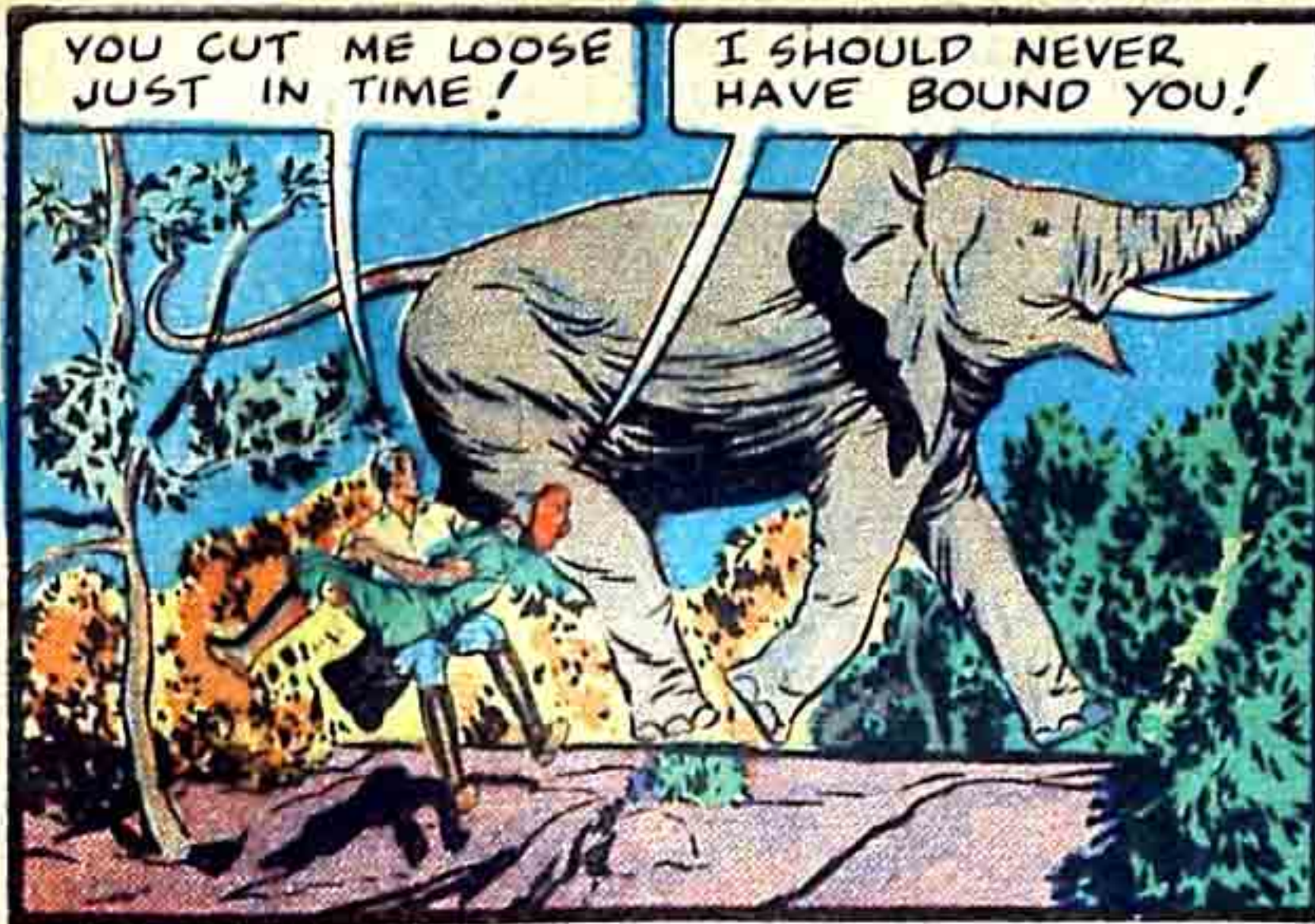
BIG SHOT COMICS



BIG SHOT COMICS



BIG SHOT COMICS

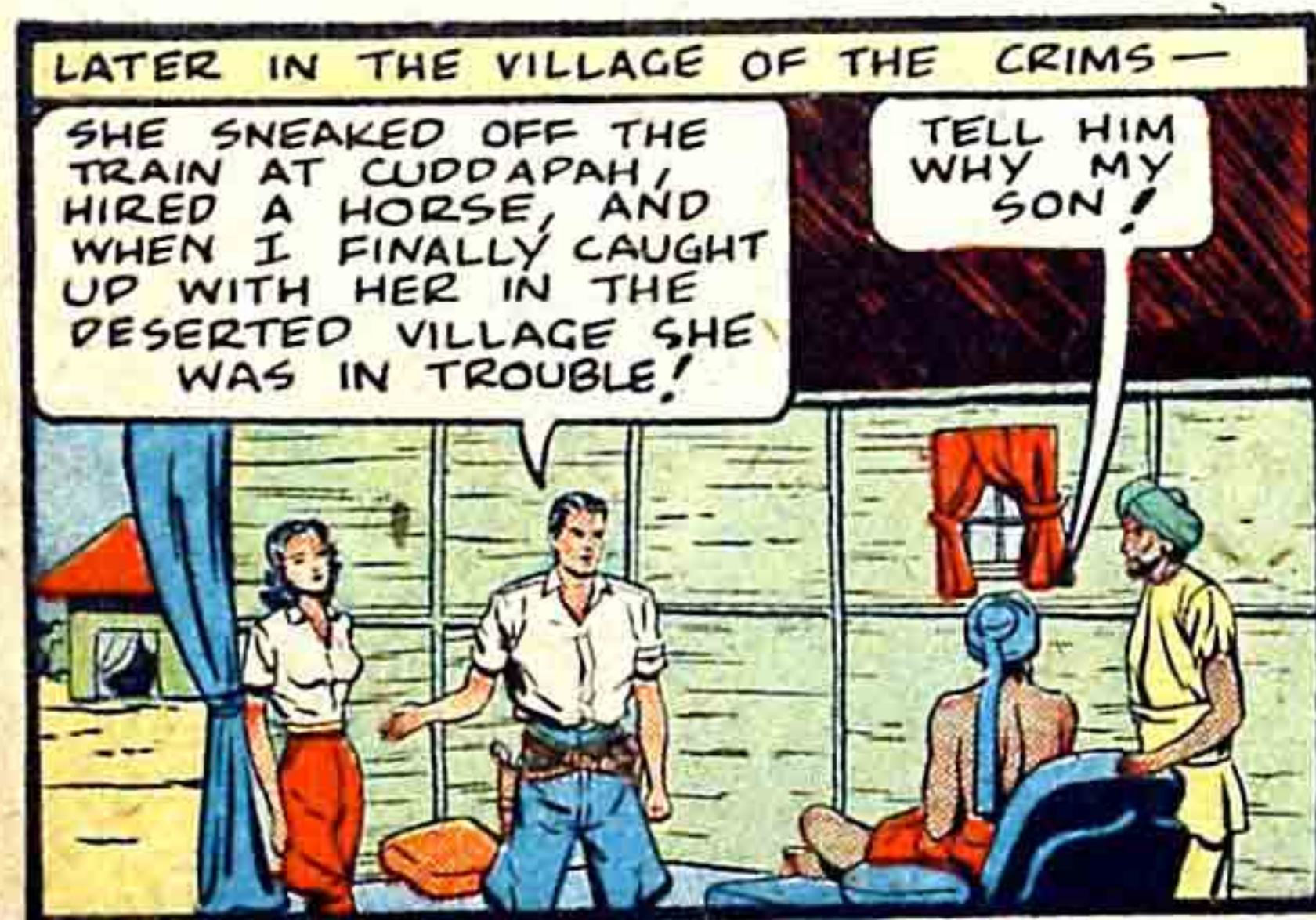


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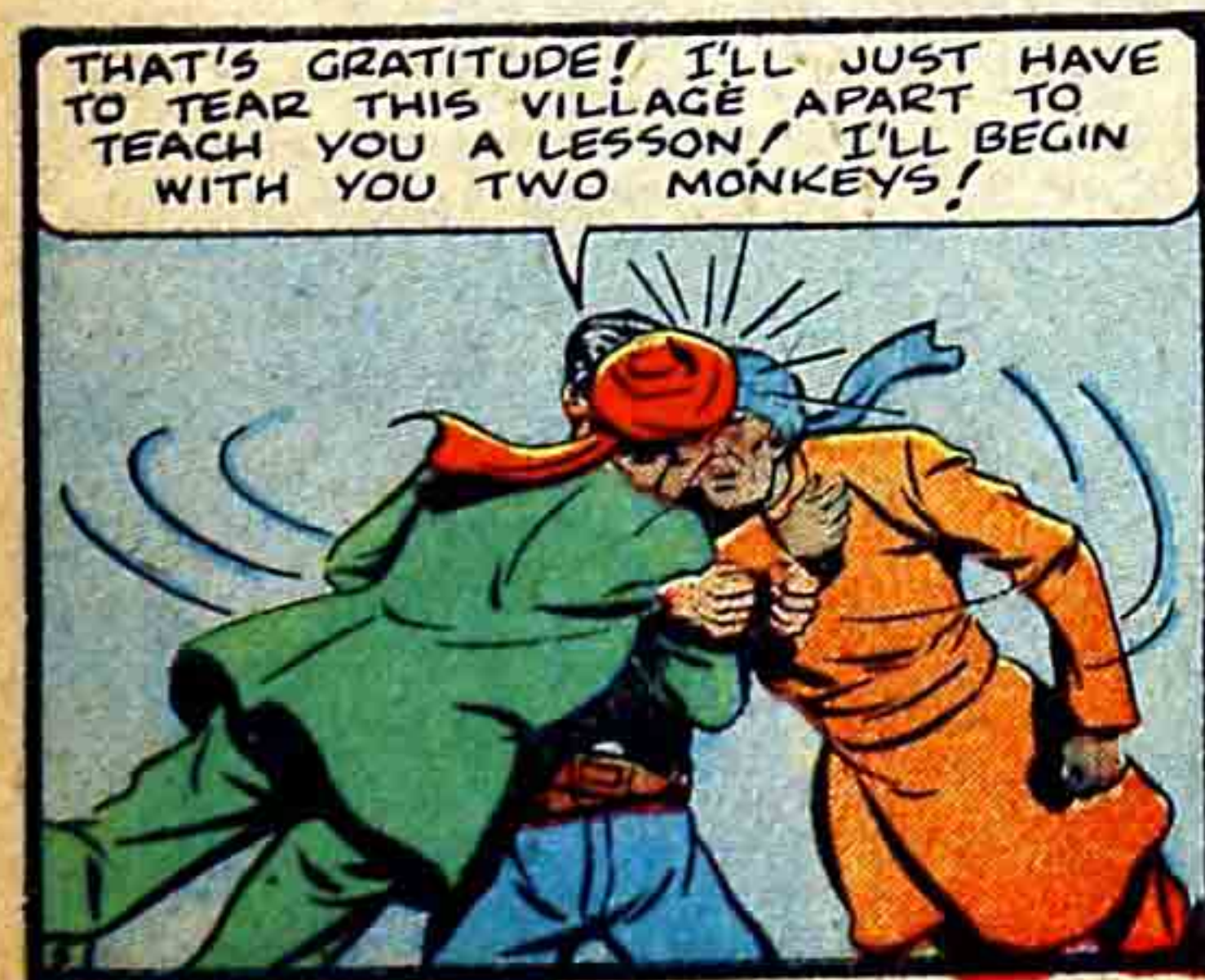


MY THANKS TO YOU!

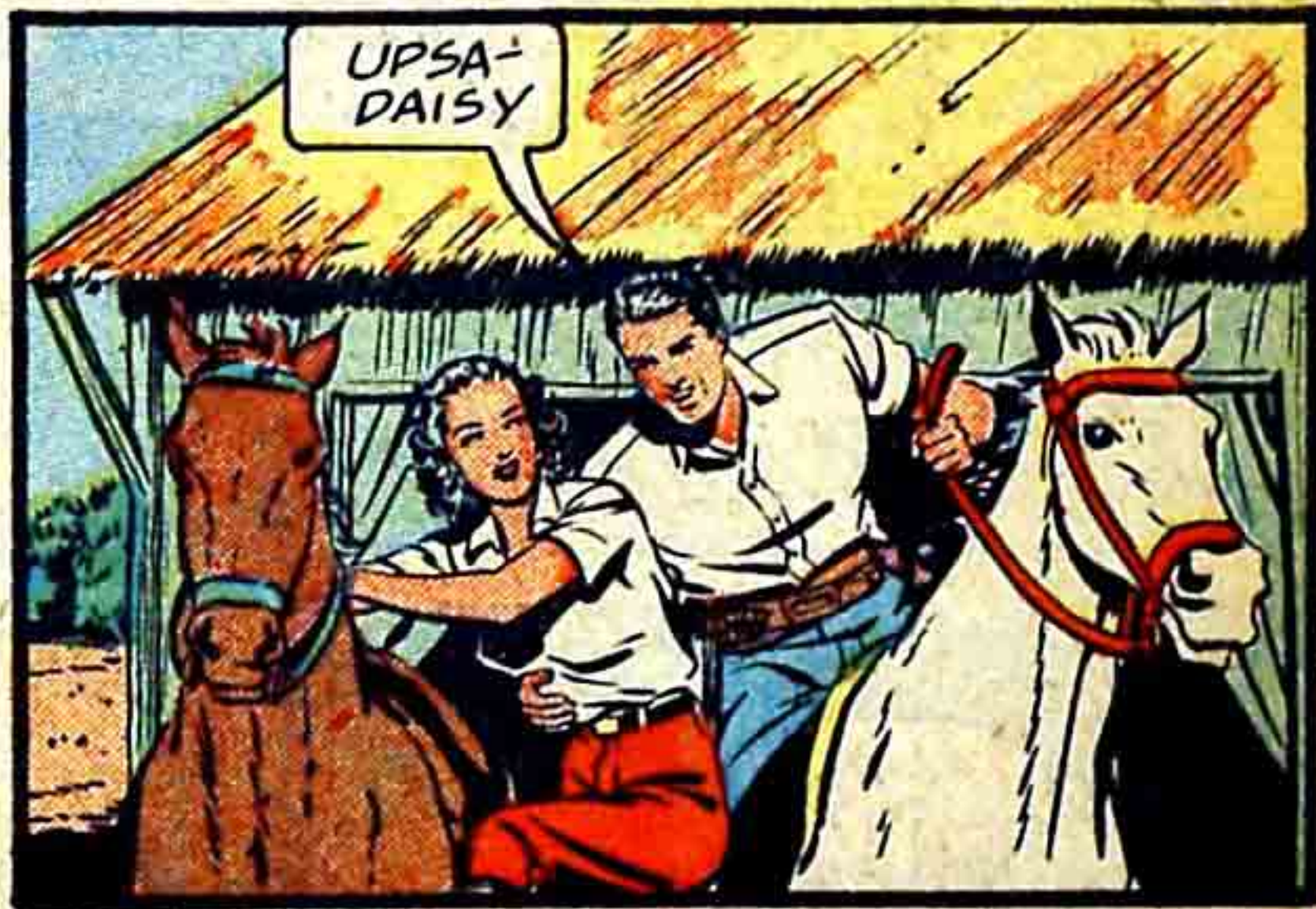
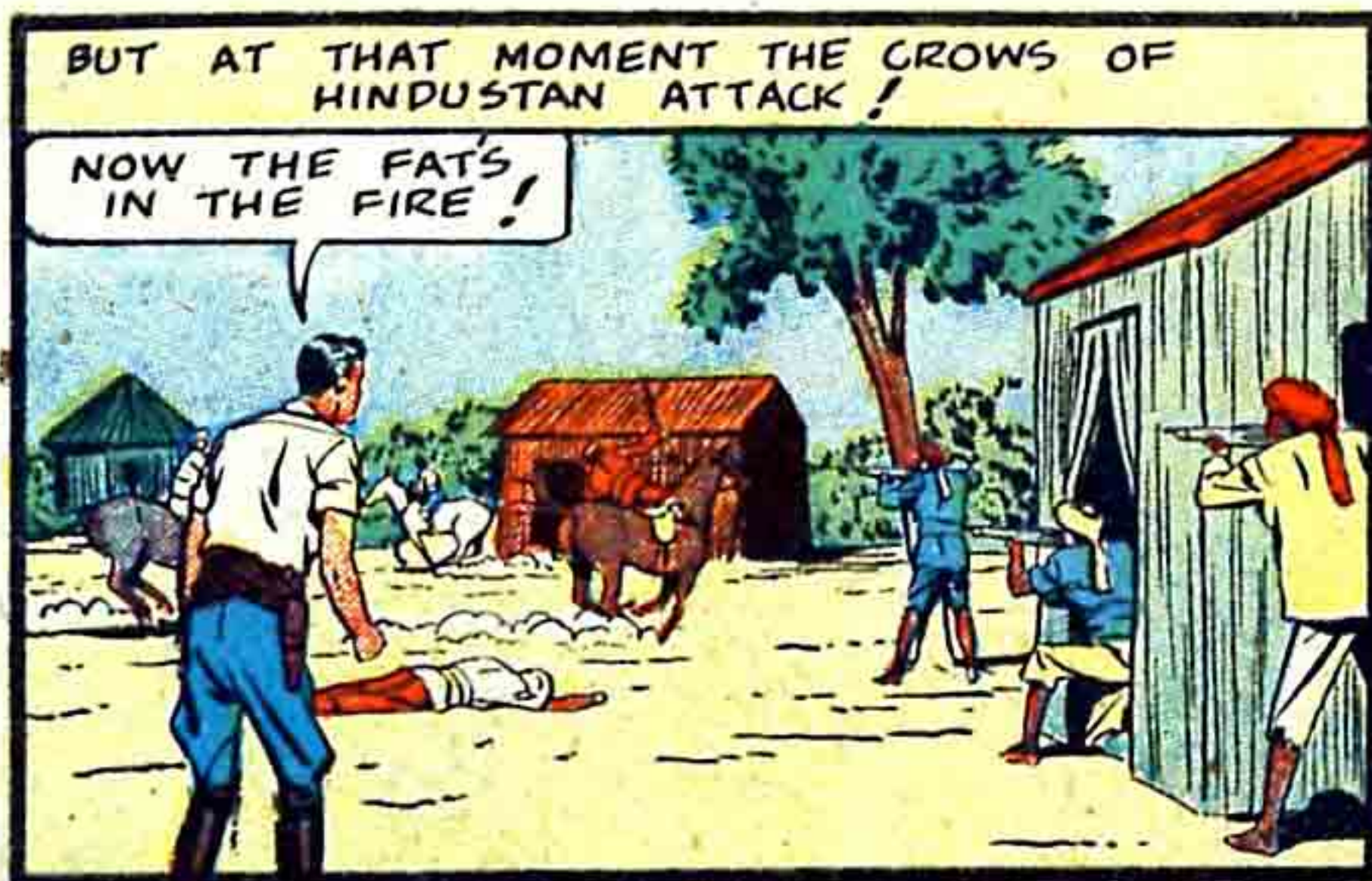
AND MINE TO YOU, RYAN SAHIB. THAT WAS MY SON, ANGADI BEG — YOU SAVED FROM TIGER AND ELEPHANT!



WORD FROM THE NORTH CAME — THE ENGLISH MISS HAD STOLEN THE RUBY EYE FROM A STATUE OF SIVA IN A HILL TEMPLE. WE THOUGHT TO ROB IT FROM HER. THEN CAME RYAN SAHIB!



BIG SHOT COMICS

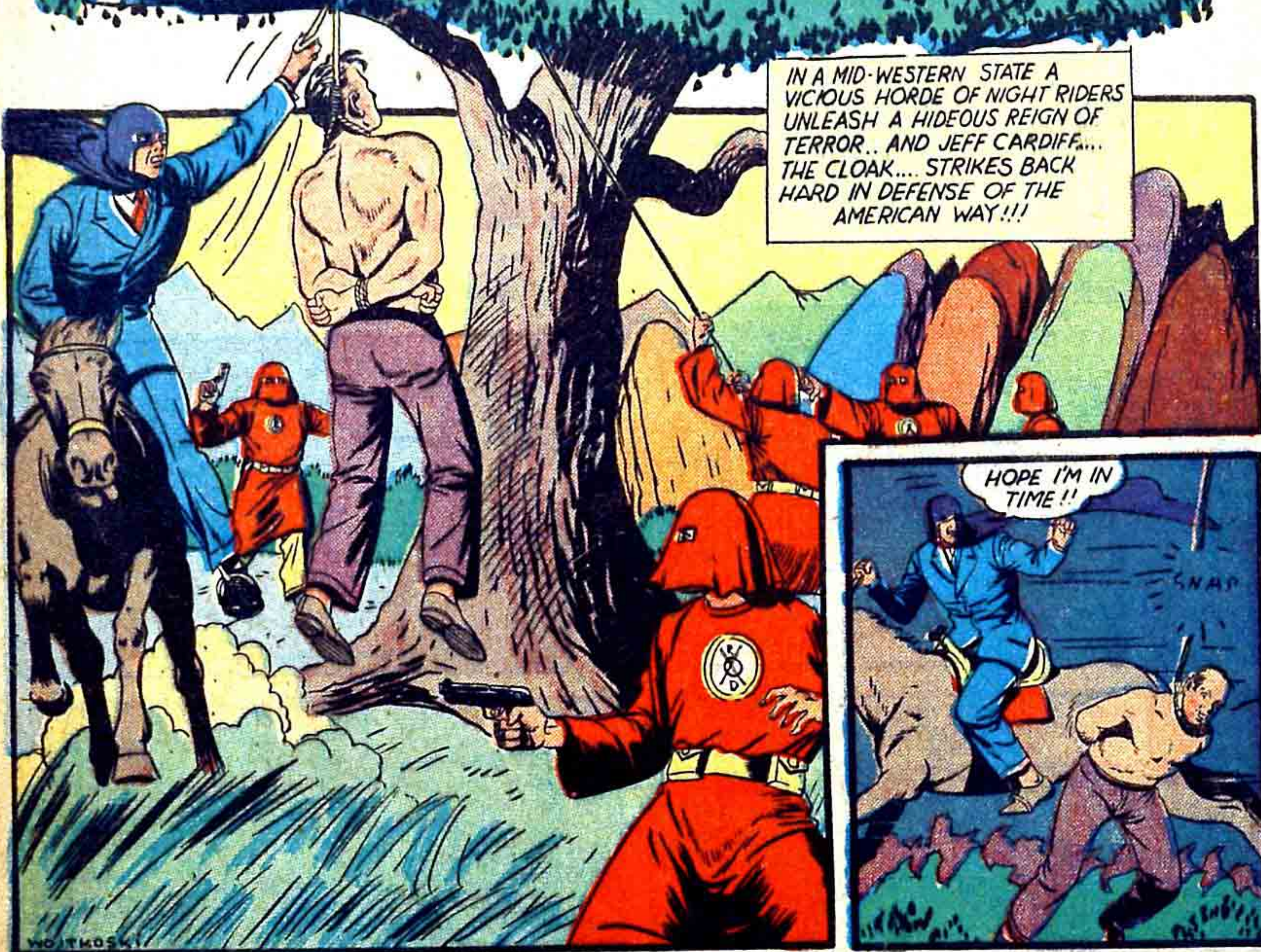


BIG SHOT COMICS

SPY-CHIEF
AS THE

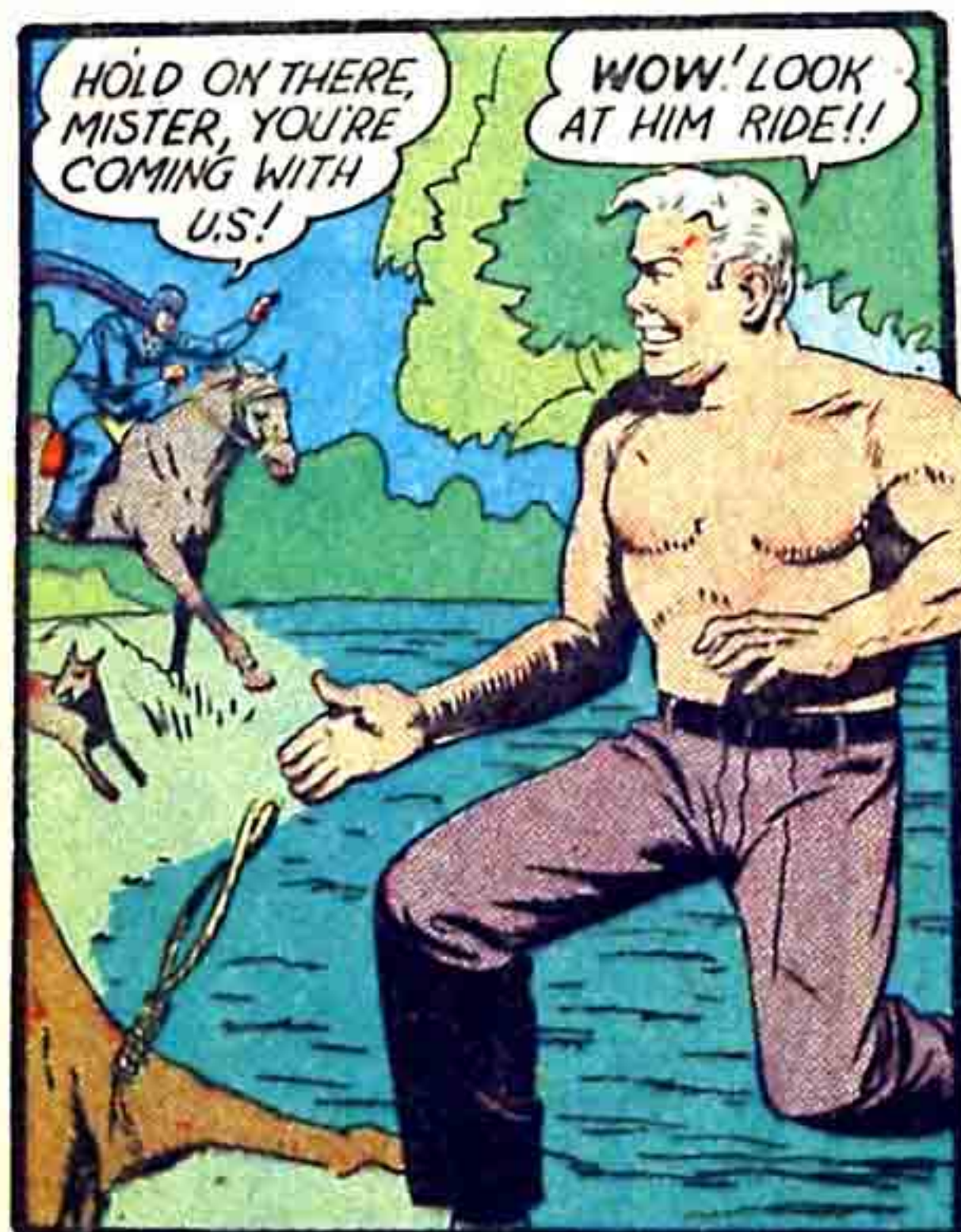
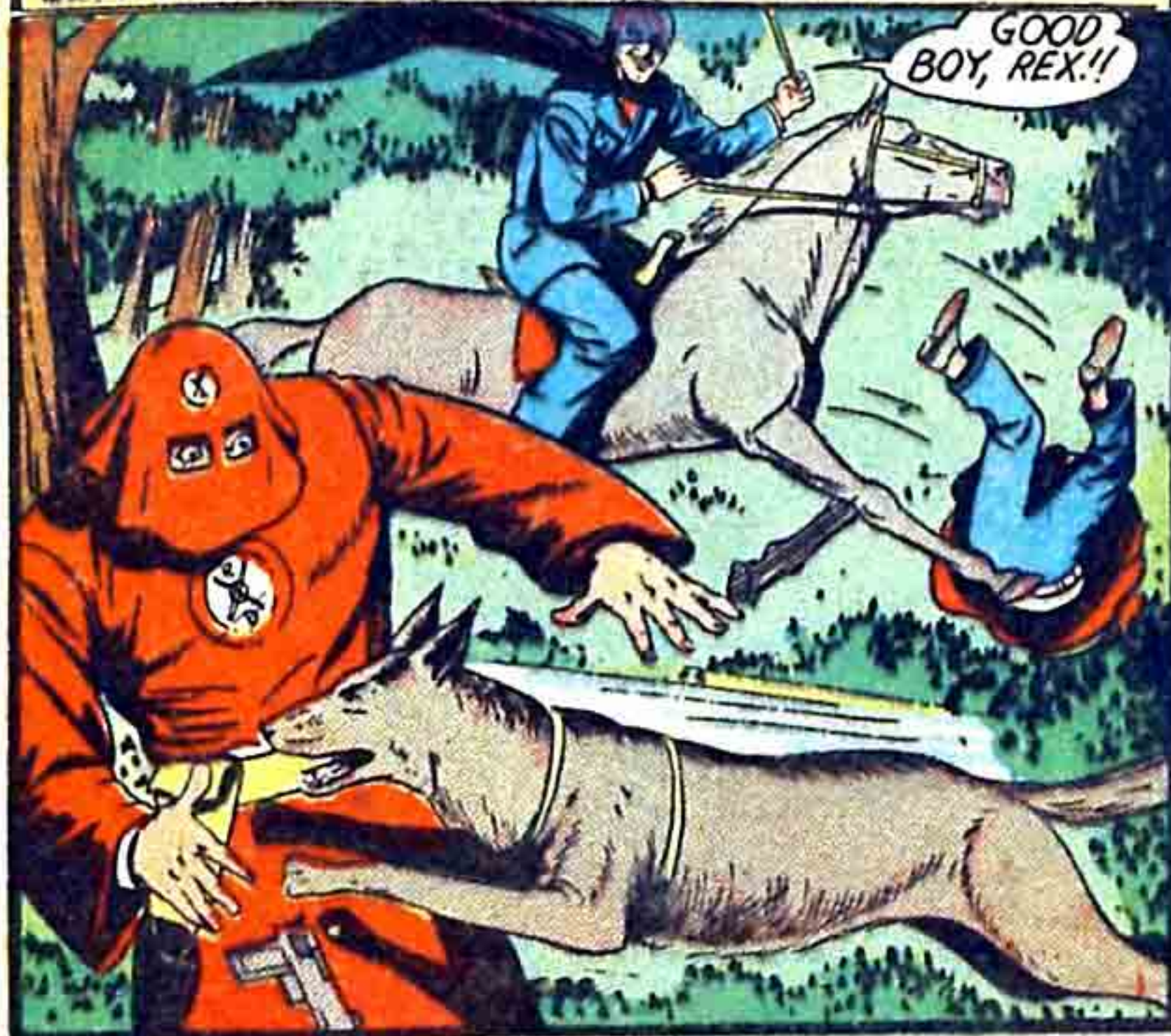
CLOAK

IN A MID-WESTERN STATE A
VICIOUS HORDE OF NIGHT RIDERS
UNLEASH A HIDEOUS REIGN OF
TERROR.. AND JEFF CARDIFF...
THE CLOAK.... STRIKES BACK
HARD IN DEFENSE OF THE
AMERICAN WAY!!!



BIG SHOT COMICS

BUT A LITHE FURY LEAPS FROM THE DARKNESS.....



LATER IN THE HOME OF GEORGE MCGUIRE....

I HEARD YOUR SPEECH IN THE TOWN HALL DENOUNCING THE RIDERS OF DOOM... SO I KEPT MY EYE ON YOU, MR. MCGUIRE!

THANK HEAVEN! GEORGE, TELL HIM ABOUT THE RIDERS.



BOB HILLARY WOULDN'T SELL A PIECE OF PROPERTY SOMEBODY WANTED... THE RIDERS CAME..



HARRY LEGGET DIED OF HIS INJURIES... WE NEVER FOUND OUT WHY THE RIDERS OF DOOM WENT FOR HIM...

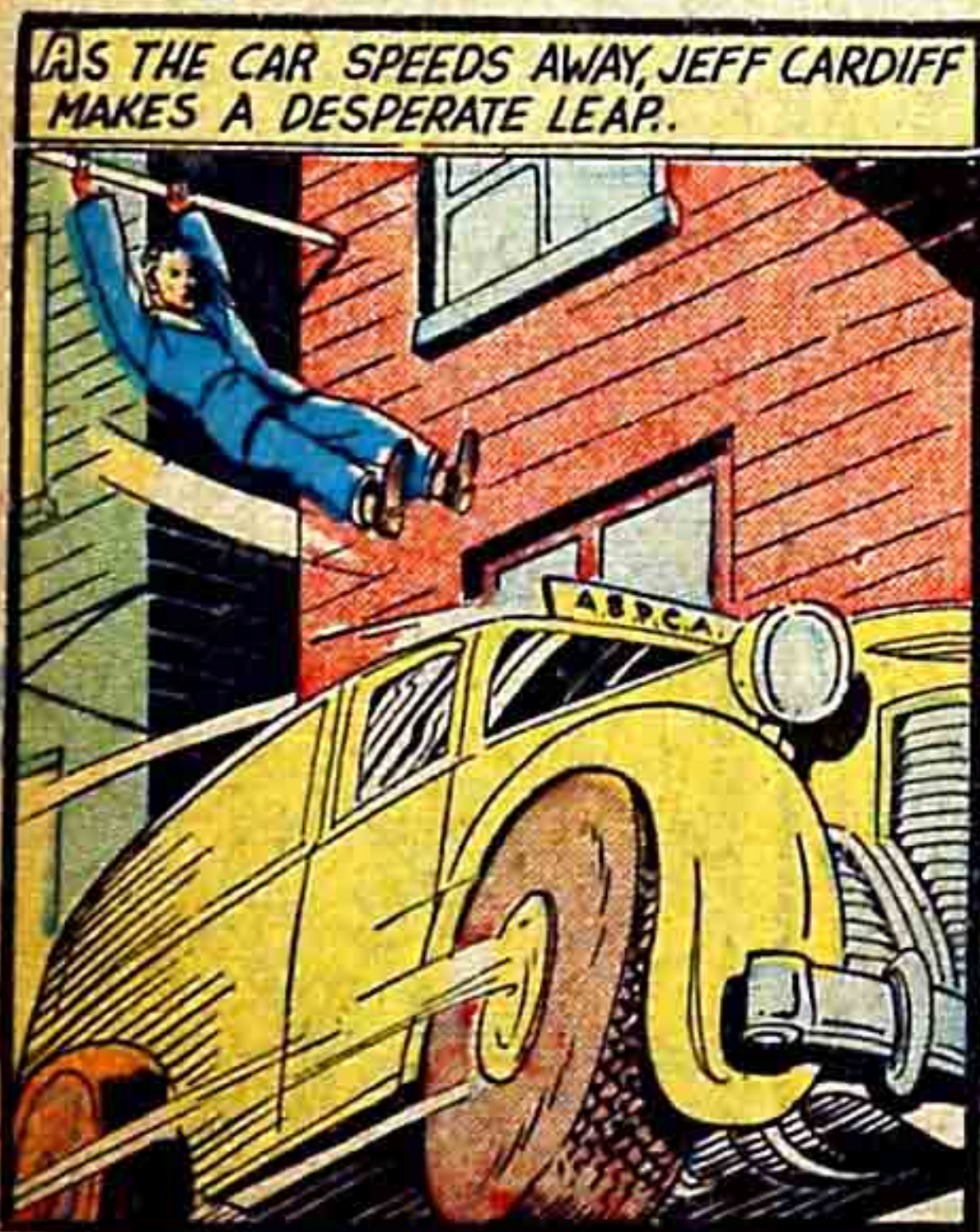


MEANWHILE, OUTSIDE GEORGE MCGUIRE'S HOME...

MCGUIRE NEEDN'T THINK HE'S GETTING AWAY WITH ANYTHING



BIG SHOT COMICS



BIG SHOT COMICS



BIG SHOT COMICS



BIG SHOT COMICS

THAT NIGHT, AT WILSON'S GROVE, THE RIDERS OF DOOM ASSEMBLE...



SUDDENLY, THERE IS A COMMOTION.



THROWING OFF THE CRIMSON COSTUME, JEFF APPEARS AS THE CLOAK.....



BUT, A BUGLE SOUNDS SUDDENLY AND...



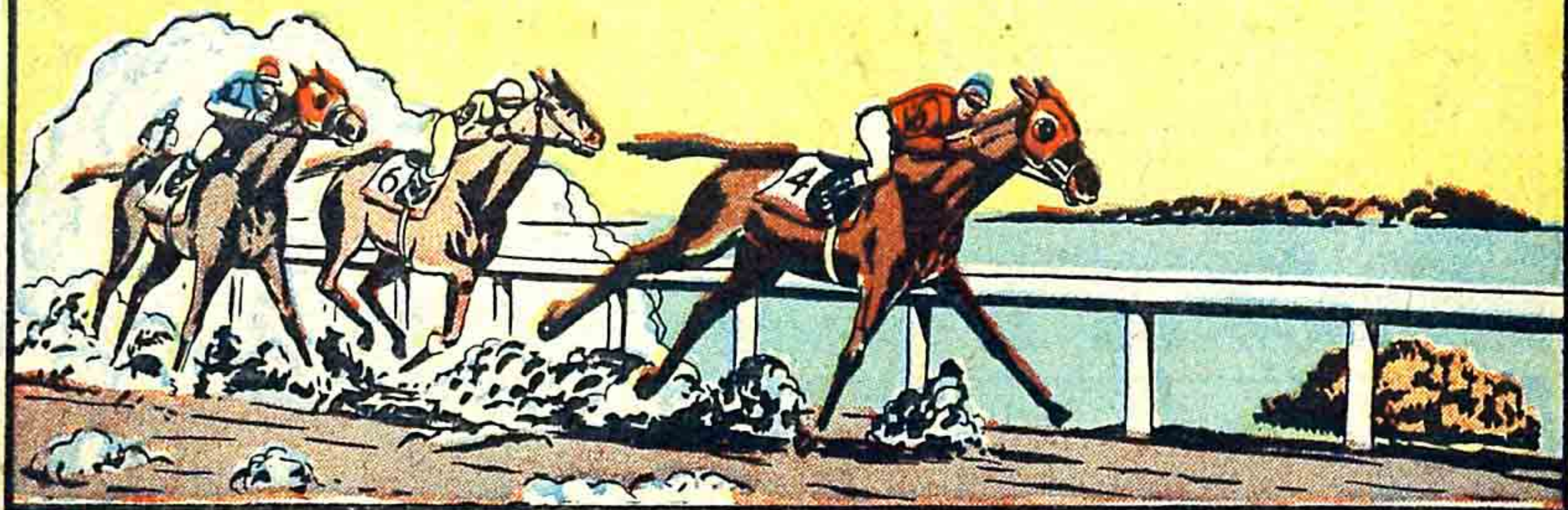
LUCKILY I SAW THIS SKUNK'S BANDAGED HAND WHEN HE WENT TO SHOOT ME IN HIS OFFICE!!



THANKS FOR LETTING ME TAKE PRIVATE MCGUIRE WITH ME TO-NIGHT CAPTAIN.. HIS FATHER WILL BE GLAD TO SEE HIM... AND TO KNOW HE TOO HELPED TO SMASH THIS ROTTEN UN-AMERICAN GANG OF HOODED HOODLUMS!!



RACETRACK RACKETEERS



THE door of the Sports department of the *Evening Globe* shot open and Dan Preston, the dynamic sports editor, entered and strode heavily and silently across the floor to his desk. His face was masked in a black frown and an unlighted cigar jutted upward from the grim line of his mouth.

He dropped into his chair, lighted his cigar and roared: "Packard! Where's Jim Packard? Send him in to me right away . . . if he's not in the building go out and search the streets for him and don't come back till you've found him!"

Two of the office hirelings dashed out and ten uncomfortable minutes later they returned with Jim Packard in tow. They had evidently pounced upon him in the midst of his noonday meal, for in one hand he still clutched a bottle of milk and with the other he endeavored to stuff the remainder of a hamburger into his mouth.

"You want to see me, Boss?" he asked the Sports Editor, strolling unaided toward the latter's desk.

"See you is right!" bellowed Preston. "What have you been doing with yourself lately? Aren't you still on the *Evening Globe's* payroll? And if so, what have you got to show for it?"

These rapid-fire questions didn't seem to phase the hungry Packard. "What's on your mind, Boss?" he asked simply.

Preston scowled and then got down to business. "Packard, something screwy has been going on out at the Majestic Race Track these past two months and I want to find out what it is. For the entire season not one horse that has been selected as a favorite has won. A thing of that sort might possibly happen four or five times but when it occurs six and seven times a day, every day in the season, then it's phenomenal!"

"Have you got any idea who owns the winning horses or what stable they come from?" questioned Packard.

"They've come from different stables," replied the editor. "But I've got a sneaky suspicion that one man or syndicate owns them all."

"But what do you want me to do?"

"I want you to get yourself out to these stables and try to dig up some facts!" Preston roared. "I want to get to the bottom of this business before the season is finished. I want action and I want it fast! You produce some conclusive results and there'll be a fat bonus waiting here when you return. Now get goin'!"

Packard went to his own desk, sharpened a few pencils and from the bottom drawer he took a small but expensive candid-camera. He gulped down the last few ounces of milk and waving a pleasant farewell to his fellow workers, he passed jauntily out of the office. He jumped into the little roadster he had parked in front of the newspaper building and then headed over the Manhattan Bridge toward Long Island and the Majestic Race Track.

THE crowds were arriving for the afternoon races. The color and excitement of the place really thrilled him and he was thankful that the boss had given him this assignment. But he had work to accomplish.

He strode over to the stables to look the horses over. They were fine sleek animals, shiny and well-groomed. At the end of the long row of stalls he sat down on an inverted water-can and lighted a cigarette. Where the dickens was he going to find a clue to work on? And as he mused he became aware that two men were speaking in one of the stalls on the other side of the wooden wall.

"What about the last race?" one of them said.

"Put 5 grand on Black Joe," the other replied. "Sunnyside is

BIG SHOT COMICS

the favorite in the race but Harry's got Black Joe out at the farm fixing him up. He'll be here within an hour."

They both laughed at something that must have struck them as humorous and Jim heard them leave the stall by the back entrance. The reporter was certain that what he had just listened to was more than a tip on the races. The two men had spoken with definite assurance. Could this be the clue he had been waiting for?

Packard wasted no time and presently he ascertained that Black Joe was owned by one Herbert Sanders and that his stable was but a fifteen or twenty minute drive from the track. He leaped into the roadster and snaked through the long line of arriving cars towards the Sanders' farm some ten miles away.

He drew up in front of a heavy, green hedge and turned off the motor. Fifty yards away he saw the red top of a long, low building, evidently where the horses were housed. Unnoticed, he scaled the timber fence and walked toward the back of the building and arriving there, started down to the far end where he had seen a window. He gained his objective and then paused, listening intently. From within he detected a peculiar hissing sound mingling with the low voices of several men.

Cautiously he edged toward the window and lifting his head, looked in. What he witnessed in the stable made him instinctively reach for the candid-camera in his pocket, for he saw three men gathered about a light tan horse and for all intents and purposes they were going about the business of changing the animal's glossy coat to a black shade. Two of the men held the horse steady while the third sprayed on a black paint.

"So Black Joe, the winner of the last race, is really a tan horse!" Jim whispered to himself and swiftly adjusting the lense, he snapped a shot of the group in the stable. He slipped away and returned to his car. Then he drove back to the Majestic Race Track...

AS the afternoon lengthened, heavy storm clouds appeared on the horizon and started rolling across the sky. The fifth race had just been run and the crowds

made their way toward the "bookies" to place bets on the sixth and final race of the day. Jim smiled gleefully as he observed the rain clouds piling up in the heavens; if only the rain would hold off till the last race had started, he prayed.

The bugle call summoned the horses for the final race and presently they were lined up at the starting post. Then they were off. Down the track they thundered in a cloud of dust and at that instant the clouds seemed to open up and the rain came down in torrents.

"Boy-o-boy! This is perfect!" yelled Jim and raced through the crowds to the finish line. He adjusted his camera as the horses rounded the bend and headed down the home stretch. Out in front was Black Joe . . . but he was no longer *black*! The rain had drenched him like a shower-bath and the black paint commenced to stream off him in odd-looking streaks.

Closer and closer he came and as he crossed the finish tape, Jim snapped his picture.

Back in the *Evening Globe* office, Jim had the negatives developed and printed in enlargements. He walked over to Dan Preston's desk and threw the finished pictures before him. "There's the whole story, Boss. The pictures speak for themselves; and the gent behind the whole organization is none other than Herbert Sanders, who happens to be the real owner of several stables just as you surmised!"

"Well, well!" grunted Preston. "So Sanders has been trying the old game of taking a fast horse, painting him another color and then entering him in a race under another name at great odds. Jim, you did a swell job and you deserve the bonus!"

Jim beamed. "That's fine, Boss. I could use a little extra cash right now!"

"But it's not money," said Preston. "It's a season pass to the Majestic Race Track for next year!"

"Forget about it then, Boss," groaned Packard, "and just make me a present of a hamburger!"

THE END

Published for the FIRST time! A complete, full-length adventure of the world's greatest comic strip character:

JOE PALOOKA!
Thrilling...Humorous
Entertaining!

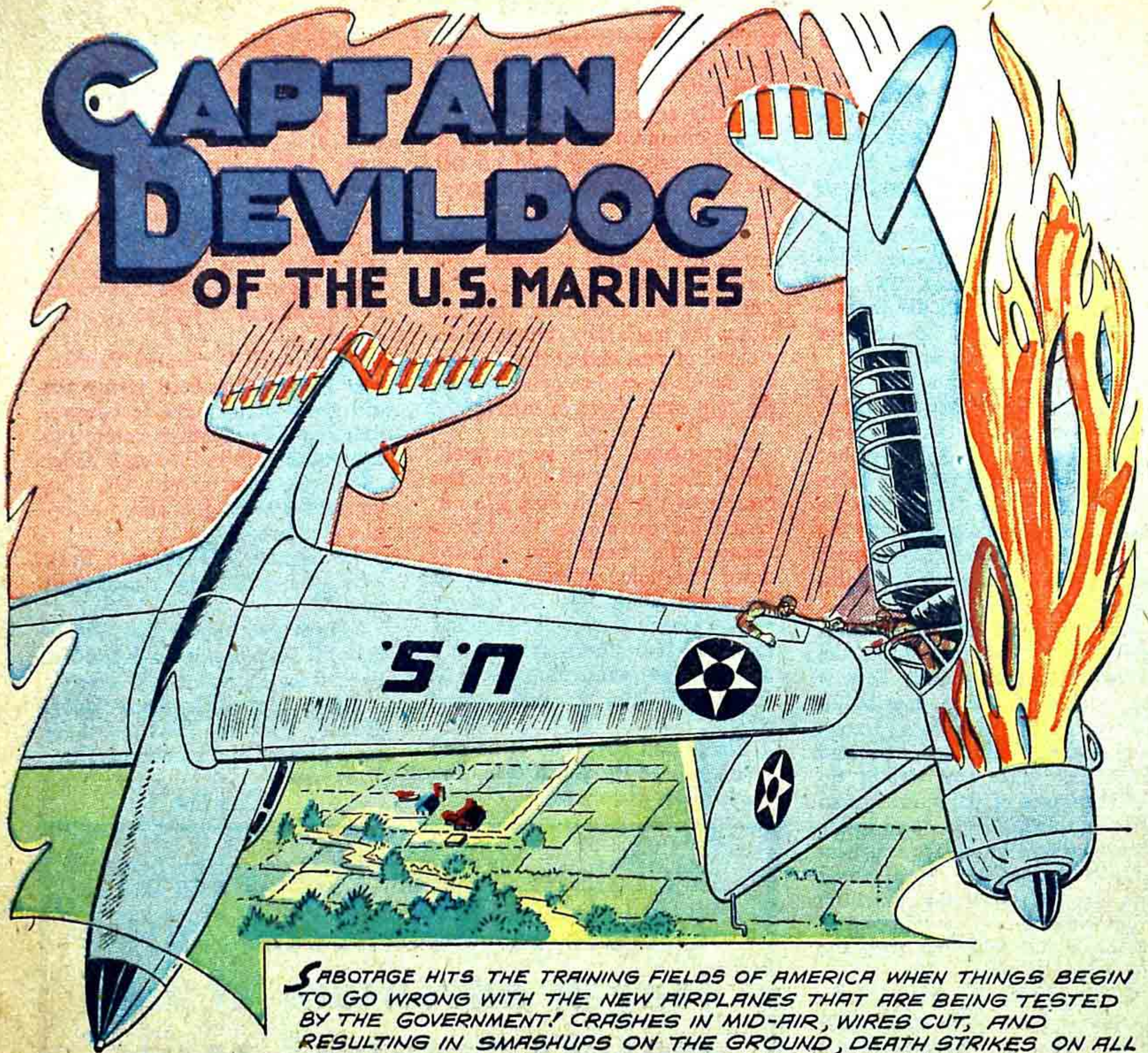
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10c at all Newsstands

**BUY
YOUR
COPIES
NOW!**

CAPTAIN DEVILDOG

OF THE U.S. MARINES



SABOTAGE HITS THE TRAINING FIELDS OF AMERICA WHEN THINGS BEGIN TO GO WRONG WITH THE NEW AIRPLANES THAT ARE BEING TESTED BY THE GOVERNMENT! CRASHES IN MID-AIR, WIRES CUT, AND RESULTING IN SMASHUPS ON THE GROUND, DEATH STRIKES ON ALL SIDES..... IN THE MIDST OF ALL THIS, CAPTAIN HANK STEELE RECEIVES ORDERS TO FIND OUT WHAT'S WRONG!

10



NO ONE KNOWS YOU AT THAT TRAINING-BASE, CAPTAIN, BUT YOU KNOW ENOUGH OF WHAT SHOULD GO ON THERE TO SPOT ANYTHING THAT'S WRONG!

I'LL DO MY BEST, SIR.



A DAY LATER, CADET HANK STEELE REPORTS FOR DUTY.

GLAD TO KNOW YOU, STEELE. SUPPOSE YOU TAKE YOUR PLACE WITH THE MEN AND SEE WHAT YOU CAN LEARN.

YES, SIR!

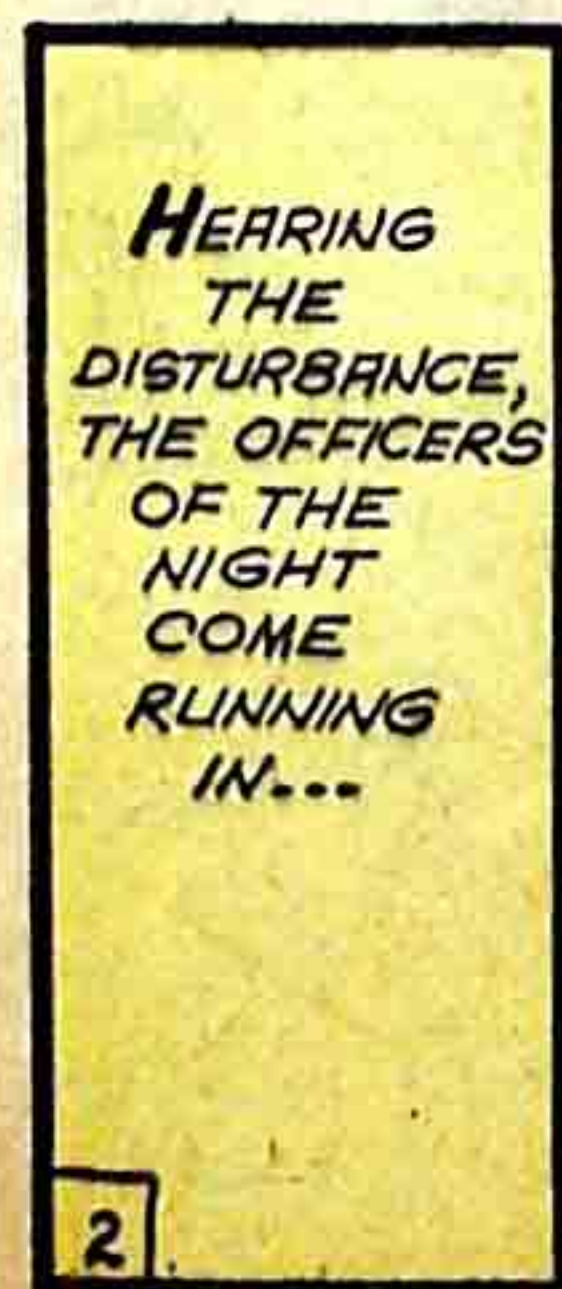
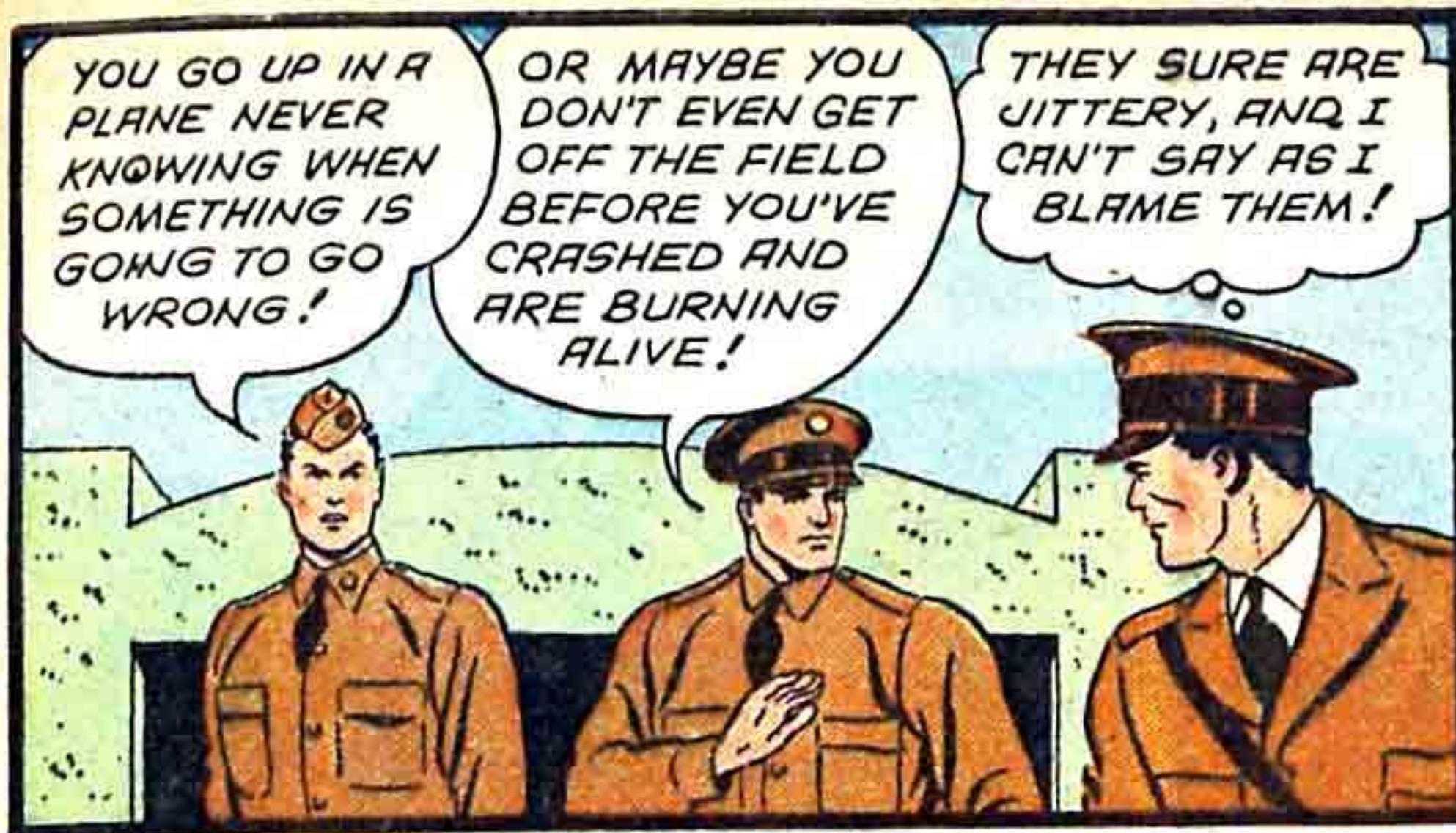


HOW ARE THINGS GOING, FELLOWS?

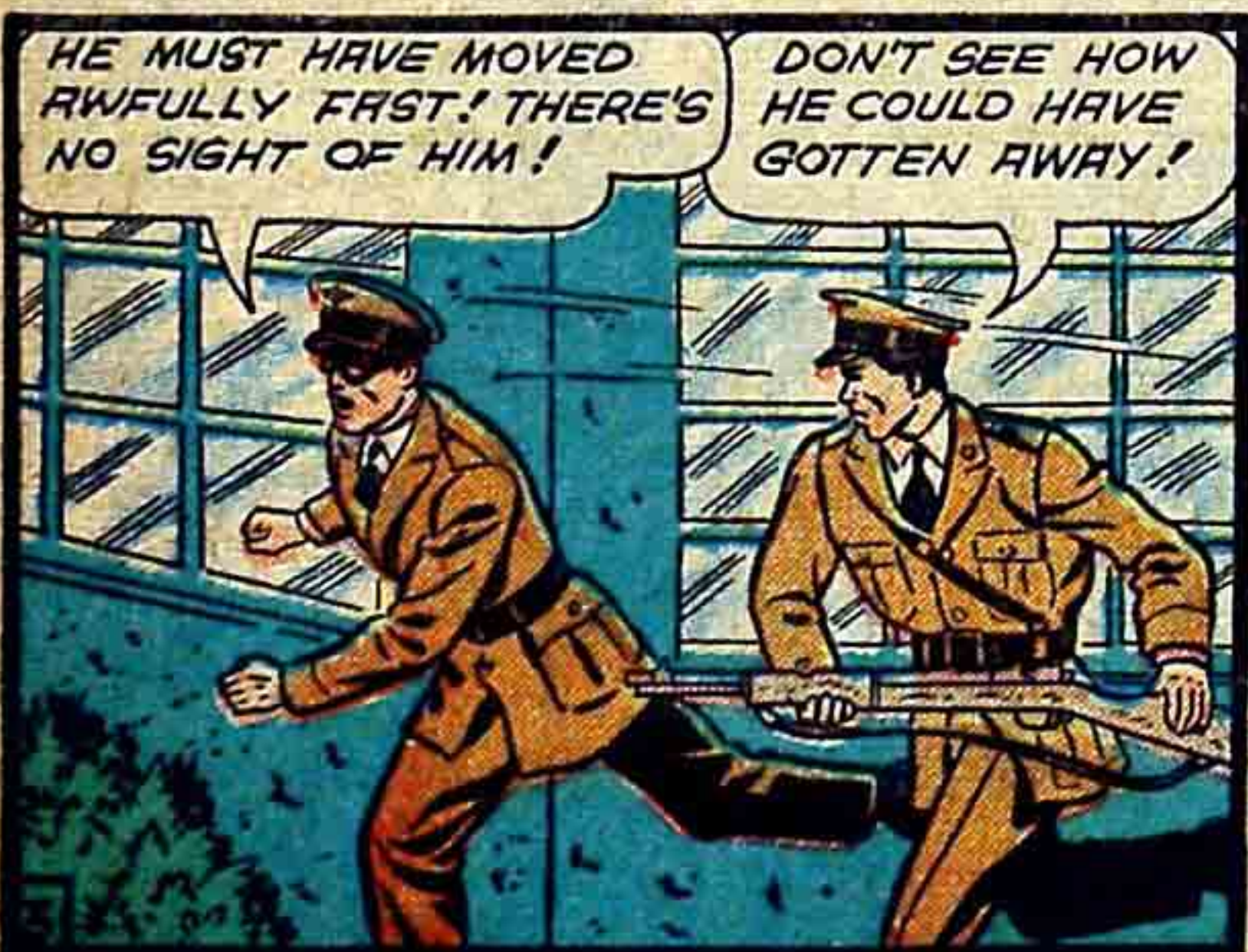
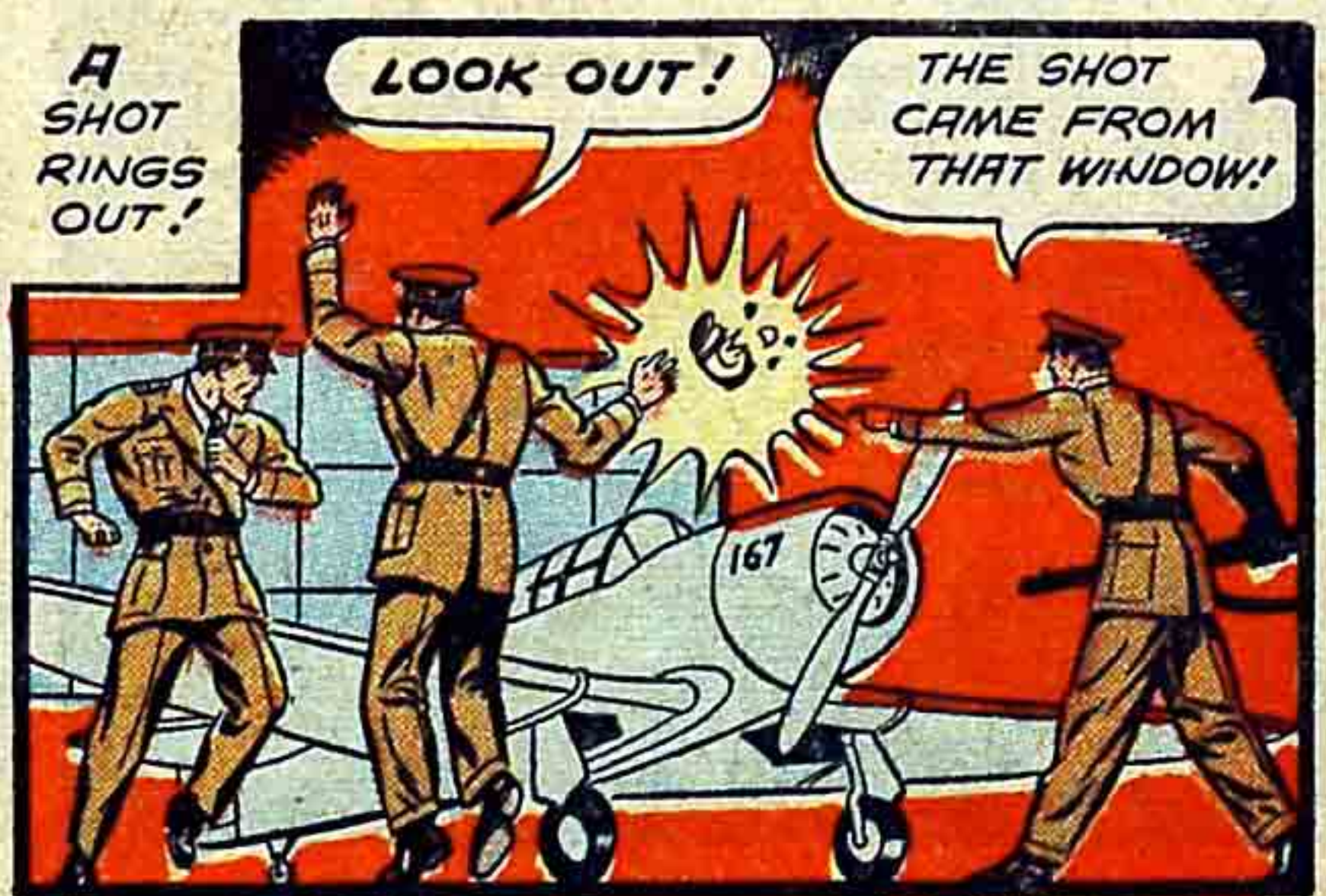
ALL RIGHT- IF WE LIVE!

YEAH! ALL THESE ACCIDENTS DON'T SEEM LIKE ACCIDENTS TO ME!

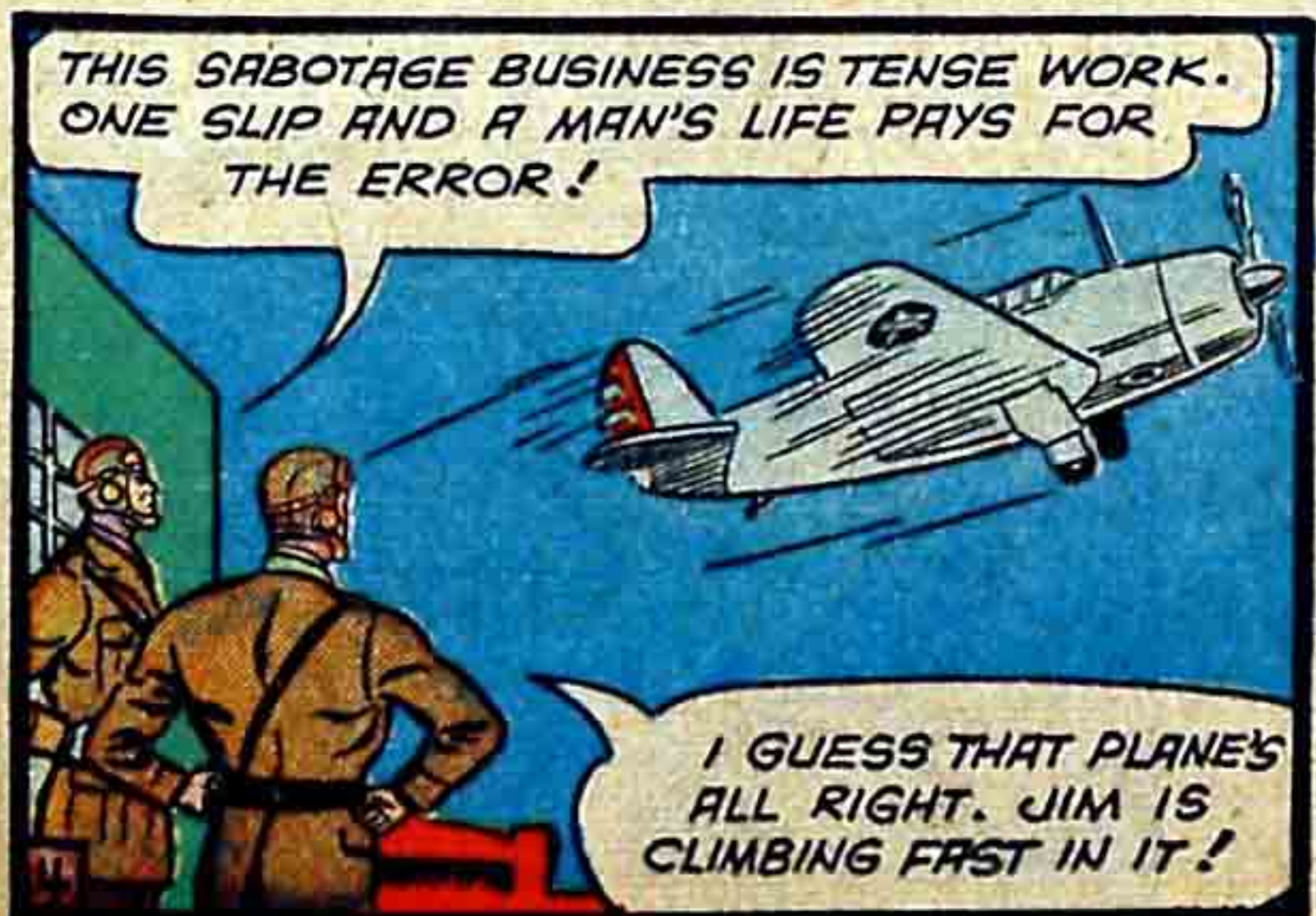
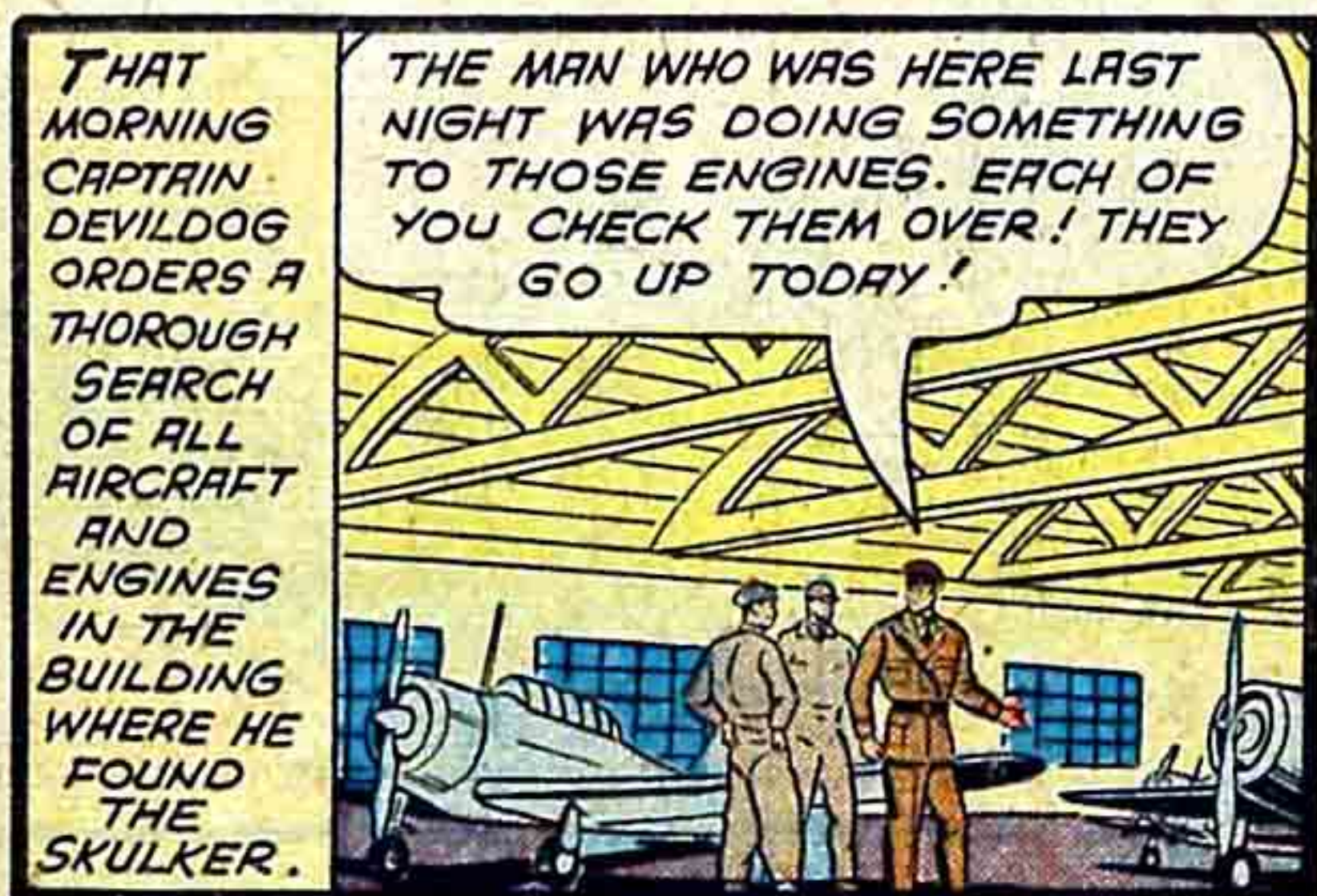
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BIG SHOT COMICS

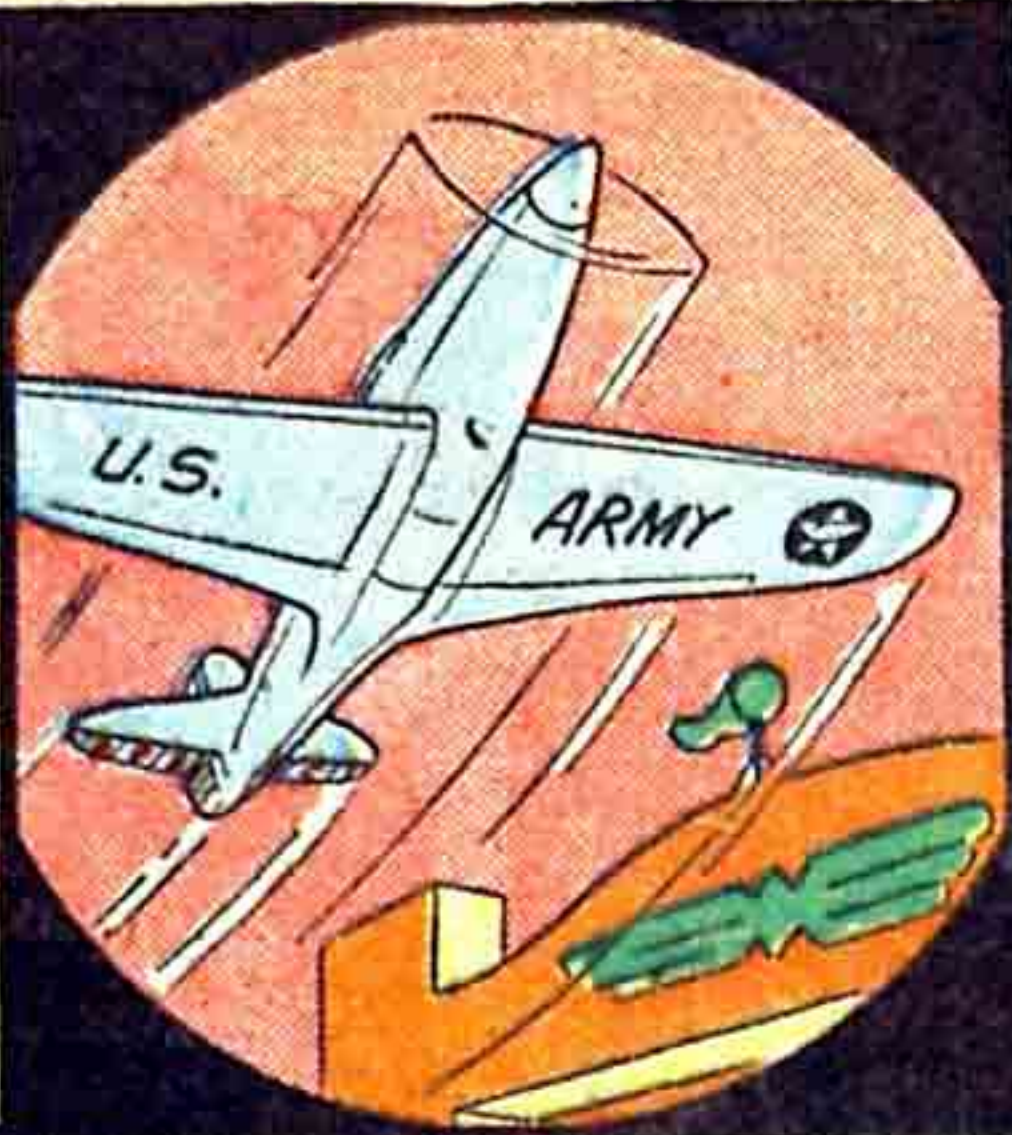


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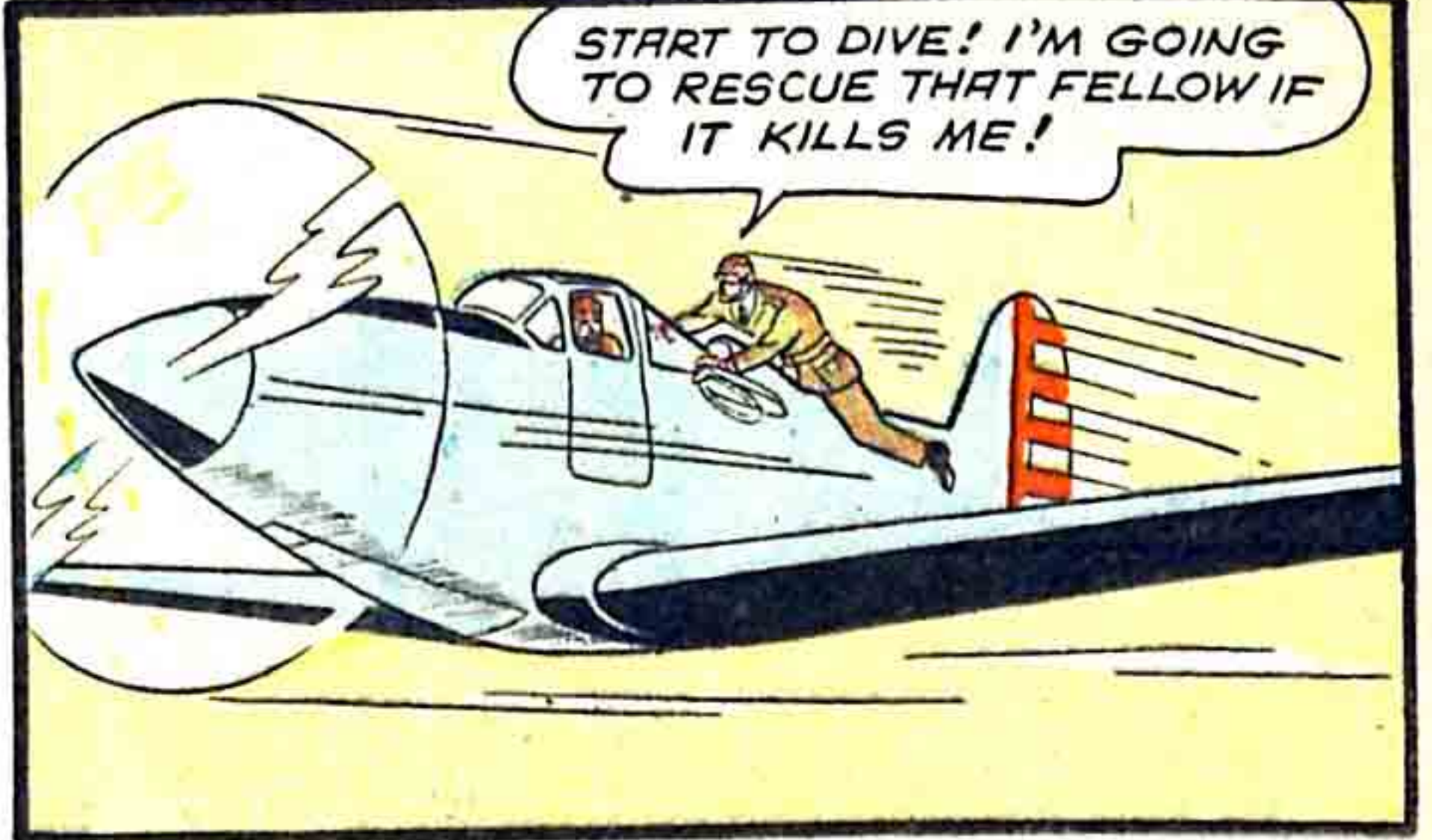


BIG SHOT COMICS

LIKE
A
BULLET,
CAPTAIN
DEVILDOG'S
PLANE
CLIMBS
INTO
THE
AIR
.....

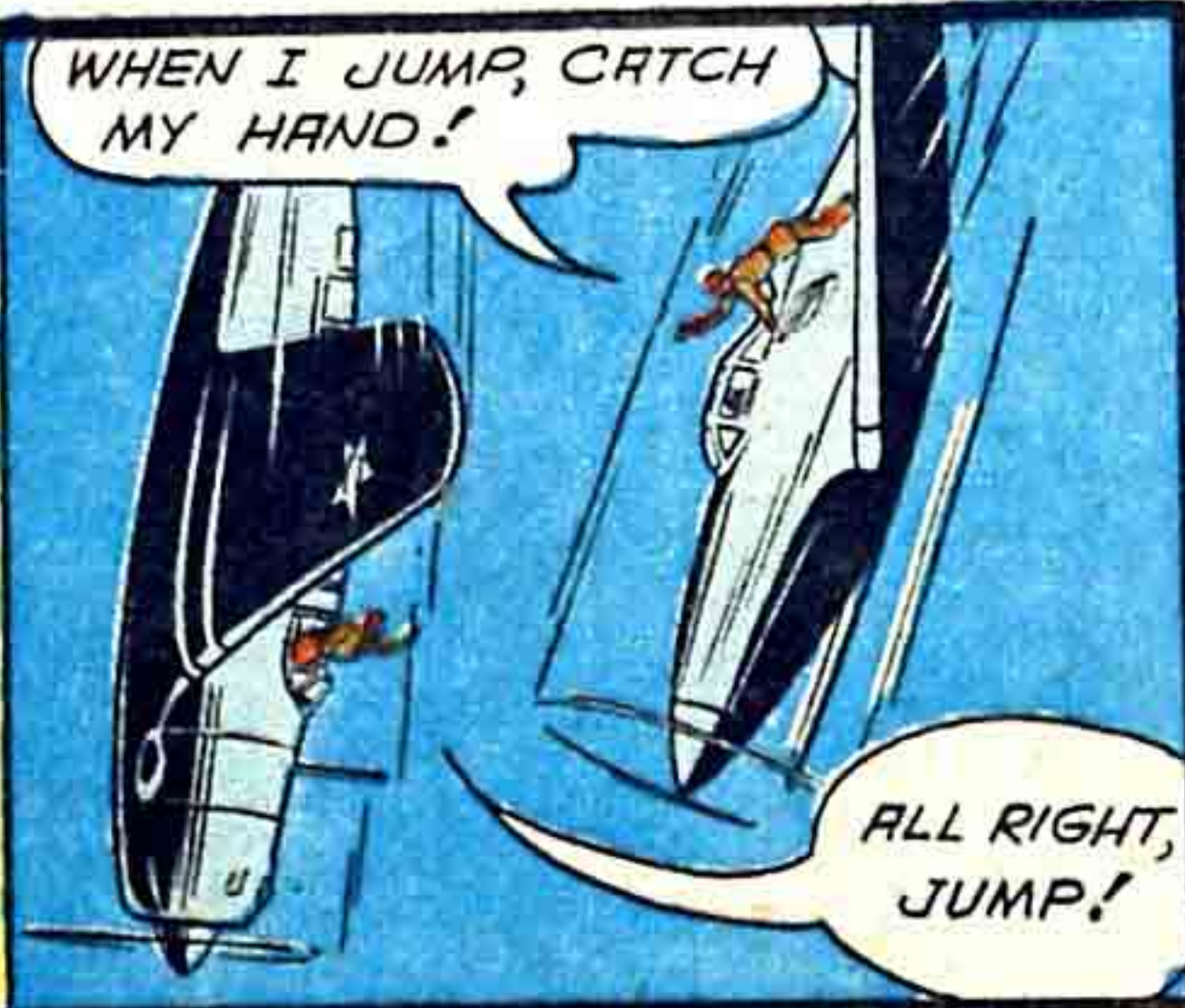


START TO DIVE! I'M GOING
TO RESCUE THAT FELLOW IF
IT KILLS ME!



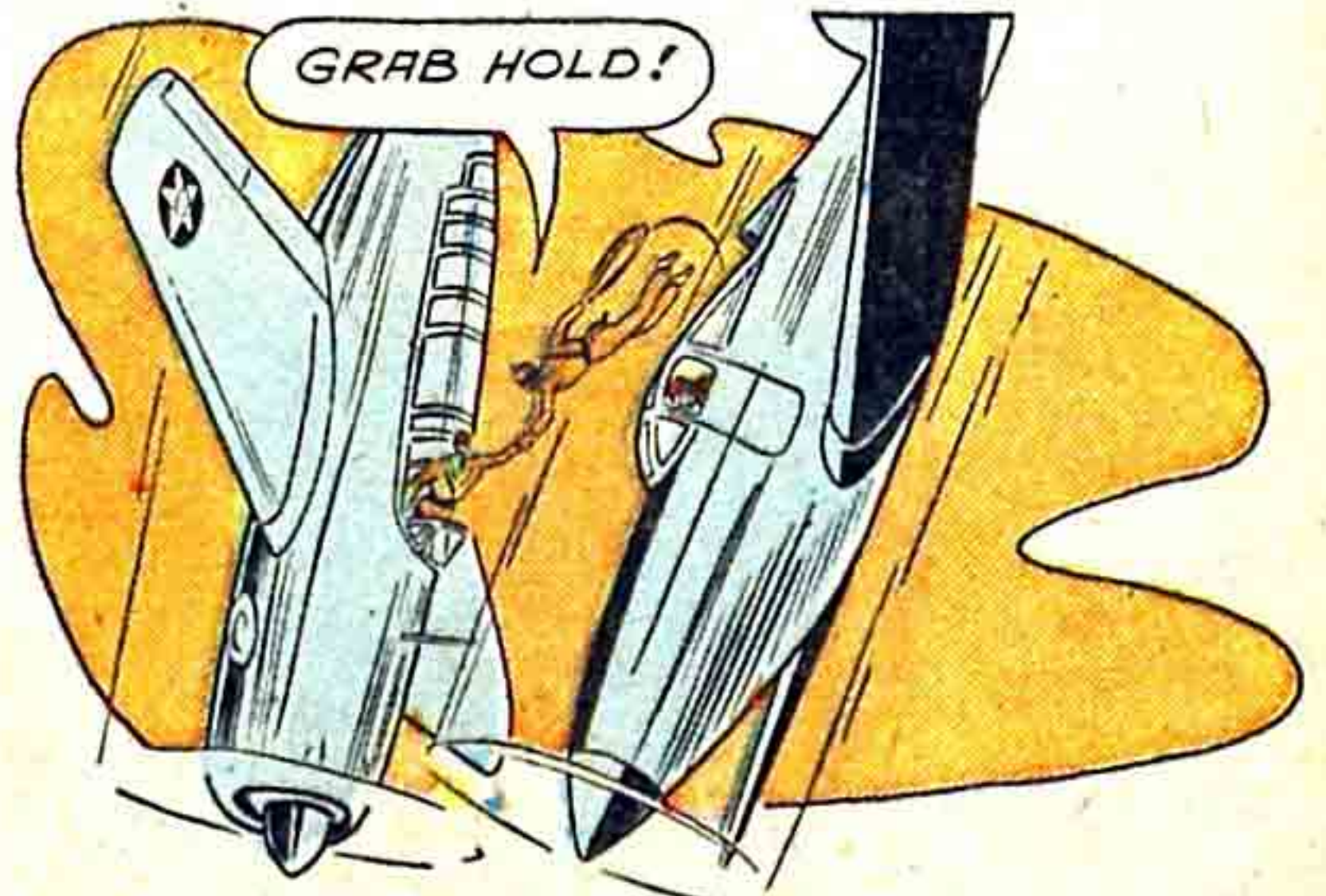
OVER
THE
DROPPING
PLANE
COMES
THE
RESCUE
SHIP
IN A
STRAIGHT
DIVE!

WHEN I JUMP, CATCH
MY HAND!

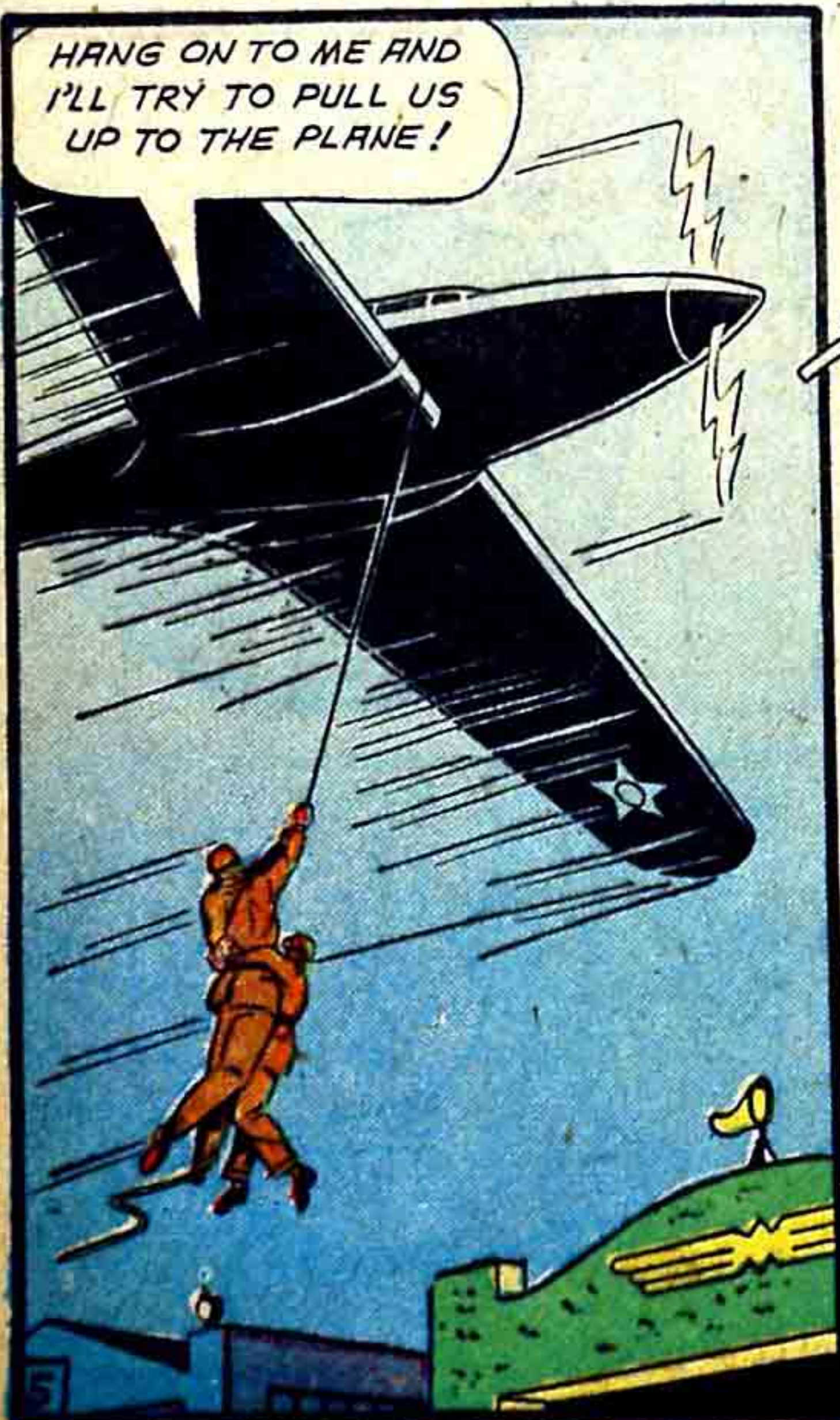


ALL RIGHT,
JUMP!

GRAB HOLD!

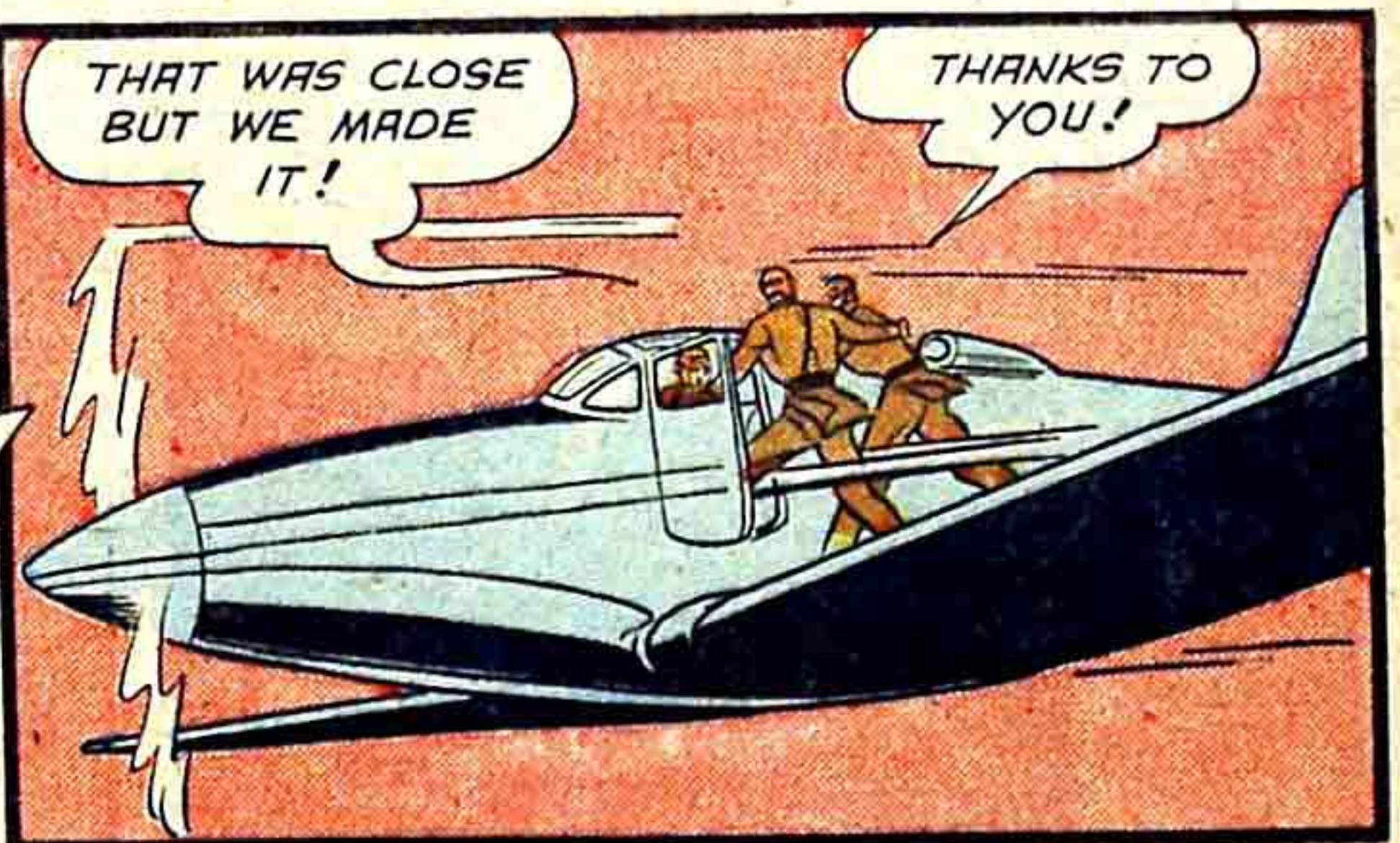


HANG ON TO ME AND
I'LL TRY TO PULL US
UP TO THE PLANE!



THAT WAS CLOSE
BUT WE MADE
IT!

THANKS TO
YOU!



ON THE
GROUND
HANK
SPEAKS
TO THE
MECHANIC
WHO
OKAYED
THE
SHIP....

WHAT KIND OF A MECHANIC DO YOU CALL
YOURSELF? YOU SENT THAT PLANE UP
AND THAT MAN ALMOST TO HIS DEATH!

I-I'M SORRY, SIR.
I THOUGHT IT
WAS ALL RIGHT!



BIG SHOT COMICS

THAT NIGHT CAPTAIN DEVILDOG, WITH HIS SUPERIOR OFFICER, SLIPS INTO THE HANGARS UNSEEN...



TAKE THESE GOGGLES, SIR, AND PUT THEM ON..... THEN WATCH!

I HEAR SOMETHING!

LOOK AROUND! YOU'LL SEE HIM WORKING!



THROUGH THEIR GOGGLES, THE COMMANDING OFFICER AND CAPTAIN DEVILDOG SEE.....



THIS TIME I CAN SEE YOU AND YOU WON'T GET AWAY SO EASILY!

WHAT THE--!



HOW DOES THIS FEEL?



MAYBE YOU LIKE THIS BETTER!

OH!



THE COMMANDING OFFICER SWITCHES ON THE LIGHT AND THEY FIND THEIR PRISONER HAS NO MORE FIGHT IN HIM.....

HOW COULD HE WORK IN THE DARK, CAPTAIN? I'M AFRAID I DON'T UNDERSTAND IT!

IT LOOKED LIKE THE DARK TO US! ACTUALLY, HE HAD A SPECIAL ULTRA-VIOLET RAY LAMP MADE AND SPECIAL GOGGLES TO SEE THOSE RAYS!



TO US HE SEEMED TO WORK IN THE DARK BUT THIS LAMP AND HIS GOGGLES PERMITTED HIM TO SEE WHAT HE WAS DOING. I SUSPECTED SOMETHING LIKE THAT AND GOT A LAMP AND GOGGLES MYSELF. HE SHOT THE LAMP AND ESCAPED... BUT HE WON'T ESCAPE ANY MORE!



THE END.

BIG SHOT COMICS

NO ONE HAS BEEN ABLE TO SEE OR GET A STORY FROM THE MYSTERY MAN WHO IS BARRICADED IN A CASTLE....



DIXIE DUGAN

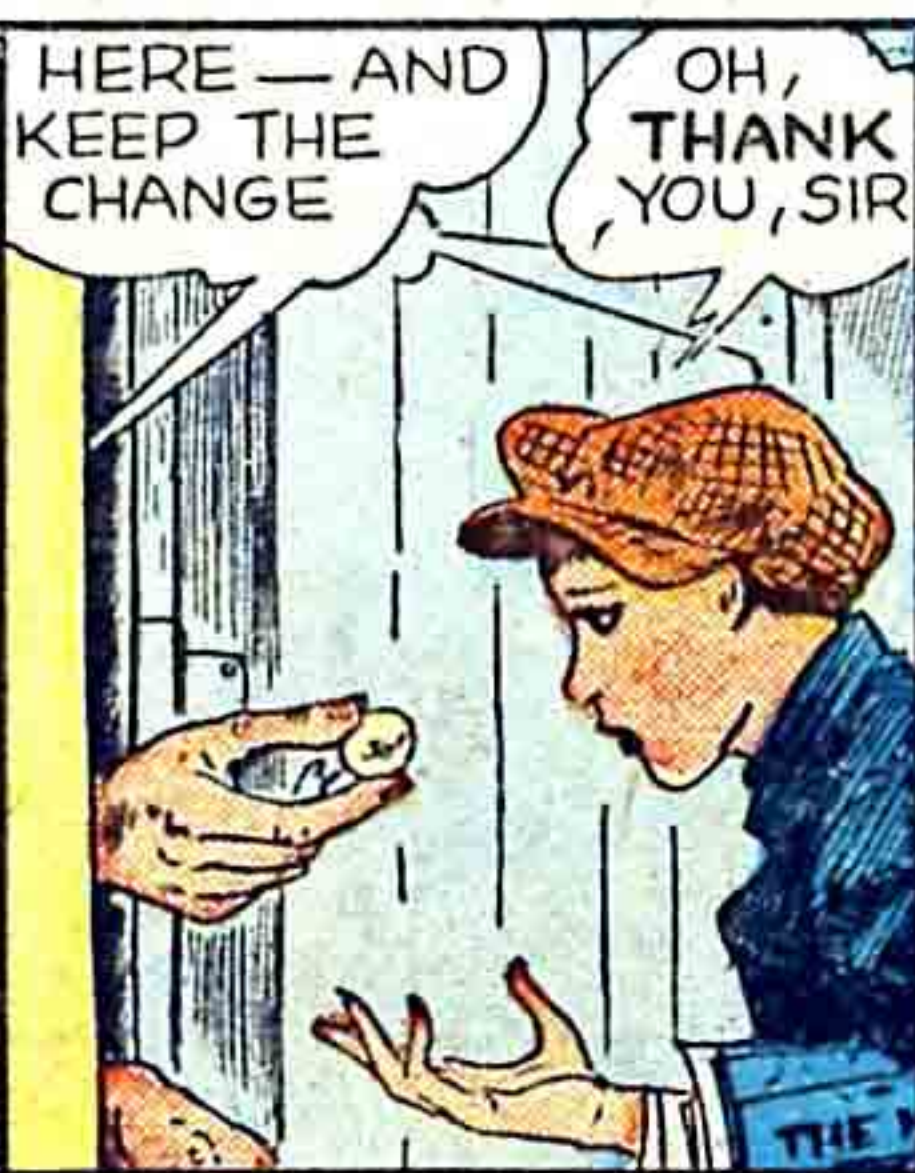
DIXIE HAS A HUNCH THE MYSTERY MAN WILL BE STARVED FOR NEWS ABOUT HIMSELF, SO SHE WILL ATTEMPT TO SELL HIM A NEWSPAPER!

I'LL TAKE A PAPER, KID!



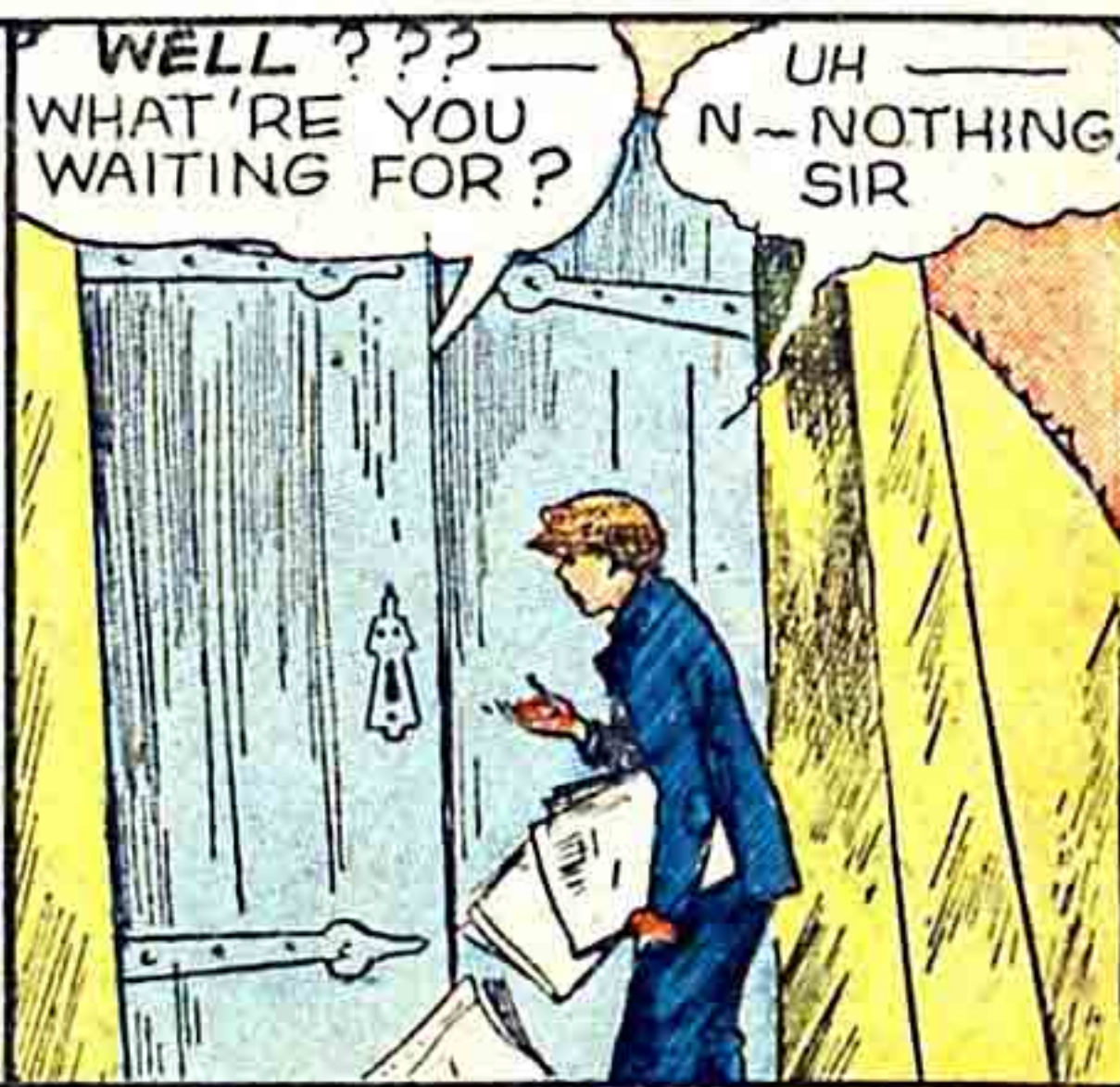
Y-YES, SIR

HERE — AND KEEP THE CHANGE



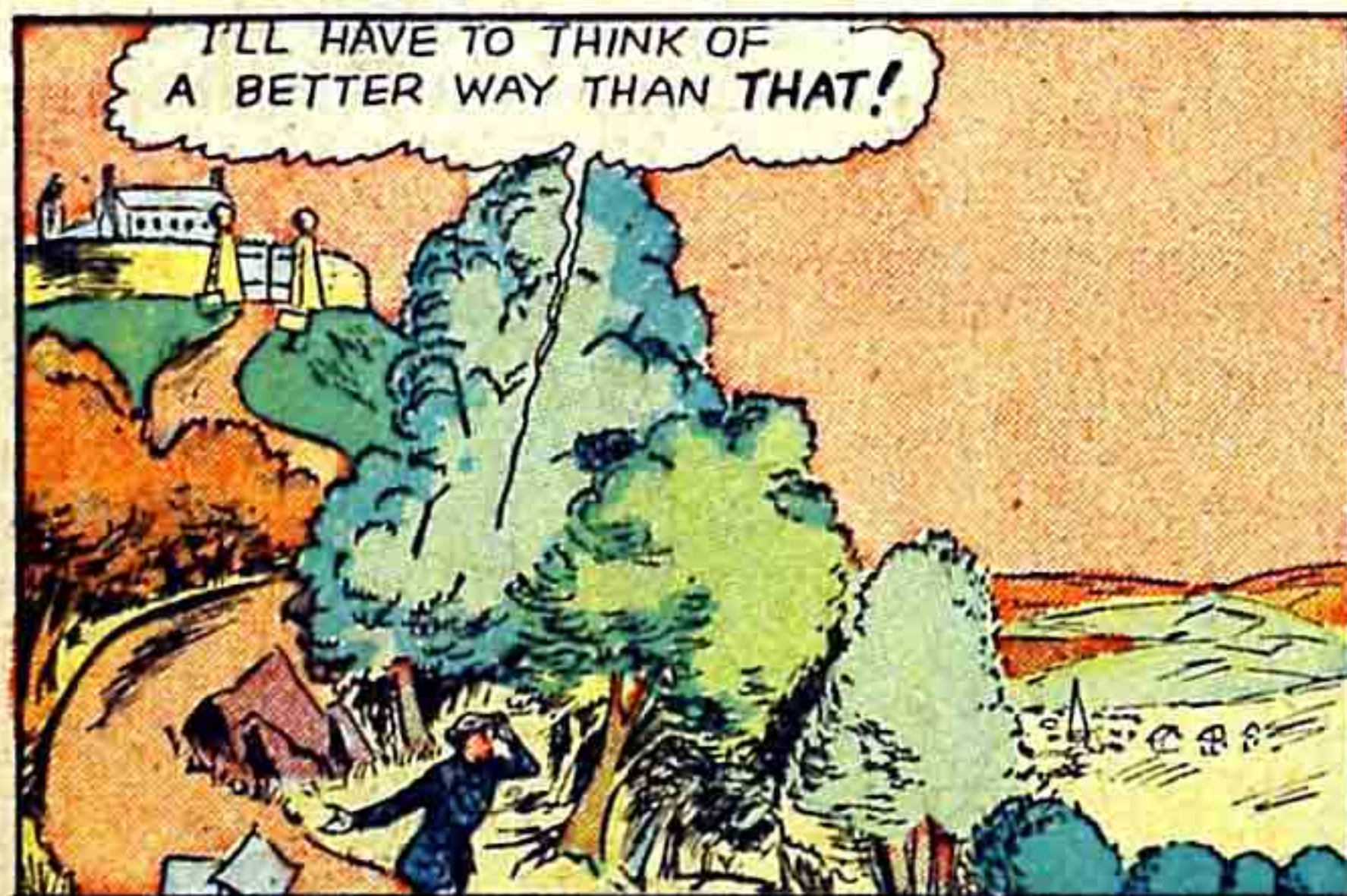
OH, THANK YOU, SIR

WELL ??? — WHAT'RE YOU WAITING FOR?



UH — N—NOTHING SIR

I'LL HAVE TO THINK OF A BETTER WAY THAN THAT!



EEEEK! GET OUT OF HERE! THIS IS A LADY'S ROOM!



IT'S ONLY ME

DIXIE!

WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN THOSE CLOTHES?



SO DIXIE TELLS HER HOW SHE FAILED TO GET IN TO SEE THE MYSTERY MAN

BIG SHOT COMICS



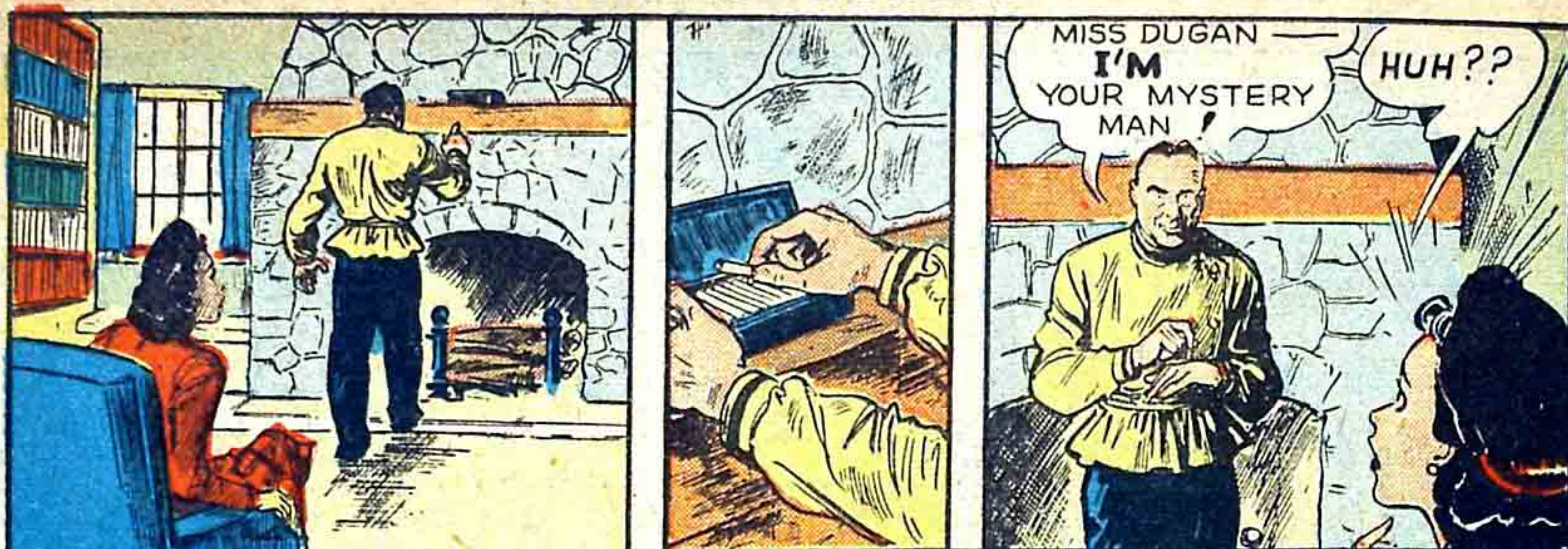
BIG SHOT COMICS



BIG SHOT COMICS



BIG SHOT COMICS



The FACE

by MART BAILEY



WHEN TONY TRENT, AMERICA'S FOREMOST RADIO NEWS COMMENTATOR, SLIPS A RUBBEROID MASK OVER HIS PLEASANT FEATURES, HE BECOMES *THE FACE* ... FEARED BY THE UNDERWORLD AND HUNTED BY POLICE INSPECTOR BIGGS, WHO WRONGLY BELIEVES *THE FACE* IS A MOST DANGEROUS CRIMINAL ...

LATE ONE EVENING A SHADOW DROPS SILENTLY OVER THE ROOF OF POLICE HEADQUARTERS ...



INSIDE, INSPECTORS BIGGS AND DUNLEY ARE DISCUSSING *THE FACE* ...

YOU'RE WRONG, BIGGS! *THE FACE* IS ONE OF THE BEST FORCES FOR GOOD IN THIS COUNTRY.

THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK! I TELL YOU THERE ISN'T A CRIMINAL IN THE UNDERWORLD MORE DANGEROUS THAN *THE FACE*!



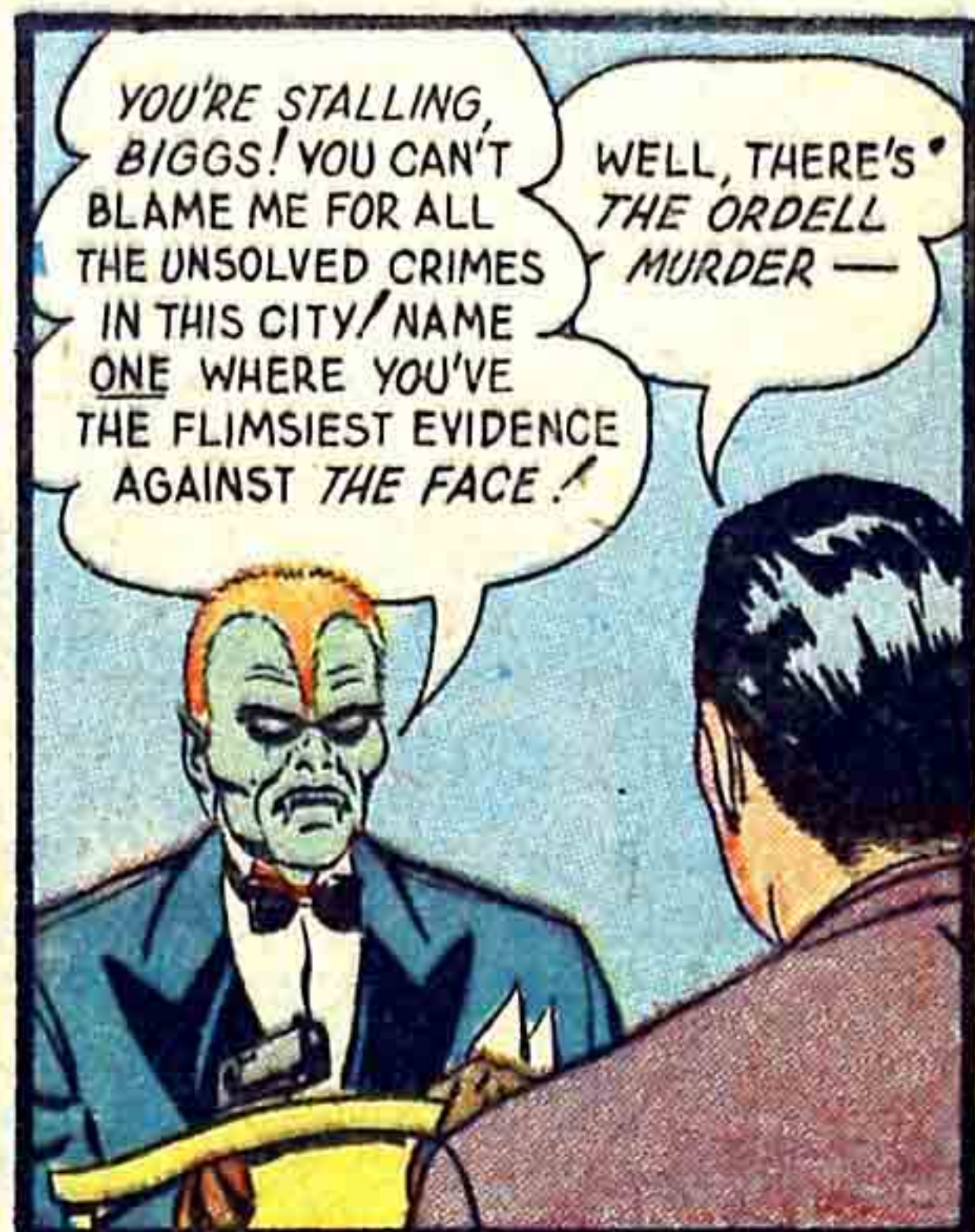
... WHEN SUDDENLY —

SPEAK OF THE DEVIL!

GOOD EVENING! ... I SEE THAT YOU RECOGNIZE ME!



BIG SHOT COMICS



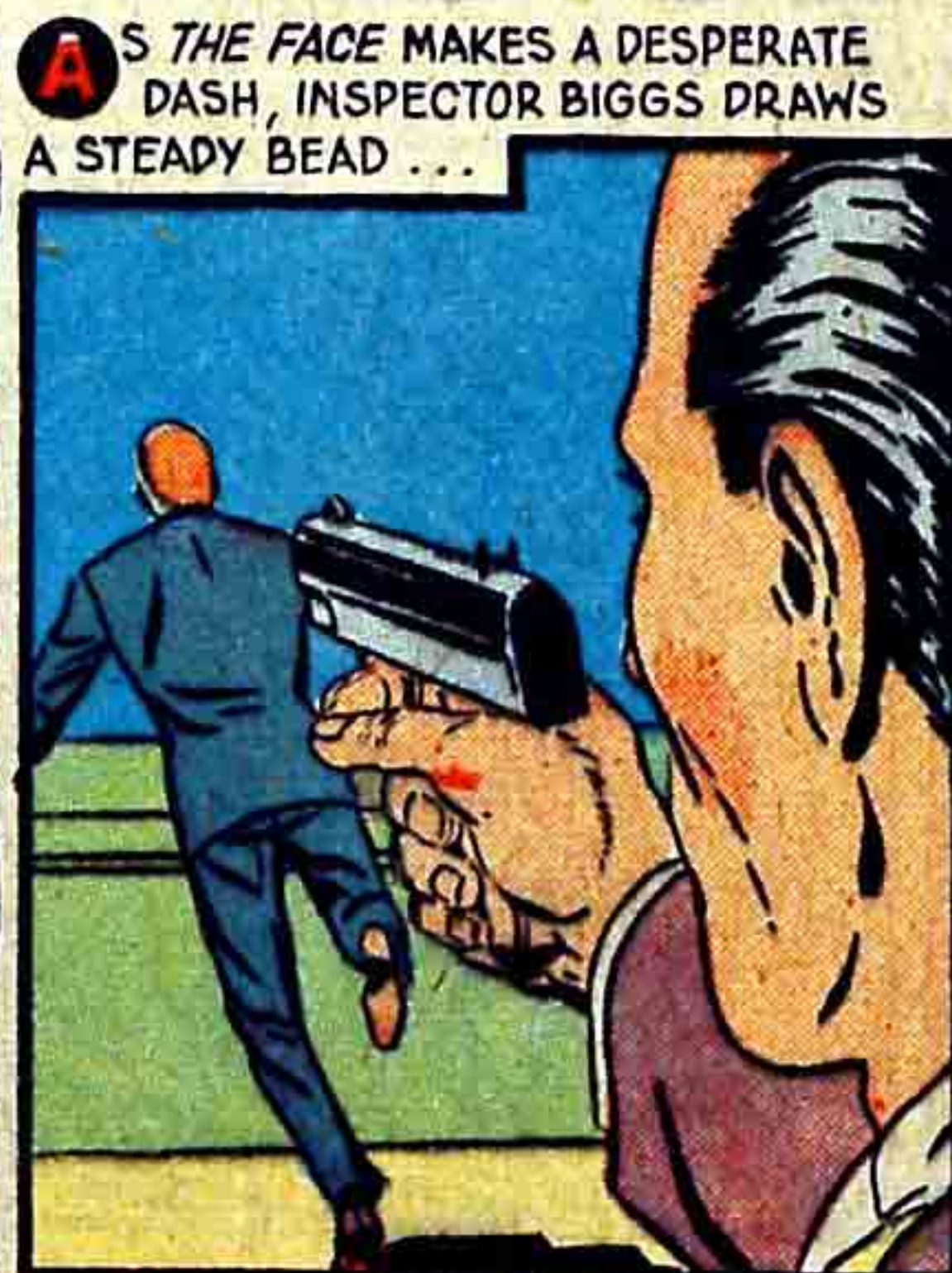
"TWO WEEKS AGO, OLD MAN ORDELL WAS MURDERED ON HIS BLANE COUNTY ESTATE AND ROBBED OF \$200,000..."



BIG SHOT COMICS



ONE BULLET FROM THE FACE'S PISTOL SNUFFS OUT THE LIGHT . . .



BIG SHOT COMICS



A PELIKE THE FACE CATCHES THE ROOF LEDGE ACROSS THE DARK ALLEY....

GOOD THING BIGGS ISN'T A BETTER SHOT!



EEE-YOW!

DON'T MIND ME, BROTHER—I'M JUST A CUCKOO LOOKING FOR A CLOCK!



R EACHING THE STREET, THE FACE REMOVES HIS GROTESQUE MASK AND BECOMES—TONY TRENT!

HOLY SMOKE! BIGGS MUST HAVE SENT OUT A GENERAL ALARM!



HEY, WHERE'RE YOU GOING? WHY—IT'S TONY TRENT!

EVENING OFFICERS! ... WHAT'S ALL THE FUSS?



SO LONG, TONY! WE'LL BE LISTENING TO YOU.

THANKS FOR HELPING ME TO FIND MY CAR! SEE YOU AT THE POLICEMEN'S BALL.

COME ON, CHUM. WE'LL NEVER FIND THE FACE AROUND HERE!



H ALF AN HOUR LATER, TONY'S POWERFUL ROADSTER STOPS IN THE WOODS SURROUNDING ORDELL MANOR, WHERE OLD MAN ORDELL WAS MURDERED BY A THING WITH A GREEN FACE ...



SOMEONE'S UP IN THE ATTIC—I'LL TAKE A LOOK THERE FIRST!



R EACHING THE LIGHTED WINDOW, THE FACE DRAWS BACK IN HORROR—

GOOD LORD!



—FOR STARING AT HIM, SNARLING IN SAVAGE FURY, IS A THING WITH A MISSHAPEN, GREEN FACE!

BIG SHOT COMICS

ONLY AN INSTANT *THE FACE* GLIMPSES THE FEARSOME SIGHT, BEFORE THE LIGHT GOES OUT....

WHEW! NOW I KNOW HOW OTHERS FEEL WHEN THEY MEET *THE FACE*!



THEN BEGINS *THE FACE*'S MOST UN-NERVING EXPERIENCE ...

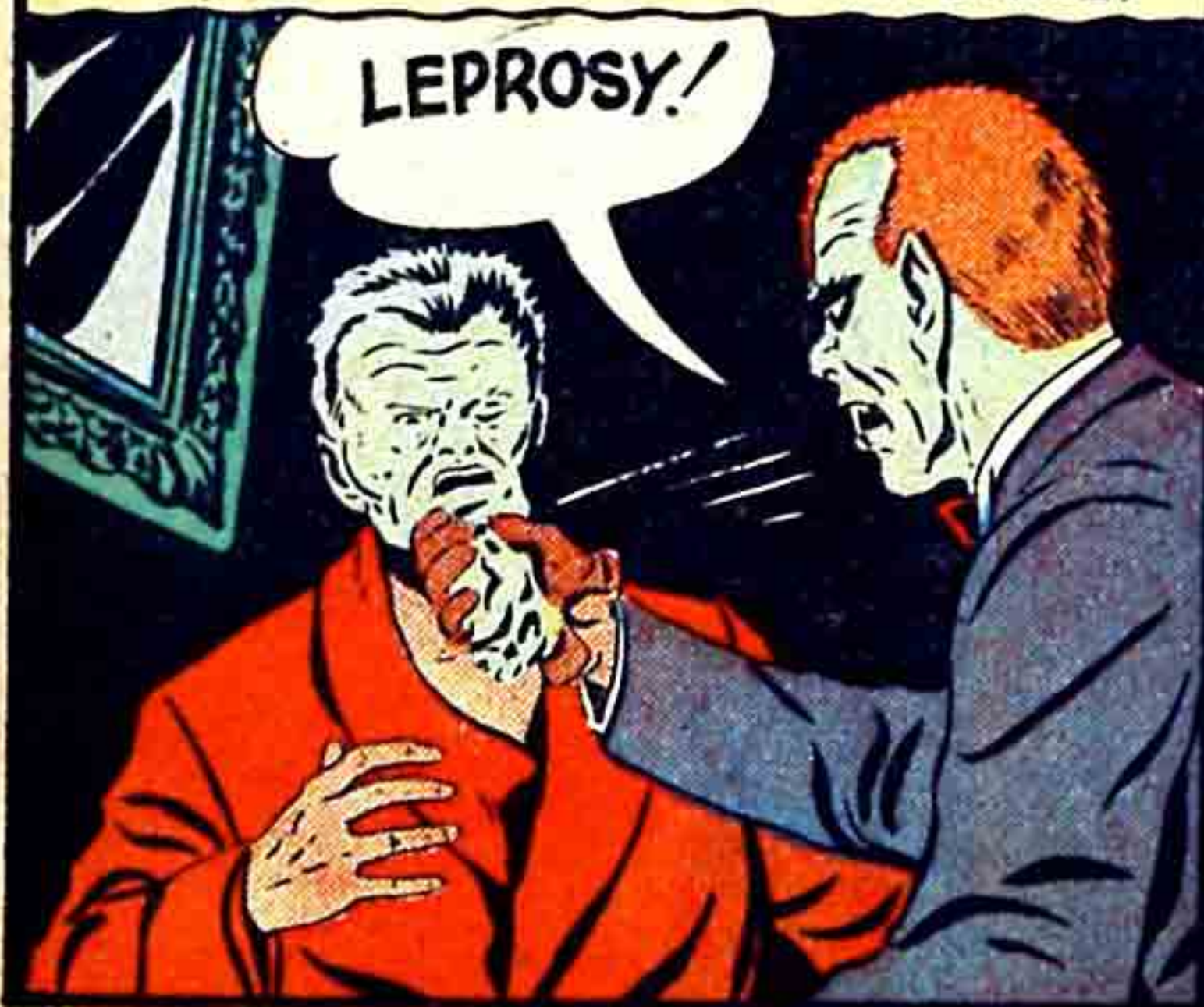


THE SUDDEN, FRENZIED ATTACK BATTERS HIM IN THE DARK —



THE *FACE*'S GLOVED HAND LASHES OUT IN THE DARKNESS — AND COMES AWAY WITH A THICK, CLAMMY MASS OF THE THING'S FACE.

LEPROSY!



MEANWHILE, INSPECTORS BIGGS AND DUNLEY RACE ALONG THE ROAD TO BLANE COUNTY ...

MY THEORY IS THAT *THE FACE* WILL HEAD FOR ORDELL MANOR, HOPING TO CATCH THE REAL MURDERER AND CLEAR HIS OWN NAME ...

IF HE'S GONE TO ORDELL MANOR, *THE FACE* INTENDS TO KILL THE HOUSEKEEPER AND ANYBODY ELSE WHO MIGHT CONNECT HIM WITH THE MURDER!



BACK AT ORDELL MANOR —

I CERTAINLY STARTED SOMETHING!



HIS SENSES REELING WITH DISGUST, *THE FACE* SLOWLY OVERPOWERS THE CLINGING, CLAWING, FOUL-SMELLING THING ...



... WHEN THE LIGHT SNAPS ON AGAIN —



BIG SHOT COMICS



A S THEY ARE ABOUT TO QUIT THE ATTIC, THE ORDELL CHAUFFEUR UNEXPECTEDLY APPEARS —



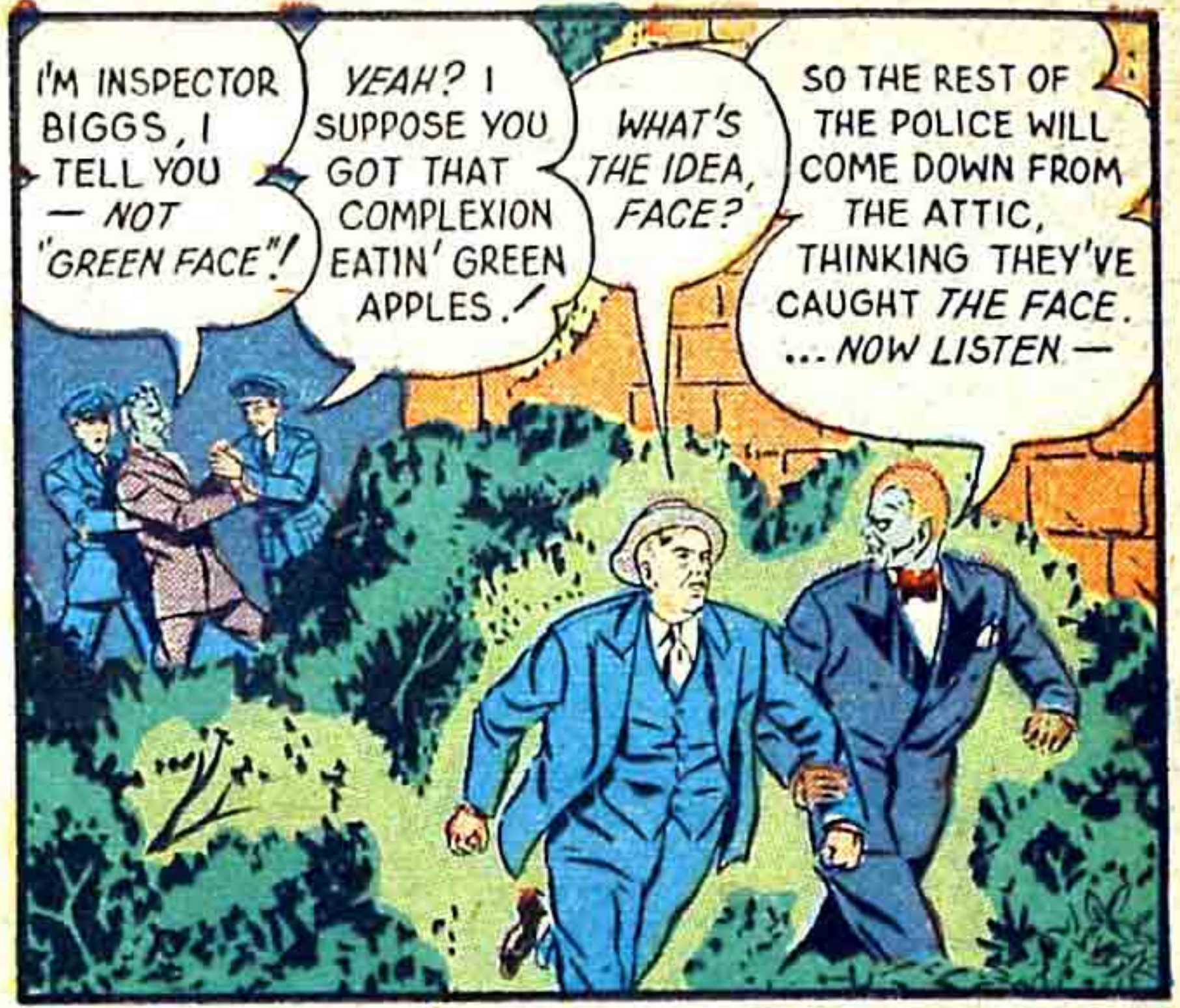
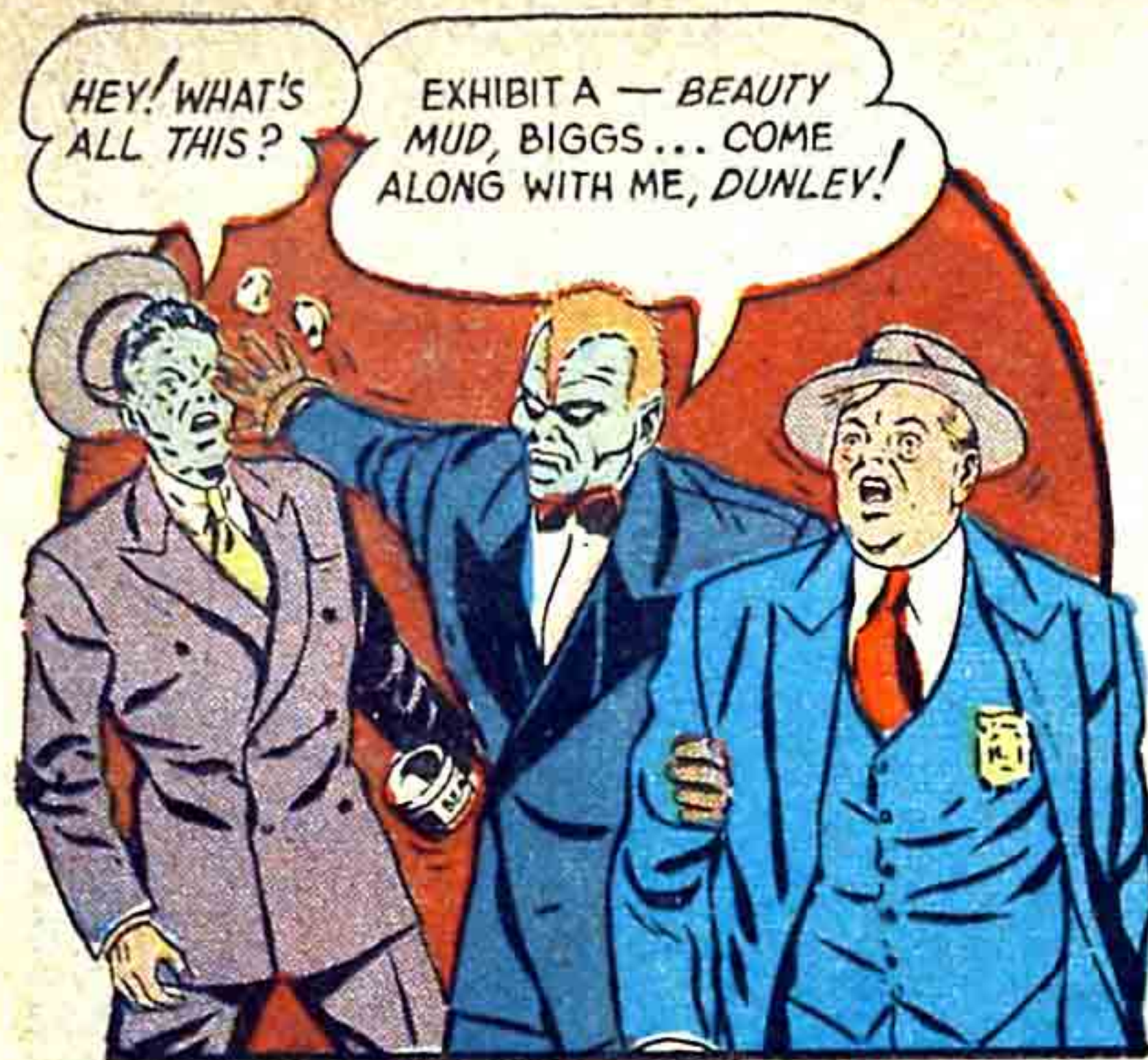
S IRENS SKIRLING, THE LOCAL POLICE ARRIVE AT ORDELL MANOR . .



BIG SHOT COMICS

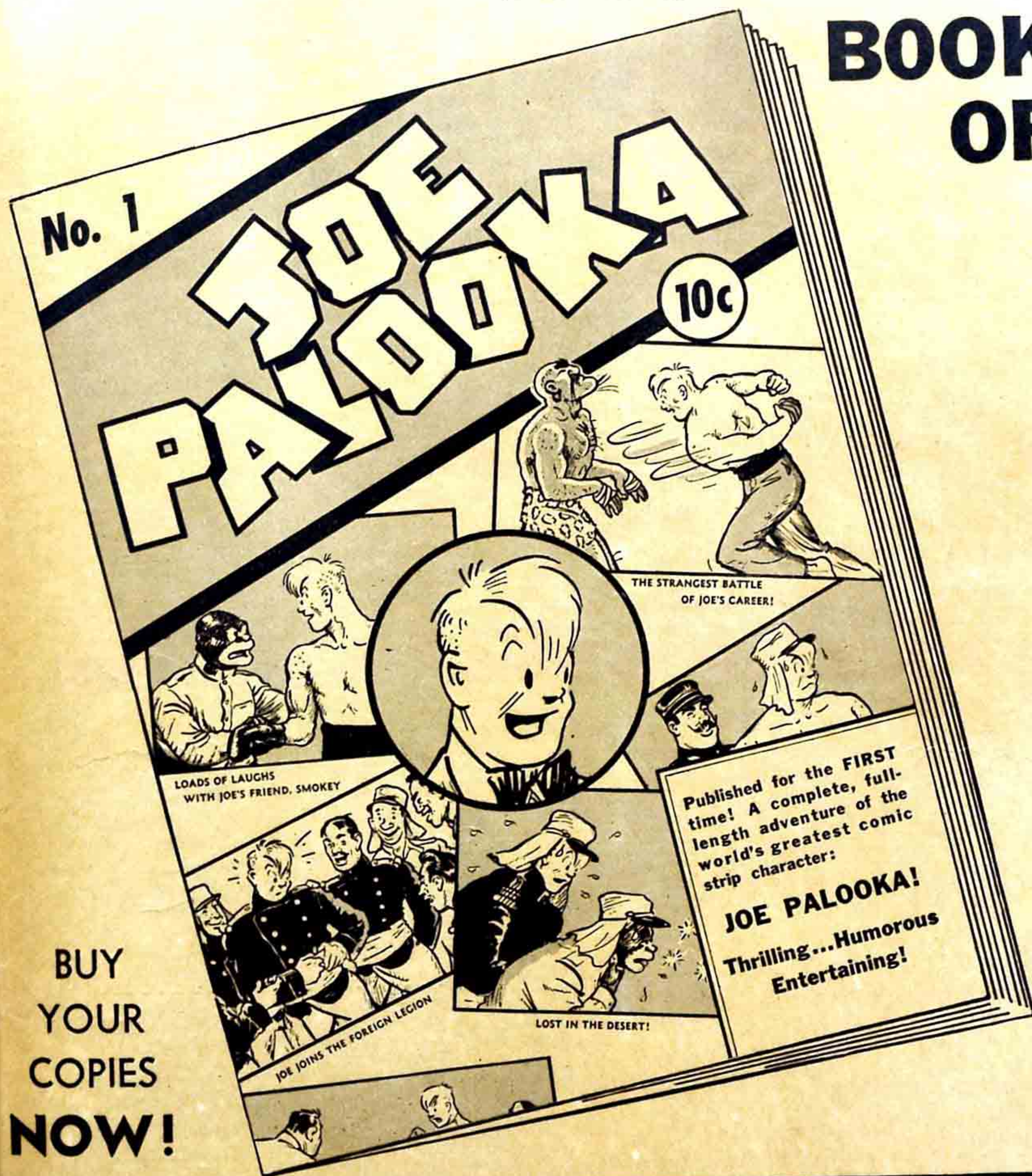


BIG SHOT COMICS



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A COMPLETE BOOK OF



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<p>Here's what ATLAS did for ME!</p> <p>John Jacobs BEFORE John Jacobs AFTER</p>	<p>For quick results I recommend CHARLES ATLAS</p> <p>"Am sending snapshot showing wonderful progress." — W. G., N. J.</p> <p>GAINED 29 POUNDS</p> <p>"When I started, weighed only 141. Now 170." — T. K., N. Y.</p>

CHARLES ATLAS

Awarded the title of "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man" in international contest—in competition with ALL men who would consent to appear against him.

This is a recent photo of Charles Atlas showing how he looks today. This is not a studio picture but an actual untouched snapshot.

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I DON'T care how old or young you are, or how ashamed of your present physical condition you may be. If you can simply raise your arm and flex it I can add **SOLID MUSCLE** to your biceps—yes, on each arm—in double-quick time! Only 15 minutes a day—right in your own home—is all the time I ask of you! And there's no cost if I fail.

I can broaden your shoulders, strengthen your back, develop your whole muscular system **INSIDE and OUTSIDE!** I can add inches to your chest, give you a vise-like grip, make those legs of yours lithe and powerful. I can shoot new strength into your old backbone, exercise those inner organs, help you cram your body so full of pep, vigor and red-blooded vitality that you won't feel there's even "standing room" left for weakness and that lazy feeling! Before I get through with you I'll have your whole frame "measured" to a nice, new, beautiful suit of muscle!

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